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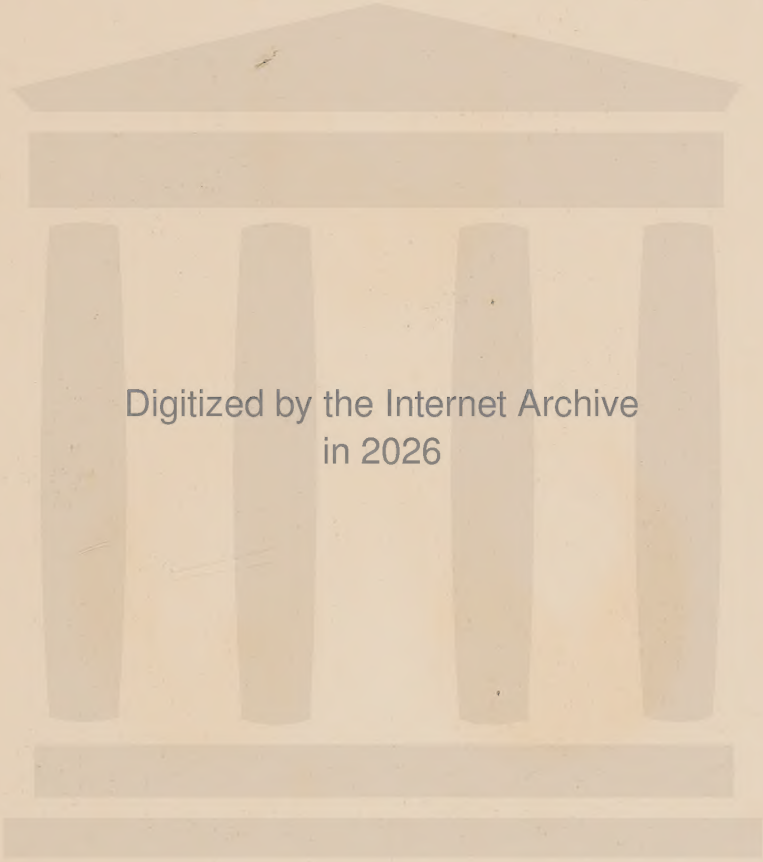
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VOL. II

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AZTEC CIVILIZATION.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, born at Salem, Massachusetts, 4th May, 1796; died 28th January, 1859. Critic and historian. He studied at Harvard College with the intention of adopting the legal profession, in which his father was already distinguished; but an accident deprived him of the sight of one eye and seriously affected that of the other. He devoted himself to letters, and despite many physical inconveniences produced a series of historical works, which take rank amongst the first of their class. *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, The Catholic; History of the Conquest of Mexico, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortez; The Conquest of Peru; Philip the Second, of Spain*, which was to have extended to five volumes, but soon after the publication of the third the author died; *Critical and Historical Essays*, contributed to the *North American Review*, (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.) Sir Archibald Alison said, "Mr. Prescott is one of the foremost historians of America, and he may justly be assigned a place beside the very greatest of modern Europe."]

THE country of the ancient Mexicans, or Aztecs as they were called, formed but a very small part of the extensive territories comprehended in the modern republic of Mexico. Its boundaries cannot be defined with certainty. They were much enlarged in the latter days of the empire, when they may be considered as reaching from about the eighteenth degree north, to the twenty-first, on the Atlantic; and from the fourteenth to the nineteenth, including a very narrow strip, on the Pacific. In its greatest breadth, it could not exceed five degrees and a half, dwindling, as it approached its south-eastern limits, to less than two. It covered, probably, less than sixteen thousand square leagues. Yet such is the remarkable formation of this country, that, though not more than twice as large as New England, it presents every variety of climate, and is capable of yielding nearly every fruit, found between the Equator and the Arctic circle.

All along the Atlantic, the country is bordered by a broad track, called the *tierra caliente*, or hot region, which has the usual high temperature of equinoctial lands. Parched and sandy plains are intermingled with others, of exuberant fertility, almost impervious from thickets of aromatic shrubs and wild flowers, in the midst of which tower up trees of that magnificent growth which is found only within the tropics. In this wilderness of sweets lurks the fatal *malaria*, engendered, probably, by the decomposition of rank vegetable substances in a hot and humid soil. The season of the bilious fever, —*vômito*, as it is called,—which scourges these coasts, continues from the spring to the autumnal equinox, when it is checked by the cold winds that descend from Hudson's Bay. These winds in the winter season frequently freshen into tempests, and, sweeping down the Atlantic coast, and the winding Gulf of Mexico, burst with the fury of a hurricane on its unprotected shores, and on the neighbouring West India islands. Such are the mighty spells with which Nature has surrounded this land of enchantment, as if to guard the golden treasures locked up within its bosom. The genius and enterprise of man have proved more potent than her spells.

After passing some twenty leagues across this burning region, the traveller finds himself rising into a purer atmosphere limbs recover their elasticity. He br more freely, for his senses are not now pressed by the sultry heats and intoxicating perfumes of the valley. The aspect of na-

ture, too, has changed, and his eye no longer revels among the gay variety of colours with which the landscape is painted there. The vanilla, the indigo, and the flowering cacao-groves disappear as he advances. The sugar-cane and the glossy-leaved banana still accompany him; and when he has ascended about four thousand feet, he sees in the unchanging verdure, and the rich foliage of the liquid-amber flower that he has reached the height where clouds and mists settle, in their passage from the Mexican Gulf. This is the region of perpetual humidity; but he welcomes it with pleasure, as announcing his escape from the influence of the deadly *vómito*. He has entered the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, whose character resembles that of the temperate zone of the globe. The features of the scenery become grand, and even terrible. His road sweeps along the base of mighty mountains, once gleaming with volcanic fires, and still resplendent in their mantles of snow, which serve as beacons to the mariner, for many a league at sea. All around he beholds traces of their ancient combustion, as his road passes along vast tracts of lava, bristling in the innumerable fantastic forms into which the fiery torrent has been thrown by the obstacles in its career. Perhaps, at the same moment, as he casts his eye down some steep slope, or almost unfathomable ravine, on the margin of the road, he sees their depths glowing with the rich blooms and enamelled vegetation of the tropics. Such are the singular contrasts presented, at the same time, to the senses, in this picturesque region!

Still pressing upwards, the traveller mounts into other climates, favourable to other kinds of cultivation. The yellow maize, or Indian corn, as we usually call it, has continued to follow him up from the lowest level; but he now first sees fields of wheat, and the other European grains brought into the country by the Conquerors. Mingled with them, he views the plantations of the aloe or maguey (*agave Americana*), applied to such various and important uses by the Aztecs. The oaks now acquire a sturdier growth, and the dark forests of pine announce that he has entered the *tierra fria*, or cold region,—the third and last of the great natural terraces into which the country is divided. When he has climbed to the height of between seven and eight thousand feet, the weary traveller sets his foot on the summit of the Cordillera of the Andes,—the colossal range, that, after traversing South America and the Isthmus of Darien, spreads out, as it enters Mexico, into that vast sheet of table-land, which maintains an elevation of more than six thousand feet, for the distance of nearly two hundred leagues, until it gradually declines in the higher latitudes of the north.

Across this mountain rampart a chain of volcanic hills stretches, in a westerly direction, of still more stupendous dimensions, forming, indeed, some of the highest land on the globe. Their peaks, entering the limits of perpetual snow, diffuse a grateful coolness over the elevated *plateaus* below; for these last, though termed "cold," enjoy a climate, the mean temperature of which is not lower than that of the central parts of Italy. The air is exceedingly dry; the soil, though naturally good, is rarely clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of the lower regions. It frequently, indeed, has a parched and barren aspect, owing partly to the greater evaporation which takes place on these lofty plains, through the diminished pressure of the atmosphere; and partly, no doubt, to the want of trees to shelter the soil from the fierce influence of the summer sun. In the time of the Aztecs, the table-land was thickly covered with larch, oak, cypress, and other forest trees, the extraordinary dimensions of some of which, remaining to the present day, show that the curse of barrenness in later times is chargeable more on man than on nature. Indeed, the early Spaniards made as indiscriminate war on the forest as did our Puritan ancestors, though with much less reason. After once conquering the country, they had no lurking ambush to fear from the submissive, semi-civilized Indian, and were not, like our forefathers, obliged to keep watch and ward for a century. This spoliation of the ground, however, is said to have been pleasing to their imaginations, as it reminded them of the plains of their own Castile,—the table-land of Europe; where the nakedness of the landscape forms the burden of lament of every traveller who visits that country.

Midway across the continent, somewhat nearer the Pacific than the Atlantic ocean, at an elevation of nearly seven thousand five hundred feet, is the celebrated Valley of Mexico. It is of an oval form, about sixty-seven leagues in circumference, and is encompassed by a towering rampart of porphyritic rock, which nature seems to have provided, though ineffectually, to protect it from invasion.

The soil, once carpeted with a beautiful verdure, and thickly sprinkled with stately trees, is often bare, and, in many places white with the incrustation of salts, caused by the draining of the waters. Five lakes are spread over the Valley, occupying one-tenth of its surface. On the opposite borders of the largest of these basins, much shrunk in its dimensions since the days of the Aztecs, stood the cities of Mexico and Tezcuco, the capitals of the two most potent and flourishing states of Anahuac, whose history, with that of the mysterious races that preceded them in the country, exhibits some of the nearest approaches to civilization to be met with anciently on the North American continent.

Of these races the most conspicuous was the Toltecs. Advancing from a northerly direction, but from what region is uncertain, they entered the territory of Anahuac, probably before the close of the seventh century. Of course, little can be gleaned, with certainty, respecting a people, whose written records have perished, and who are known to us only through the traditionary legends of the nations that succeeded them. By the general agreement of these, however, the Toltecs were well instructed in agriculture, and many of the most useful mechanic arts; were nice workers of metals; invented the complex arrangements of time adopted by the Aztecs; and, in short, were the true fountains of the civilization which distinguished this part of the continent in later times. They established their capital at Tula, north of the Mexican Valley, and the remains of extensive buildings were to be discerned there at the time of the Conquest. The noble ruins of religious and other edifices, still to be seen in various parts of New Spain, are referred to this people, whose name, *Toltec*, has passed into a synonym for *architect*. Their shadowy history reminds us of those primitive races who preceded the ancient Egyptians in the march of civilization; fragments of whose monuments, as they are seen at this day, incorporated with the buildings of the Egyptians themselves, give to these latter the appearance of almost modern construction.

After a period of four centuries, the Toltecs, who had extended their sway over the remotest borders of Anahuac, having been greatly reduced, it is said, by famine, pestilence, and unsuccessful wars, disappeared from the land as silently and mysteriously as they had entered it. A few of them still lingered behind, but much the greater number, probably, spread over the region of Central America and the neighbouring isles; and the traveller now speculates on the majestic ruins of Mitla and Palenque, as possibly the work of this extraordinary people.

After the lapse of another hundred years, a numerous and rude tribe, called the Chichemecs, entered the deserted country from the regions of the far Northwest. They were speedily followed by other races, of higher civilization, perhaps of the same family with the Toltecs, whose language they appear to have spoken. The most noted of these were the Aztecs or Mexicans, and the Acolhuans. The latter, better known in later times by the name of Tezcucans, from their capital, Tezcuco, on the eastern border of the Mexican lake, were peculiarly fitted, by their comparatively mild religion and manners, for receiving the tincture of civilization which could be derived from the few Toltecs that still remained in the country. This, in their turn, they communicated to the barbarous Chichemecs, a large portion of whom became amalgamated with the new settlers as one nation.

Availing themselves of the strength derived, not only from this increase of numbers, but from their own superior refinement, the Acolhuans gradually stretched their empire over the ruder tribes in the north; while their capital was filled with a numerous population, busily employed in many of the more useful and even elegant arts of a civilized community. In this palmy state, they were suddenly assaulted by a warlike neighbour, the Tepanecs, their own kindred, and inhabitants of the same valley as themselves. Their provinces were overrun, their armies beaten, their king assassinated, and the flourishing city of Tezcuco became the prize of the victor. From this abject condition the uncommon abilities of the young prince, Nezahualcoyotl, the rightful heir to the crown, backed by the efficient aid of his Mexican allies, at length, redeemed the state, and opened to it a new career of prosperity, even more brilliant than the former.

The Mexicans, with whom our history is principally concerned, came, also, as we have seen, from the remote regions of the North—the populous hive of nations in the New World, as it has been in the Old. They arrived on the borders of Anahuac, towards the beginning of the thirteenth cen-

tury, sometime after the occupation of the land by the kindred races. For a long time they did not establish themselves in any permanent residence; but continued shifting their quarters to different parts of the Mexican Valley, enduring all the casualties and hardships of a migratory life. On one occasion, they were enslaved by a more powerful tribe; but their ferocity soon made them formidable to their masters. After a series of wanderings and adventures, which need not shrink from comparison with the most extravagant legends of the heroic ages of antiquity, they at length halted on the southwestern borders of the principal lake, in the year 1325. They there beheld, perched on the stem of a prickly pear, which shot out from the crevice of a rock that was washed by the waves, a royal eagle of extraordinary size and beauty, with a serpent in his talons, and his broad wings opened to the rising sun. They hailed the auspicious omen, announced by the oracle, as indicating the site of their future city, and laid its foundations by sinking piles into the shallows; for the low marshes were half buried under water. On these they erected their light fabrics of reeds and rushes; and sought a precarious subsistence from fishing, and from the wild fowl which frequented the waters, as well as from the cultivation of such simple vegetables as they could raise on their floating gardens. The place was called Tenochtitlan, in token of its miraculous origin, though only known to Europeans by its other name of Mexico, derived from their war-god, Mexitli. The legend of its foundation is still further commemorated by the device of the eagle and the cactus, which form the arms of the modern Mexican republic. Such were the humble beginnings of the Venice of the Western World.

The forlorn condition of the new settlers was made still worse by domestic feuds. A part of the citizens seceded from the main body, and formed a separate community on the neighbouring marshes. Thus divided, it was long before they could aspire to the acquisition of territory on the main land. They gradually increased, however, in numbers, and strengthened themselves yet more by various improvements in their polity and military discipline, while they established a reputation for courage, as well as cruelty in war, which made their name terrible throughout the Valley. In the early part of the fifteenth century, nearly a hundred years from the foundation of the city, an event took place which created an entire revolution in the circumstances, and, to some extent, in the character of the Aztecs. This was the subversion of the Tezcucan monarchy by the Tepanecs, already noticed. When the oppressive conduct of the victors had at length aroused a spirit of resistance, its prince, Nezahualcoyotl, succeeded, after incredible perils and escapes, in mustering such a force, as, with the aid of the Mexicans, placed him on a level with his enemies. In two successive battles these were defeated with great slaughter, their chief slain, and their territory, by one of those sudden reverses which characterize the wars of petty states, passed into the hands of the conquerors. It was awarded to Mexico, in return for its important services.

Then was formed that remarkable league, which, indeed, has no parallel in history. It was agreed between the states of Mexico, Tezcuco, and the neighbouring little kingdom of Tlacopan, that they should mutually support each other in their wars, offensive and defensive, and that, in the distribution of the spoil, one-fifth should be assigned to Tlacopan, and the remainder be divided, in what proportions is uncertain, between the other powers. The Tezcucan writers claim an equal share for their nation with the Aztecs. But this does not seem to be warranted by the immense increase of territory subsequently appropriated by the latter. And we may account for any advantage conceded to them by the treaty, on the supposition, that, however inferior they may have been originally, they were, at the time of making it, in a more prosperous condition than their allies, broken and dispirited by long oppression. What is more extraordinary than the treaty itself, however, is the fidelity with which it was maintained. During a century of uninterrupted warfare that ensued, no instance occurred where the parties quarrelled over the division of the spoil, which so often makes shipwreck of similar confederacies among civilized states.

The allies for some time found sufficient occupation for their arms in their own valley; but they soon overleaped its rocky ramparts, and by the middle of the fifteenth century, under the first Montezuma, had spread down the sides of the table-land to the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. Tenochtitlan, the Aztec capital, gave evidence of the public prosperity. Its frail tenements were supplanted by solid structures of stone and lime.

Its population rapidly increased. Its old feuds were healed. The citizens who had seceded were again brought under a common government with the main body, and the quarter they occupied was permanently connected with the parent city; the dimensions of which, covering the same ground, were much larger than those of the modern capital of Mexico.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass.
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

LORD BYRON.

LES MISERABLES—COSETTE. WATERLOO.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE NIVELLES ROAD.

On a fine May morning last year (1861) a wayfarer, the person who is telling this story, was coming from Nivelles, and was proceeding toward La Hulpe. He was on foot and following, between two rows of trees, a wide paved road which undulates over a constant succession of hills, that raise the road and let it fall again, and form, as it were, enormous waves. He had passed Lillois and Bois-Seigneur Isaac, and noticed in the west the slate-covered steeple of Braine l'Alleud, which looks like an overturned vase. He had just left behind him a wood upon a hill, and at the angle of a cross-road, by the side of a sort of worm-eaten gallows which bore the inscription,

"Old barrier, No. 4," a wine-shop, having on its front the following notice: "The four winds, Echabeau, private coffee-house."

About half a mile beyond this pot-house he reached a small valley, in which there is a stream that runs through an arch formed in the causeway. The clump of trees, widespread but very green, which fills the valley on one side of the road, is scattered on the other over the fields, and runs gracefully and capriciously toward Braine l'Alleud. On the right, and skirting the road, were an inn, a four-wheeled cart in front of the door, a large bundle of hop poles, a plough, a pile of dry shrubs near a quick-set hedge, lime smoking in a square hole, and a ladder lying along an old shed with straw partitions. A girl was hoeing in a field, where a large yellow bill—probably of a show at some Kermesse—was flying in the wind. At the corner of the inn a badly paved path ran into the bushes by the side of a pond, on which a flotilla of ducks was navigating. The wayfarer turned into this path.

After proceeding about one hundred yards, along a wall of the fifteenth century, surmounted by a coping of crossed bricks, he found himself in front of a large arched stone gate, with a rectangular moulding, in the stern style of Louis XIV., supported by two flat medallions. A severe façade was over this gate; a wall perpendicular to the façade almost joined the gate and flanked it at a right angle. On the grass-plat in front of the gate lay three harrows, through which the May flowers were growing pell-mell. The gate was closed by means of two decrepit folding-doors, ornamented by an old rusty hammer.

The sun was delightful, and the branches made that gentle May rustling, which seems to come from nests even more than from the wind. A little bird, probably in love, was singing with all its might. The wayfarer stopped and looked at a rather large circular excavation in the stone to the right of the gate, which resembled a sphere. At this moment the gates opened and a peasant woman came out. She saw the wayfarer and noticed what he was looking at.

"It was a French cannon-ball that made it," she said, and then added: "What you see higher up there, on the gate near a nail, is the hole of a heavy shell which did not penetrate the wood."

"What is the name of this place?" the wayfarer asked.

"Hougomont," said the woman.

The wayfarer drew himself up, he walked a few steps and then looked over the hedge. He could see on the horizon through the trees a species of mound, and on this mound something which, at a distance, resembled a lion. He was on the battle-field of Waterloo.

CHAPTER II.

HOUGOMONT.

Hougomont was a mournful spot, the beginning of the obstacle, the first resistance which that great woodman of Europe, called Napoleon, encountered at Waterloo; the first knot under the axe-blade. It was a chateau, and is now but a farm. For the antiquarian Hougomont is Hugo-mons: it was built by Hugo, Sire de Sommeril, the same who endowed the sixth chapelry of the Abbey of Villers. The wayfarer pushed open the door, elbowed an old caleche under a porch, and entered the yard. The first thing that struck him in this enclosure, was a gate of the sixteenth century, which now resembles an arcade, as all has fallen around it. A monumental aspect frequently springs up from ruins. Near the arcade there is another gateway in the wall, with key-stones in the style of Henri IV., through which can be seen the trees of an orchard. By the side of this gateway a dunghill, mattocks, and shovels, a few carts, an old well with its stone slab and iron windlass, a frisking colt, a turkey displaying its tail, a chapel surmounted by a little belfry, and a blossoming pear-tree growing in *espalier* along the chapel wall—such is this yard, the conquest of which was a dream of Napoleon's. This nook of earth, had he been able to take it, would probably have given him the world. Chickens are scattering the dust there with their beaks, and you hear a growl—it is a large dog, which shows its teeth and fills the place of the English. The English were admirable here; Cooke's four companies of Guards resisted at this spot for seven hours the obstinate attack of an army.

Hougomont, seen on a map, buildings and enclosures included, presents an irregular quadrangle, of which one angle has been broken off. In this angle is the southern gate within point-blank range of this wall. Hougomont has two gates, the southern one which belongs to the chateau, and the northern which belongs to the farm. Napoleon sent against Hougomont his brother Jerome; Guilleminot's, Foy's, and Bachelie's divi-

sions were hurled at it; nearly the whole of Reille's corps was employed there and failed; and Kellermann's cannon-balls rebounded from this heroic wall. Bauduin's brigade was not strong enough to force Hougomont on the north, and Soye's brigade could only attack it on the south without carrying it.

The farm-buildings border the court-yard on the south, and a piece of the northern gate, broken by the French, hangs from the wall. It consists of four planks nailed on two cross-beams, and the scars of the attack may still be distinguished upon it. The northern gate, which was broken down by the French, and in which a piece has been let in to replace the panel hanging to the wall, stands, half open, at the extremity of the yard; it is cut square in a wall which is stone at the bottom, brick at the top, which closes the yard on the north side. It is a simple gate, such as may be seen in all farm-yards, with two large folding doors made of rustic planks; beyond it are fields. The dispute for this entrance was furious; for a long time all sorts of marks of bloody hands could be seen on the sidepost of the gate, and it was here that Bauduin fell. The storm of the fight still lurks in the court-yard: horror is visible there; the incidents of the fearful struggle are petrified in it; people are living and dying in it—it was only yesterday. The walls are in the pangs of death, the stones fall, the breaches cry out, the holes are wounds, the bent and quivering trees seem making an effort to fly.

This yard was more built upon in 1815 than it is now; buildings which have since been removed, formed in it redans and angles. The English barricaded themselves in it; the French penetrated, but could not hold their ground there. By the side of the chapel stands a wing of the chateau, the sole relic left of the Manor of Hougomont, in ruins, we might almost say gutted. The chateau was employed as a keep, the chapel served as a block-house. Men exterminated each other there. The French, fired upon from all sides, from behind walls, from granaries, from cellars, from every window, from every air-hole, from every crack in the stone, brought up fascines, and set fire to the walls and men; the musketry fire was replied to by arson.

In the ruined wing you can look through windows defended by iron bars, into the dismantled rooms of a brick building; the English Guards were ambuscaded in these rooms, and the spiral staircase, hollowed out from ground-floor to roof, appears like the interior of a broken shell. The staircase has two landings; the English, besieged on this landing and massed on the upper stairs, broke away the lowest. They are large slabs of blue stone which form a pile among the nettles. A dozen steps still hold to the wall; on the first the image of a trident is carved, and these inaccessible steps are solidly set in their bed. All the rest resemble a toothless jaw. There are two trees here, one of them dead, and the other, which was wounded on the foot, grows green again in April. Since 1815 it has taken to growing through the staircase.

Men massacred each other in the chapel, and the interior, which is grown quiet again, is strange. Mass has not been said in it since the carnage, but the altar has been left—an altar of coarse wood supported by a foundation of rough stone. Four white-washed walls, a door opposite the altar, two small, arched windows, a large wooden crucifix over the door, above the crucifix a square air-hole stopped up with hay; in a corner, on the ground, an old window sash, with the panes all broken—such is the chapel. Near the altar is a wooden statue of St. Anne, belonging to the 15th century: the head of the infant Saviour has been carried away by a shot. The French, masters for a moment of the chapel and then dislodged, set fire to it. The flames filled the building, and it became a furnace; the door burnt, the flooring burnt, but the wooden Christ was not burnt; the fire nibbled away the feet, of which only the blackened stumps can now be seen, and then stopped. It was a miracle say the country people. The walls are covered with inscriptions. Near the feet of Christ you read the name Henquinez; then these others, Conde de Rio Maïor, Marquis y Marquisa de Almagro (Habana). There are French names with marks of admiration,—signs of anger. The wall was whitewashed again in 1849, for the nations insulted each other upon it. It was at the door of this chapel that a body was picked up, holding an axe in its hand; it was the body of Sub-lieutenant Legros.

On leaving the chapel you see a well on your left hand. As there are two wells in this yard, you ask yourself why this one has no bucket and windlass? Because water is no longer drawn from it. Why is it not drawn? Because it is full of skeletons.

The last man who drew water from this well was a man called Willem van Kylsom: he was a peasant who lived at Hougomont, and was gardener there. On June 18th, 1815, his family took flight and concealed themselves in the woods. The forest round the Abbey of Villers sheltered for several days and nights the dispersed luckless country people. Even at the present day certain vestiges, such as old burnt trunks of trees, mark the spot of these poor encampments among the thickets. Willem van Kylsom remained at Hougomont "to take care of the chateau," and concealed himself in a cellar. The English discovered him there; he was dragged from his lurking-place, and the frightened man was forced by blows with the flat of a sabre to wait on the combatants. They were thirsty, and this Willem brought them drink, and it was from this well he drew the water. Many drank there for the last time, and this well, from which so many dead men drank, was destined to die too. After the action, the corpses were hastily interred; death has a way of its own of harassing victory, and it causes pestilence to follow glory. Typhus is an annexe of triumph. This well was deep and was converted into a tomb. Three hundred dead were thrown into it, and perhaps with too much haste. Were they all dead? the legend says no. And it seems that, on the night following the burial, weak voices were heard calling from the well.

This well is isolated in the centre of the yard; three walls, half of brick, half of stone, folded like the leaves of a screen, and forming a square tower, surround it on three sides, while the fourth is open. The back wall has a sort of shapeless peep-hole, probably made by a shell. This tower once had a roof of which only the beams remain, and the iron braces of the right-hand wall form a cross. You bend over and look down into a deep brick cylinder full of gloom. All round the well the lower part of the wall is hidden by nettles. This well has not in front of it the large blue slab usually seen at all Belgian wells. Instead of it there is a framework, supporting five or six shapeless logs of knotted wood which resemble large bones. There is no bucket, chain, or windlass remaining: but there is still the stout trough, at which the horses were watered. The rain-water collects in it, and from time to time a bird comes from the neighbouring forest to drink from it and then fly away.

One house in this ruin, the farm-house, is still inhabited, and the door of this house opens on the yard. By the side of a pretty Gothic lock on this gate there is an iron handle. At the moment when the Hanoverian lieutenant Wilda seized this handle in order to take shelter in the farm, a French sapper cut off his hand with a blow of his axe. The old gardener Van Kylsom, who has long been dead, was grandfather of the family which now occupies the house. A gray-headed woman said to me: "I was here, I was three years old, and my sister, who was older, felt frightened and cried. I was carried away to the woods in my mother's arms, and people put their ears to the ground to listen. I imitated the cannon and said. 'Boom, boom.'" A door on the left-hand of the yard, as we said, leads into the orchard, which is terrible. It is in three parts, we might almost say, in three acts. The first part is a garden, the second the orchard, the third a wood. These three parts have one common *enciente;* near the entrance, the buildings of the chateau and the farm, on the left a hedge, on the right a wall, and at the end a wall. The right-hand wall is of brick, the bottom one of stone. You enter the garden first; it slopes, is planted with gooseberry bushes, is covered with wild vegetation, and is closed by a monumental terrace of cut stones with balustrades. It was a seigneurial garden in the French style, that preceded Le Notre; now it is ruins and briars. The pilasters are surmounted by globes that resemble stone cannon-balls. Forty-three balustrades are still erect; the others are lying in the grass, and nearly all have marks of musket-balls. One fractured balustrade is laid upon the stem like a broken leg.

It was in this garden, which is lower than the orchard, that six voltigeurs of the 1st light regiment, having got in and unable to get out, and caught like bears in a trap, accepted combat with two Hanoverian companies, one of which was armed with rifles. The Hanoverians lined the balustrade and fired down; the voltigeurs, firing up, six intrepid men against two hundred, and having no shelter but the gooseberry bushes, took a quarter of an hour in dying. You climb up a few steps and reach the orchard, properly so called. Here, on these few square yards, fifteen hundred men fell in less than an hour. The wall seems ready to recommence the fight, for the thirty-eight loop-holes pierced by the English at irregular heights may still be seen. In front of the wall are two English tombs made of granite. There are only

loop-holes in the south wall, for the principal attack was on that side. This wall is concealed on the outside by a quickset hedge. The French came up under the impression that they had only to carry this hedge, and found the wall an obstacle and an ambuscade; the English Guards, behind the thirty-eight loop-holes, firing at once a storm of canister and bullets; and Soye's brigade was dashed to pieces against it. Waterloo began thus.

The orchard, however, was taken; as the French had no ladders, they climbed up with their nails.

A hand to hand fight took place under the trees, and all the grass was soaked with blood, and a battalion of Nassau, 700 strong, was cut to pieces here. On the outside the wall, against which Kellermann's two batteries were pointed, is pock-marked with cannon-balls. This orchard is sensitive like any other to the month of May; it has its butter-cups and its daisies; the grass is tall in it, the plough-horses browse in it, hair ropes on which linen is hung to dry occupy the space between the trees, and make the visitor bow his head, and as you walk along, your foot sinks in mole holes. In the middle of the grass you notice an uprooted, outstretched, but still flourishing tree. Major Blackman leaned against it to die. Under another large tree, close by, fell the German General Duplat, a French refugee belonging to a family that fled upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Close at hand an old sickly apple-tree, poulticed with a bandage of straw and clay, hangs its head. Nearly all the apple-trees are dying of old age, and there is not one without its cannon-ball or bullet. Skeletons of dead trees abound in this orchard, ravens fly about in the branches, and at the end is a wood full of violets.

Bauduin killed; Foy wounded; arson, massacre, carnage, a stream composed of English, French, and German blood furiously mingled; a well filled with corpses; the Nassau regiment and the Brunswick regiment destroyed; Duplat killed; Blackman killed; the English Guards mutilated; twenty French battalions of the forty composing Reille's corps decimated; three thousand men in this chateau of Hougomont alone, sabred, gashed, butchered, shot, and burnt—all this that a peasant may say to a traveller at the present day, "If you like to give me three francs, sir, I will tell you all about the battle of Waterloo."

CHAPTER III.

JUNE 18, 1815.

Let us go back, for that is one of the privileges of the narrator, and place ourselves once again in the year 1815, a little prior to the period when the matters related in the first part of this book begin. If it had not rained on the night between the 17th and 18th June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed; a few drops of rain more or less, made Napoleon oscillate. In order to make Waterloo the end of Austerlitz, Providence only required a little rain, and a cloud crossing the sky at a season when rain was not expected was sufficient to overthrow an empire. The battle of Waterloo could not begin till half-past eleven, and that gave Blucher time to come up. Why? because the ground was moist and it was necessary for it to become firmer, that the artillery might manœuvre. Napoleon was an artillery officer, and always showed himself one; all his battle plans are made for projectiles. Making artillery converge on a given point was his key to victory. He treated the strategy of the opposing general as a citadel, and breached it; he crushed the weak point under grape-shot, and he began and ended his battles with artillery. Driving in squares, pulverizing regiments, breaking lines, destroying and dispersing masses, all this must be done by striking, striking, striking incessantly, and he confided the task to artillery. It was a formidable method, and, allied to genius, rendered this gloomy pugilist of war invincible for fifteen years.

On June 16, 1815, he counted the more on his artillery, because he held the numerical superiority. Wellington had only one hundred and fifty-nine guns, while Napoleon had two hundred and forty. Had the earth been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have begun at six A. M. It would have been won and over by two P. M., three hours before the Prussian interlude. How much blame was there on Napoleon's side for the loss of this battle? is the shipwreck imputable to the pilot? was the evident physical decline of Napoleon at that period complicated by a certain internal diminution? had twenty years of war worn out the blade as well as the scabbard, the soul as well as the body? was the veteran being awkwardly displayed in the captain? In a word, was the genius, as many historians of reputation have believed, eclipsed?

was he becoming frenzied, in order to conceal his own weakening from himself? was he beginning to oscillate and veer with the wind? was he becoming unconscious of danger, which is a serious thing in a general?

In that class of great material men who may be called the giants of action, is there an age when genius becomes short-sighted? Old age has no power over ideal genius; with the Dantes and the Michael Angelos old age is growth, but is it declension for the Hannibals and the Bonapartes? had Napoleon lost the direct sense of victory? had he reached a point where he no longer saw the rock, guessed the snare, and could not discern the crumbling edge of the abyss? could he not scent catastrophes? had the man who formerly knew all the roads to victory and pointed to them with a sovereign finger, from his flashing car, now a mania for leading his tumultuous team of legions to the precipices? was he attacked at the age of forty-six by a supreme madness? was the Titanic charioteer of destiny now only a Phaeton?

We do not believe it.

His plan of action, it is allowed by all, was a master-piece. Go straight at the centre of the allied line, make a hole through the enemy, cut him in two, drive the British half over Halle, and the Prussians over Tingres, carry Mont St. Jean, seize Brussels, drive the German into the Rhine and the Englishman into the sea—All this was contained for Napoleon in this battle: afterwards he would see.

We need hardly say that we do not pretend to tell the story of Waterloo here; one of the generating scenes of the drama we are recounting is attaching to this battle, but the story of Waterloo has been already told, and magisterially discussed, from one point of view by Napoleon, from another by Charras.

For our part, we leave the two historians to contend; we are only a distant witness, a passer-by along the plain, a seeker bending over the earth moulded of human flesh, and perhaps taking appearances for realities; we possess neither the military practice nor the strategetic competency that authorizes a system; in our opinion, a chain of accidents governed both captains at Waterloo; and when destiny, that mysterious accused, enters on the scene, we judge like the people.

CHAPTER IV.

A.

Those who wish to form a distinct idea of the battle of Waterloo, need only imagine a capital A laid on the ground. The left leg of the A is the Nivelles road, the right one the Genappe road, while the string of the A is the broken way running from Ohain to Braine l' Alleud. The top of the A is Mont St. Jean, where Wellington is; the left lower point is Hougomont, where Reille is with Jerome Bonaparte; the right lower point is la Belle Alliance, where Napoleon is. A little below the point where the string of the A meets and cuts the right leg, is La Haye Sainte; and in the centre of this string is the exact spot where the battle was concluded. It is here that the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the heroism of the old Guard.

The triangle comprised at the top of the A between the two legs and the string, is the plateau of Mont St. Jean; the dispute for this plateau was the whole battle. The wings of the two armies extend to the right and left of the Genappe and Nivelles roads, d' Erlon facing Picton, Reille facing Hill. Behind the point of the A, behind the plateau of St. Jean, is the forest of Soignies. As for the plan itself, imagine a vast undulating ground; each ascent commands the next ascent, and all the undulations ascend to Mont St. Jean, where they form the forest.

Two hostile armies on a battle field are two wrestlers—one tries to throw the other; they cling to everything; a thicket is a basis; for want of a village to support it, a regiment gives way; a fall in the plain, a transverse hedge in a good position, a wood, a ravine, may arrest the heel of that column which is called an army, and prevent it slipping. The one who leaves the field is beaten; and hence the necessity for the responsible chief to examine the smallest clump of trees, and investigate the slightest rise in the ground. The two generals had attentively studied the plan of Mont St. Jean, which is called at the present day the field of Waterloo. In the previous year, Wellington, with prescient sagacity, had examined it as suitable for a great battle. On this ground and for this duel of June 18, Wellington had the good side and Napoleon the bad; for the English army was above, the French army below.

It is almost superfluous to sketch here the

appearance of Napoleon, mounted and with his telescope in his hand, as he appeared on the heights of Rossomme at the dawn of June 18. Before we show him, all the world has seen him. The calm profile under the little hat of the Brienne school, the green uniform, the white facings concealing the decorations, the great coat concealing the epaulettes, the red ribbon under the waistcoat, the leather breeches, the white horse with its housings of purple velvet, having in the corners crowned N's and eagles, the riding-boots drawn over silk-stockings, the silver spurs, the sword of Marengo—the whole appearance of the last of the Cæsars rises before every mind, applauded by some, and regarded sternly by others. This figure has for a long time stood out all light; this was owing to a certain legendary obscuration which most heroes evolve, and which always conceals the truth for a longer or shorter period, but at the present day we have history and light. That brilliancy called history is pitiless; it has this strange and divine thing about it, that, all light as it is, and because it is light, it often throws shadows over spots before luminous, it makes of the same man two different phantoms, and one attacks the other, and the darkness of the despot struggles with the lustre of the captain. Hence comes a truer proportion in the definitive appreciation of nations; Babylon violated, diminishes Alexander; Rome enchained, diminishes Cæsar; Jerusalem killed diminishes Titus. Tyranny follows the tyrant, and it is a misfortune for a man to leave behind him a night which has his form.

CHAPTER V.

THE QUID OBSCURUM OF BATTLES.

All the world knows the first phase of this battle; a troubled, uncertain, hesitating opening, dangerous for both armies, but more so for the English than the French. It had rained all night; the ground was saturated; the rain had collected in hollows of the plain as in tubs; at certain points the ammunition wagons had sunk in up to the axle-trees and the girth of the horses; if the wheat and barley laid low by this mass of moving vehicles had not filled the ruts, and made a litter under the wheels, any movement, especially in the valleys, in the direction of Papelotte, would have been impossible. The battle began late, for Napoleon, as we have explained, was accustomed to hold all his artillery in hand like a pistol, aiming first at one point, then at another of the battle, and he resolved to wait until the field batteries could gallop freely, and for this purpose it was necessary that the sun should appear and dry the ground. But the sun did not come out; it was no longer the rendezvous of Austerlitz. When the first cannon-shot was fired, the English General Colville drew out his watch, and saw that it was twenty-five minutes to twelve.

The action was commenced furiously, more furiously perhaps than the Emperor desired, by the French left wing on Hougomont. At the same time Napoleon attacked the centre by hurling Quiot's brigade on La Haye Sainte, and Ney pushed the French right wing against the English left, which was leaning upon Papelotte, The attack on Hougomont was, to a certain extent, a feint, for the plan was to attract Wellington there, and make him strengthen his left. This plan would have succeeded had not the four companies of Guards and Perponcher's Belgian division firmly held the position, and Wellington, instead of massing his troops, found it only necessary to send as a reinforcement four more companies of Guards and a battalion of Brunswickers. The attack of the French right on Papelotte was serious; to destroy the English left, cut the Brussels road, bar the passage for any possible Prussians, force Mont St. Jean, drive back Wellington on Hougomont, then on Braine l'Alleud, and then on Halle—nothing was more distinct. Had not a few incidents supervened, this attack would have succeeded, for Papelotte was taken and La Haye Sainte carried.

There is a detail to be noticed here. In the English infantry, especially in Kempt's brigade, there were many recruits, and these young soldiers valiantly withstood our formidable foot, and they behaved excellently as sharp-shooters. The soldier when thrown *en tirailleur*, being left to some extent to his own resources, becomes, as it were, his own general; and these recruits displayed something of the French invention and fury. These novices displayed an impulse, and it displeased Wellington.

After the taking of La Haye Sainte, the battle vacillated. There is an obscure interval in this day, between twelve and four; the middle of this battle is almost indistinct, and participates in the gloom of the *melee*. A twilight sets in, and we perceive vast fluctuations in this mist, a dizzy

mirage, the panoply of war at that day unknown in our times; flaming colpacks; flying sabretaches; cross-belts; Grenadier bear-skins; Hussar dolmans; red boots with a thousand wrinkles; heavy shakos enwreathed with gold twist; the nearly black Brunswick infantry mingled with the scarlet infantry of England; the English soldier wearing clumsy round white cushions for epaulettes; the Hanoverian light-horse with their leathern helmets, brass bands, and red horse-tails; the Highlanders with their bare knees and chequered plaids, and the long white gaiters of our Grenadiers—pictures, but not strategic lines; what a Salvator Rosa, but not a Gribeauval, would have reveled in.

A certain amount of tempest is always mingled with a battle, *quid obscurum, quid divinum.* Every historian traces to some extent the lineament that pleases him in the hurly-burly. Whatever the combinations of the generals may be, the collision of armed masses has incalculable ebbs and flows; in action the two plans of the leaders enter into each other and destroy their shape. The line of battle floats and winds like a thread, the streams of blood flow illogically, the fronts of armies undulate, the regiments in advancing or retiring form capes or gulfs, and all these rocks are continually shifting their position; where infantry was, artillery arrives; where artillery was, cavalry dash in; the battalions are smoke. There was something there, but when you look for it, it has disappeared; the gloomy masses advance and retreat; a species of breath from the tomb impels, drives back, swells and disperses these tragic multitudes. What is a battle? an oscillation. The immobility of a mathematical plan expresses a minute and not a day. To paint a battle, those powerful painters who have chaos in their pencils are needed. Rembrandt is worth more than Vandermeulin, for Vandermeulin, exact at midday, is incorrect at three o'clock. Geometry is deceived, and the hurricane alone is true, and it is this that gives Folard the right to contradict Polybius. Let us add that there is always a certain moment in which the battle degenerates into a combat, is particularized and broken up into countless detail facts, which, to borrow the expression of Napoleon himself, "belong rather to the biography of regiments than to the history of the army." The historian, in such a case, has the evident right to sum up, he can only catch the principal outlines of the struggle, and it is not given to any narrator, however conscientious he may be, to absolutely fix the form of that horrible cloud which is called the battle.

This which is true of all great armed collisions, is peculiarly applicable to Waterloo; still, at a certain moment in the afternoon, the battle began to assume a settled shape.

CHAPTER VI.

FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

At about four o'clock, P. M., the situation of the English army was serious. The Prince of Orange commanded the centre, Hill the right, and Picton the left. The Prince of Orange, wild and intrepid, shouted to the Dutch Belgians: "Nassau Brunswick, never yield an inch." Hill, fearfully weakened, had just fallen back on Wellington, while Picton was dead. At the very moment when the English took from the French the flag of the 105th line regiment, the French killed General Picton with a bullet through his head. The battle had two bases for Wellington, Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. Hougomont still held out, though on fire, while La Haye Sainte was lost. Of the German battalion that defended it, forty-two men only survived: all the officers but five were killed or taken prisoners. Three thousand combatants had been massacred in that focus: a sergeant of the English Guards, the first boxer in England, and reputed invulnerable by his comrades, had been killed there by a little French drummer. Barny was dislodged, and Alten was sabred; several flags had been lost, one belonging to Alten's division, and one to the Luxembourg battalion, which was borne by a Prince of the Deux-ponts family. The Scotch Greys no longer existed; Ponsonby's heavy dragoons were cut to pieces—this brave cavalry had given way before the Lancers of Bex and the cuirassiers of Traver. Of twelve hundred sabres, only six hundred remained; of three lieutenant-colonels, two were kissing the ground, Hamilton wounded, and Mather killed. Ponsonby had fallen, pierced by seven lance wounds: Gordon was dead, March was dead, and two divisions, the fifth and sixth, were destroyed. Hougomont attacked, La Haye Sainte taken; there was only one knot left, the centre, which still held out. Wellington

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reinforced it; he called in Hill from Merbe-Braine and Chasse from Braine l'Alleud.

The centre of the English army, which was slightly concave, very dense and compact, was strongly situated; it occupied the plateau of Mont St. Jean, having the village behind it, and before it the slope, which at that time was rather steep. It was supported by that strong stone house, which at that period was a domainial property of Nivelles, standing at the cross road, and an edifice dating from the 16th century, so robust that the cannon balls rebounded without doing it any injury. All round the plateau the English had cut through the hedges at certain spots, formed embrasures in the hawthorns, thrust guns between branches and loop-holed the shrubs—their artillery was ambuscaded under the brambles. This Punic task, incontestably authorized by the rules of war which permit snares, had been so well effected that Haxo, who had been sent by the Emperor at eight o'clock to reconnoitre the enemy's batteries, returned to tell Napoleon that there was no obstacle, with the exception of the barricades blocking the Nivelles and Genappe roads. It was the season when the wheat is still standing, and along the edge of the plateau a battalion of Kempt's brigade, the 95th, was lying in the tall corn. Thus assured and supported, the centre of the Anglo-Dutch army was in good position.

The peril of this position was the forest of Soignies, at that time contiguous to the battle-field, and intersected by the ponds of Groenendael and Boitsford. An army could not have fallen back into it without being dissolved, regiments would have been broken up at once, and the artillery lost in the marches. The retreat, according to the opinion of several professional men, contradicted, it is true, by others, would have been a flight. Wellington added to this centre a brigade of Chasse's removed from the right wing, one of Wicke's from the left wing, and Clinton's division. He gave his English—Halkett's regiments, Mitchell's brigade, and Maitland's guards—as epaulments and counterforts, the Brunswick infantry, the Nassau contingent, Kielmansegge's Hanoverians, and Ompteda's Germans. He had thus twenty-six battalions under his hand; as Charras says, "the right wing deployed behind the centre." An enormous battery was masked by earth bags, at the very spot where what is called "the Museum of Waterloo" now stands, and Wellington also had in a little hollow Somerset's Dragoon Guards, counting one thousand four hundred sabres. They were the other moiety of the so justly celebrated English cavalry; though Ponsonby was destroyed, Somerset remained. The battery which, had it been completed, would have been almost a redoubt, was arranged behind a very low wall, hastily lined with sand bags and a wide slope of earth. This work was not finished, as there was not time to palisade it.

Wellington, restless but impassive, was mounted, and remained for the whole day in the same attitude, a little in front of the old mill of Mont St. Jean, which still exists, and under an elm tree, which an Englishman, an enthusiastical Vandal, afterwards bought for two hundred francs, cut down and carried away. Wellington was coldly heroic; there was a shower of cannon-balls, and his aid-de-camp Gordon was killed by his side. Lord Hill, pointing to a bursting shell, said to him, "My Lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you are killed?" "Do as I am doing," Wellington answered. To Clinton, he said, laconically, "Hold out here to the last man." The day was evidently turning out badly, and Wellington cried to his old comrades of Vittoria, Talavera, and Salamanca, "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England."

About four o'clock the English line fell back all at once; nothing was visible on the crest of the plateau but artillery and sharp-shooters; the rest had disappeared. The regiments, expelled by the French shell and cannon-balls, fell back into the hollow, which at the present day is intersected by the lane that runs to the farm of Mont St. Jean. A retrograde movement began, the English front withdrew. Wellington was recoiling. "It is the beginning of the retreat," Napoleon cried.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPOLEON IN GOOD HUMOR.

The Emperor, though ill and suffering on horseback from a local injury, had never been so good-tempered as on this day. From the morning his impenetrability had been smiling, and on June 18th, 1815, this profound soul, coated with granite, was radiant. The man who had been sombre at Austerlitz was gay at Waterloo. The greatest predestined men offer these contradic-

tions, for our joys are a shadow and the supreme smile belongs to God. *Ridet Cæsar, Pompeius flebit*, the legionaries of the Fulminatrix legion used to say. On this occasion Pompey was not destined to weep, but it is certain that Cæsar laughed. At one o'clock in the morning, amid the rain and storm, he had explored with Bertrand the hills near Rossomme, and was pleased to see the long lines of English fires illumining the horizon from Frischemont to Braine l'Alleud. It seemed to him as if destiny had made an appointment with him on a fixed day and was punctual. He stopped his horse, and remained for some time motionless, looking at the lightning and listening to the thunder. The fatalist was heard to cast into the night the mysterious words—"We are agreed." Napoleon was mistaken, they were no longer agreed.

He had not slept for a moment; all the instants of the past night had been marked with joy for him. He rode through the entire line of main guards, stopping every now and then to speak to the videttes. At half-past two he heard the sound of a marching column near Hougomont, and believed for a moment in a retreat on the side of Wellington. He said to Bertrand: "The English rear-guard is preparing to decamp. I shall take prisoners the six thousand English who have just landed at Ostende." He talked cheerfully, and had regained the spirits he had displayed during the landing of March 1st, when he showed the Grand Marshal the enthusiastic peasant of the Juan Gulf and said: "Well, Bertrand, here is a reinforcement already." On the night between June 17 and 18 he made fun of Wellington: "This little Englishman requires a lesson," said Napoleon. The rain became twice as violent, and it thundered while the Emperor was speaking. At half-past three A. M., he lost one illusion: officers sent to reconnoitre informed him that the enemy was making no movement. Nothing was stirring, not a single bivouac fire was extinguished, and the English army was sleeping. The silence was profound on earth, and there was only noise in the heavens. At four o'clock a peasant was brought to him by the scouts: this peasant had served as a guide to a brigade of English cavalry, probably Vivian's, which had taken up a position on the extreme left in the village of Ohain. At five o'clock two Belgian deserters informed him that they had just left their regiment, and the English army meant fighting. "All the better," cried Napoleon, "I would sooner crush them than drive them back."

At daybreak he dismounted on the slope which forms the angle of the Plancenoit road, had a kitchen table and a peasant chair brought from the farm of Rossomme, sat down with a truss of straw for a carpet, and laid on the table the map of the battle-field, saying to Soult, "It is a pretty chess board." Owing to the night rain, the commissariat wagons which stuck in the muddy roads, did not arrive by daybreak. The troops had not slept, were wet through and fasting, but this did not prevent Napoleon from exclaiming cheerfully to Soult: "We have ninety chances out of a hundred in our favor." At eight o'clock the Emperor's breakfast was brought, and he invited several generals to share it with him. While breakfasting somebody said that Wellington had been the last evening but one at a ball in Brussels, and Soult, the rough soldier with his Archbishop's face, remarked, "The ball will be to-day." The Emperor teazed Ney for saying: "Wellington will not be so simple as to wait for your Majesty." This was his usual manner. "He was fond of a joke," says Fleury de Chaboulon; "The basis of his character was a pleasant humor," says Gourgaud; "he abounded with jests, more peculiar than witty," says Benjamin Constant. This gaiety of the giant is worth dwelling on: it was he who called his Grenadiers, "Growlers;" he pinched their ears and pulled their moustachios. "The Emperor was always playing tricks with us," was a remark made by one of them. During the mysterious passage from Elba to France, on February 27th, the French brig of war, the *Zephyr*, met the *Inconstant*, on board which Napoleon was concealed, and inquiring after Napoleon, the Emperor, who still had in his hat the white and violet cockade studded with bees which he had adopted at Elba, himself laughingly took up the speaking trumpet, and answered: "The Emperor is quite well." A man who jests in this way is on familiar terms with events. Napoleon had several outbursts of this laughter during the breakfast of Waterloo: after breakfast he reflected for a quarter of an hour; then two generals sat down on the truss of straw with a pen in their hand, and a sheet of paper on their knee, and the Emperor dictated to them the plan of the battle.

At nine o'clock, the moment when the French army echeloned and moving in five

columns, began to deploy, the divisions in two lines, the artillery between, the bands in front, drums rattling and bugles braying—a powerful, mighty, joyous army, a sea of bayonets, and helmets on the horizon, the Emperor, much affected, twice exclaimed: "Magnificent! magnificent!"

Between nine and half-past ten, although it seems incredible, the whole army took up position, and was drawn up in six lines, forming, to repeat the Emperor's expression, "the figure of six V's." A few minutes after the formation of the line, and in the midst of that profound silence which precedes the storm of a battle, the Emperor, seeing three 12-pounder batteries defile, which had been detached by his orders from Erlon, Reille, and Lobau's brigades, and which were intended to begin the action at the spot where the Nivelles and Genappe roads crossed, tapped Haxo on the shoulder and said: "There are twenty-four pretty girls, General." Sure of the result, he encouraged with a smile the company of sappers of the first corps as it passed him, which he had selected to barricade itself in Mont St. Jean, so soon as the village was carried. All this security was only crossed by one word of human pity: on seeing at his left at the spot where there is now a large tomb, the admirable Scotch Greys massed with their superb horses, he said: "It is a pity." Then he mounted his horse, rode toward Rossomme, and selected as his observatory a narrow strip of grass on the right of the road running from Genappe to Brussels, and this was his second station. The third station, the one he took at seven in the evening, is formidable; it is a rather lofty mound which still exists, and behind which the guard was massed in a hollow. Around this mound the balls ricochetted on the pavement of the road and reached Napoleon. As at Brienne, he had round his head the whistle of bullets and canister. Almost at the spot where his horse's hoofs stood, cannon-balls, old sabre blades, and shapeless, rust-eaten projectiles have been picked up; a few years ago a live shell was dug up, the fuse of which had broken off. It was at this station that the Emperor said to his guide, Lacoste, a hostile, timid peasant, who was fastened to a hussar's saddle, and tried at each volley of canister to hide himself behind Napoleon, "You ass it is shameful; you will be killed in the back." The person who is writing these lines himself found, while digging up the sand in the friable slope of this mound, the remains of a shell rotted by the oxide of forty-six years, and pieces of iron which broke like sticks of barley-sugar between his fingers.

Everybody is aware that the undulations of the plains on which the encounter between Napoleon and Wellington took place, are no longer as they were on June 18th, 1815. On taking from this mournful plain the material to make a monument, it was deprived of its real relics, and history, disconcerted, no longer recognizes itself; in order to glorify, they disfigured. Wellington, on seeing Waterloo two years after, exclaimed, "My battle-field has been altered." Where the huge pyramid of earth surmounted by a lion now stands, there was a crest which on the sides of the Nivelles road had a practicable ascent, but which on the side of the Genappe road was almost an escarpment. The elevation of this escarpment may still be imagined by the height of the two great tombs which skirt the road from Genappe to Brussels: the English tomb on the left, the German tomb on the right. There is no French tomb—for France the whole plain is a sepulchre. Through the thousands of cart-loads of earth employed in erecting the mound, which is one hundred and fifty feet high, and half a mile in circumference, the plateau of Mont St. Jean is now accessible by a gentle incline, but on the day of the battle, and especially on the side of La Haye Sainte, it was steep and abrupt. The incline was so sharp that the English gunners could not see beneath them the farm situated in the bottom of the valley, which was the centre of the fight. On June 18, 1815, the rain had rendered the steep road more difficult, and the troops not only had to climb up but slipped in the mud. Along the centre of the crest of the plateau ran a species of ditch, which it was impossible for a distant observer to guess. We will state what this ditch was. Braine l' Alleud is a Belgian village, and Ohain is another; these villages, both concealed in hollows, are connected by a road about a league and a half in length, which traverses an undulating plain, and frequently buries itself between hills, so as to become at certain spots a ravine. In 1815, as to-day, this road crossed the crest of the plateau of Mont St. Jean; but at the present day it is level with the ground, while at that time it was a hollow way. The two slopes have been carried away to form the monumental mound. This road was, and still is a trench for the greater part of the

distance; a hollow trench, in some places twelve feet deep, whose scarped sides were washed down here and there by the winter rains. Accidents occurred there: the road was so narrow where it entered Braine l'Alleud that a wayfarer was crushed there by a wagon, as is proved by a stone cross standing near the graveyard, which gives the name of the dead man as "Monsieur Bernard Debruc, trader of Brussels," and the date "February, 1637." It was so deep on the plateau of Mont St. Jean that a peasant, one Mathieu Nicaise, was crushed there in 1783 by a fall of earth, as is proved by another stone cross, the top of which disappeared in the excavations, but whose overthrown pedestal is still visible on the grass slope to the left of the road between La Haye Sainte and the farm of Mont St. Jean. On the day of the battle, this hollow way, whose existence nothing revealed, a trench on the top of the escarpment, a rut hidden in the earth, was visible, that is to say terrible.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EMPEROR ASKS THE GUIDE A QUESTION.

On the morning of Waterloo, then, Napoleon was cheerful, and had reason to be so, for the plan he had drawn up was admirable. Once the battle had begun, its various incidents—the resistance of Hougomont; the tenacity of La Haye Sainte; Bauduin killed and Foy placed *hors de combat;* the unexpected wall against which Soye's brigade was broken; the fatal rashness of Guilleminot, who had no petards or powder-bags to destroy the farm-gates; the sticking of the artillery in the mud; the fifteen guns without escort captured by Uxbridge in a hollow way; the slight effect of the shells falling in the English lines, which buried themselves in the moistened ground, and only produced a volcano of mud, so that the troops were merely plastered with mud; the inutility of Piret's demonstration on Braine l'Alleud, and the whole of his cavalry, fifteen squadrons, almost annihilated; the English right but slightly disquieted, and the left poorly attacked; Ney's strange mistake in massing instead of echelonning the four divisions of the first corps; a depth of twenty-seven ranks and a line of two hundred men given up in this way to the canister; the frightful gaps made by the cannon-balls in these masses; the attacking columns disunited; the oblique battery suddenly unmasked on their flank; Bourgeois, Donzelot, and Durutte in danger; Quiot repulsed; Lieutenant Voit, that Hercules who came from the Polytechnic school, wounded at the moment when he was beating in with an axe the gates of La Haye Sainte, under the plunging fire of the English barricade on the Genappe road; Marcognet's division caught between infantry and cavalry, shot down from the wheat, by Best and Pack, and sabred by Ponsonby; its battery of seven guns spiked; the Prince of Saxe Weimar holding and keeping in defiance of Count D'Erlon, Frischemont of Smohain; the flags of the 105th and 45th regiments which he had captured; the Prussian black Hussars stopped by the scouts of the flying column of three hundred chasseurs, who were beating the country between Wavre and Plancenoit; the alarming things which this man said; Grouchy's delay; the fifteen hundred men killed in less than an hour in the orchard of Hougomont; the eighteen hundred laid low even in a shorter space of time round La Haye Sainte—all these stormy incidents, passing like battle-clouds before Napoleon, had scarce disturbed his glance or cast a gloom over his imperial face. Napoleon was accustomed to look steadily at war; he never reckoned up the poignant details; he cared little for figures, provided they gave the total—victory. If the commencement was wrong, he did not alarm himself, as he believed himself master and owner of the end; he knew how to wait, and treated destiny as an equal. He seemed to say to fate, "You would not dare!"

One half light, one half shade, Napoleon felt himself protected in good, and tolerated in evil. There was, or he fancied there was, for him a connivance, we might say, almost a complicity, on the part of events, equivalent to the ancient invulnerability; and yet, when a man has behind him the Beresina, Leipzig, and Fontainebleau, it seems as if he could defy Waterloo. A mysterious frown becomes visible on the face of heaven. At the moment when Wellington retrograded, Napoleon quivered. He suddenly saw the plateau of Mont St. Jean deserted, and the front of the English army disappear. The Emperor half-raised himself in his stirrups, and the flash of victory passed into his eyes. If Wellington were driven back into the forest of Soignies, and destroyed, it would be the definitive overthrow of England by France; it would be Cressy, Poictiers, Malplaquet, and Ramilies avenged, the man of

Marengo would erase Agincourt. The Emperor, while meditating on this tremendous result, turned his telescope to all parts of the battle-field. His Guards, standing at ease behind him, gazed with a sort of religious awe. He was reflecting, he examined the slopes, noted the inclines, scrutinized the clumps of trees, the patches of barley, and the paths; he seemed to be counting every tuft of gorse. He looked with some fixity at the English barricades, two large masses of felled trees, the one on the Genappe road defended by two guns, the only ones of the English artillery which commanded the battle-field, and the one on the Nivelles road, behind which flashed the Dutch bayonets of Chasse's brigade. He remarked near this barricade the old chapel of St. Nicholas, which is at the corner of the cross road leading to Braine l'Alleud. He bent down and spoke in a low voice to the guide Lacoste. The guide shook his head with a probably perfidious negative.

The Emperor drew himself up and reflected; Wellington was retiring, and all that was needed now, was to complete this retreat by an overthrow. Napoleon hurriedly turned and sent off a messenger at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won. Napoleon was one of those geniuses from whom thunder issues, and he had just found his thunder-stroke; he gave Milhaud's cuirassiers orders to carry the plateau of Mont St. Jean.

CHAPTER IX.

A SURPRISE.

They were three thousand five hundred in number, and formed a front a quarter of a league in length; they were gigantic men mounted on colossal horses. They formed twenty-six squadrons, and had behind them, as a support, Lefebvre Desnouette's division, composed of the one hundred and six gendarmes, the chasseurs of the guard, eleven hundred and ninety-seven sabres, and the lancers of the Guard, eight hundred and eighty lances. They wore a helmet without a plume, and a cuirasse of wrought steel, and were armed with pistols and a straight sabre. In the morning the whole army had admired them when they came up, at nine o'clock, with bugles sounding, while all the bands played, "Veillons au salut de l'Empire," in close column, with one battery on their flank, the others in their centre, and deployed in two ranks, and took their place in that powerful second line, so skilfully formed by Napoleon, which, having at its extreme left Kellermann's cuirassiers, and on its extreme right Milhaud's cuirassiers, seemed to be endowed with two wings of steel.

The aide-de-camp Bernard carried to them the Emperor's order: Ney drew his sabre and placed himself at their head, and the mighty squadron started. Then a formidable spectacle was seen; the whole of this cavalry, with raised sabres and standards flying, and formed in columns of division, descended, with one movement and as one man, with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach, the hill of the Belle Alliance. They entered the formidable valley in which so many men had already fallen, disappeared in the smoke, and then, emerging from the gloom, reappeared on the other side of the valley, still in a close, compact column, mounting at a trot, under a tremendous canister fire, the frightful muddy incline of the plateau of Mont St. Jean. They ascended it, stern, threatening, and imperturbable; between the breaks in the artillery and musketry fire, the colossal tramp could be heard. As they formed two divisions, they were in two columns. Wathier's division was on the right, Delord's on the left. At a distance it appeared as if two immense steel lizards were crawling toward the crest of the plateau; they traversed the battle-field like a flash.

Nothing like it had been seen since the capture of the great redoubt of the Moskova by the heavy cavalry: Murat was missing, but Ney was there. It seemed as if the mass had become a monster, and had but one soul; each squadron undulated and swelled like the rings of a polype. This could be seen through a vast smoke, which was rent asunder at intervals; it was a pell-mell of helmets, shouts, and sabres, a stormy bounding of horses among cannon; and a disciplined and terrible array; while above it all flashed the cuirasses like the scales of the dragon. Such narratives seemed to belong to another age; something like this vision was doubtless traceable in the old Orphean epics, describing the men-horses, the ancient hippanthropists, those Titans with human faces and equestrian chest, whose gallop escaladed Olympus—horrible, sublime, invulnerable beings, gods and brutes. It was a curious numeri-

cal coincidence that twenty-six battalions were preparing to receive the charge of these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, in the shadow of the masked battery, thirteen English squares, each of two battalions and formed two deep, with seven men in the first lines and six in the second, were waiting, calm, dumb, and motionless, with their muskets, for what was coming. They did not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers did not see them; they merely heard this tide of men ascending. They heard the swelling sound of three thousand horses, the alternating and symmetrical sound of the hoof, the clang of the cuirasses, the crash of the sabres, and a species of great and formidable breathing. There was a long and terrible silence, and then a long file of raised arms, brandishing sabres and helmets, and bugles and standards, and three thousand heads, with great moustaches, shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" appeared above the crest. The whole of this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the commencement of an earthquake.

All at once, terrible to relate, the head of the column of cuirassiers, facing the English left, reared with a fearful clamor. On reaching the culminating point of the crest, furious and eager to make their exterminating dash on the English squares and guns, the cuirassiers noticed between them and the English a trench, a grave. It was the hollow road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment—the ravine was there, unexpected, yawning, almost precipitous, beneath the horses' feet, and with a depth of twelve feet between its two sides. The second rank thrust the first into the abyss; the horses reared, fell back, slipped with all four feet in the air, crushing and throwing their riders. There was no means of escaping; the entire column was one huge projectile. The force acquired to crush the English, crushed the French, and the inexorable ravine would not yield till it was filled up. Men and horses rolled into it pell-mell, crushing each other, and making one large charnel-house of the gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest passed over them. Nearly one-third of the Dubois brigade rolled into this abyss. This commenced the loss of the battle. A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the hollow way of Ohain. These figures probably comprise the other corpses cast into the ravine on the day after the battle. Napoleon, before ordering this charge, had surveyed the ground, but had been unable to see this hollow way, which did not form even a ripple on the crest of the plateau. Warned, however, by the little white chapel which marks its juncture with the Nivelles road, he had asked Lacoste a question, probably as to whether there was any obstacle. The guide answered no, and we might almost say that Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head.

Other fatalities were yet to arise. Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington, on account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the 19th century. Another series of facts was preparing, in which Napoleon had no longer a place; the ill will of events had been displayed long previously. It was time for this vast man to fall; his excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group; such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world mounting to one man's brain—would be mortal to civilization if they endured. The moment had arrived for the incorruptible supreme equity to reflect, and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitations of the moral order as of the material order depend, complained. Streaming blood, over-crowded grave-yards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden, there are mysterious groans from the shadow, which the abyss hears. Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided. Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the Universe.

CHAPTER X.

THE PLATEAU OF MONT ST. JEAN.

The battery was unmasked simultaneously with the ravine—sixty guns and thirteen squares thundered at the cuirassiers at point-blank range. The intrepid General Delord gave a military salute to the English battery. The whole of the English field artillery had entered the squares at a gallop; the cuirassiers had not even a moment for reflection. The disaster of the hollow way

had decimated but not discouraged them, they were of that nature of men whose hearts grow large when their number is diminished. Wathier's column alone suffered in the disaster; but Delord's column, which he had ordered to wheel to the left, as if he suspected the trap, arrived entire. The cuirassiers rushed at the English squares at full gallop, with hanging bridles, sabres in their mouths, and pistols in their hands. There are moments in a battle when the soul hardens a man, so that it changes the soldier into a statue, and all flesh becomes granite. The English battalions though fiercely assailed, did not move. Then there was a frightful scene, all the faces of the English squares were attacked simultaneously, and a frenzied whirl surrounded them. But the cold infantry remained impassive; the front ranks kneeling received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, while the second fired at them; behind the second rank the artillerymen loaded their guns, the front of the square opened to let an eruption of canister pass and then closed again. The cuirassiers responded by attempts to crush their foe; their great horses reared, leaped over bayonets, and landed in the centre of the four living walls. The cannon-balls made gaps in the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, trampled down by the horses, and bayonets were buried in the entrails of these centaurs. Hence arose horrible wounds, such as were probably never seen elsewhere. The squares, where broken by the impetuous cavalry, contracted without yielding an inch of ground; inexhaustible in canister, they produced an explosion in the midst of the assailants. The aspect of this combat was monstrous: these squares were no longer battalions but craters; these cuirassiers were no longer cavalry, but a tempest —each square was a volcano attacked by a storm; the lava combated the lightning.

The extreme right square, the most exposed of all, as it was in the air, was nearly annihilated in the first attack. It was formed of the 75th Highlanders; the piper in the centre, while his comrades were being exterminated around him, was seated on a drum, with his pibroch under his arm, and playing mountain airs. These Scotchmen died, thinking of Ben Lothian, as the Greeks did, remembering Argos. The cuirassier's sabre, by cutting through the pibroch and the arm that held it, stopped the tune by killing the player.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, and reduced by the catastrophe of the ravine, had against them nearly the whole English army; but they multiplied themselves, and each man was worth ten. Some Hanoverian battalions, however, gave way; Wellington saw it, and thought of his cavalry. Had Napoleon at this moment thought of his infantry, the battle would have been won, and this forgetfulness was his great and fatal fault. All at once the assailers found themselves assailed; the English cavalry were on their backs, before them the squares, behind them Somerset with the one thousand four hundred Dragoon Guards. Somerset had on his right Dornberg with the German chevaul-egers, and on his left Trip with the Belgian carbineers; the cuirassiers, attacked on the flank and in the front, before and behind, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to make a front on all sides. But what did they care? they were a whirlwind, their bravery became indescribable.

In addition, they had behind them the still thundering battery, and it was only in such a way that these men could be wounded in the back. One of these cuirasses with a hole through the left scapula is in the Waterloo Museum. For such Frenchmen, nothing less than such Englishmen were required. It was no longer a melee, it was a headlong fury, a hurricane of flashing swords. In an instant the one thousand four hundred Dragoons were only eight hundred; and Fuller, their Lieutenant-colonel, was dead. Ney dashed up with Lefebvre Desnouette's lancers and chasseurs; the plateau of Mont St. Jean was taken and retaken, and taken again. The cuirassiers left the cavalry to attack the infantry, or, to speak more correctly, all these men collared each other and did not lose their hold. The squares still held out after twelve assaults. Ney had four horses killed under him, and one-half of the cuirassiers remained on the plateau. This struggle lasted two hours. The English army was profoundly shaken; and there is no doubt that, had not the cuirassiers been weakened in their attack by the disaster of the hollow way, they would have broken through the centre and decided the victory. This extraordinary cavalry petrified Clinton, who had seen Talavera and Badajoz. Wellington, three parts vanquished, admired heroically; he said in a low voice, "Splendid!" The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, captured or spiked sixty guns, and took six

English regimental flags, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the Guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of la Belle Alliance.

Wellington's situation had grown worse. This strange battle resembled a fight between two savage wounded men, who constantly lose their blood while continuing the struggle. Which would be the first to fall? The combat for the plateau continued. How far did the cuirassiers get? no one could say; but it is certain that on the day after the battle a cuirassier and his horse were found dead on the weighing-machine of Mont St. Jean, at the very spot where the Nivelles, Genappe, La Hulpe and Brussels roads intersect each other. This horseman had pierced the English lines. One of the men who picked up this corpse still lives at Mont St. Jean; his name is Dehaye, and he was eighteen years of age at the time. Wellington felt himself giving way and the crisis was close at hand. The cuirassiers had not succeeded, in the sense that the English centre had not been broken. Everybody held the plateau, and nobody held it; but, in the end, the greater portion remained in the hands of the English. Wellington had the village and the plain; Ney, only the crest and the slope. Both sides seemed to have taken root in this mournful soil. But the weakness of the English seemed irremediable, for the hemorrhage of this army was horrible. Kempt on the left wing asked for reinforcements. "There are none," Wellington replied. Almost at the same moment, by a strange coincidence which depicts the exhaustion of both armies, Ney asked Napoleon for infantry, and Napoleon answered, "Infantry; where does he expect me to get them? Does he think I can make them?"

Still the English army was the worse of the two; the furious attacks of these great squadrons, with their iron cuirasses and steel chests, had crushed their infantry. A few men round the colors marked the place of a regiment, and some battalions were only commanded by a captain or a lieutenant. Alten's division, already so maltreated at La Haye Sainte, was nearly destroyed; the intrepid Belgians of Van Kluze's brigade lay among the wheat along the Nivelles road: hardly any were left of those Dutch Grenadiers, who, in 1811, fought Wellington in Spain, on the French side, and who, in 1815, joined the English and fought Napoleon.

The loss in officers was considerable; Lord Uxbridge, who had his leg interred the next day, had a fractured knee. If on the side of the French in this contest of the cuirassiers, Delord, L'Heretier, Colbert, Duof, Travers, and Blancard were *hors de combat;* on the side of the English, Alten was wounded, Barnes was wounded, Delancey killed, Van Meeren killed, Ompteda killed, Wellington's staff decimated—and England had the heaviest scale in the balance of blood. The 2d regiment of foot-guards had lost five lieutenant-colonels, four captains and three ensigns; the first battalion of the 30th had lost twenty-four officers and one hundred and twelve men; the 79th Highlanders had twenty-four officers wounded, and eighteen officers and four hundred and fifty men killed. Cumberland's Hanoverian Hussars, an entire regiment, having their Colonel Hacke at their head, who at a later date was tried and cashiered, turned bridle during the fight and fled into the forest of Soignies, spreading the rout as far as Brussels. The wagons, ammunition trains, baggage trains, and ambulance carts full of wounded, on seeing the French, gave ground, and approaching the forest, rushed into it; the Dutch, sabred by the French cavalry, broke in confusion. From Vert Coucou to Groenendael, a distance of two leagues on the Brussels road, there was, according to the testimony of living witnesses, a dense crowd of fugitives, and the panic was so great that it assailed the Prince de Conde at Mechlin and Louis XVIII. at Ghent. With the exception of the weak reserve echelonned behind the field hospital established at the farm of Mont St. Jean, and Vivian's and Vandeleur's brigades, which flanked the left wing, Wellington had no cavalry left, and many of the guns lay dismounted. These facts are confessed by Siborne; and Pringle, exaggerating the danger, goes so far as to state that the Anglo-Dutch army was reduced to thirty-four thousand men. The Iron Duke remained firm, but his lip blanched. The Austrian commissioner Vincent, and the Spanish commissioner Alava, who were present at the battle, thought the Duke lost; at five o'clock Wellington looked at his watch, and could be heard muttering, "Blucher or night."

It was this moment that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights on the side of Frischemont. This was the climax of the gigantic drama.

CHAPTER XI.

BULOW TO THE RESCUE.

Everybody knows Napoleon's awful mistake; Grouchy expected, Blucher coming up, death instead of life. Destiny has such turning as this: men anticipate the throne of the world, and perceive St. Helena. If the little shepherd who served as a guide to Bulow, Blucher's lieutenant, had advised him to debouche from the forest above Frischemont instead of below Plancenoit, the form of the nineteenth century would have been different, for Napoleon would have won the battle of Waterloo. By any other road than that below Plancenoit the Prussian army would have come upon a ravine impassable by artillery, and Bulow would not have arrived. Now one hour's delay—the Prussian General Muffling declares it—and Blucher would not have found Wellington erect—"The battle was lost." It was high time, as we see, for Bulow to arrive, and as it was he had been greatly delayed. He had bivouacked at Dieu-le-Mont and started at day-break, but the roads were impracticable, and his divisions stuck in the mud. The ruts came up to the axle-tree of the guns. Moreover, he was compelled to cross the Dyle by the narrow bridge of Wavre: the street leading to the bridge had been burnt by the French, and artillery train and timbers, which could not pass between two rows of blazing houses, were compelled to wait till the fire was extinguished. By mid-day Bulow's van-guard had scarce reached Chapelle Saint Lambert.

Had the action begun two hours sooner, it would have been over at four o'clock, and Blucher would have fallen upon the battle gained by Napoleon. At midday the Emperor had been the first to notice through his telescope on the extreme horizon, something which fixed his attention, and he said, "I see over there a cloud which appears to me to be troops." Then he asked the Duke of Dalmatia, "Soult, what do you see in the direction of Chapelle Saint Lambert?" The Marshal, after looking through his telescope, replied, "Four or five thousand men, sire." It was evidently Grouchy, still they remained motionless in the midst. All the staff examined the cloud pointed out by the Emperor, and some said, "They are columns halting," but the majority were of the opinion that they were trees. The truth is that the cloud did not move and the Emperor detached Doncoul's division of light cavalry to reconnoitre in the direction of this dark point.

Bulow, in fact, had not stirred, for his vanguard was very weak and could effect nothing. He was obliged to wait for the main body of the army, and had orders to concentrate his troops before forming line; but at five o'clock, Blucher, seeing Wellington's danger, ordered Bulow to attack, and employed the remarkable phrase, "We must let the English army breathe." A short time after, Losthin's, Hiller's, Hacke's, and Ryssel's brigades deployed in front of Lobau's corps, the cavalry of Prince William of Prussia debouched from the Bois de Paris, Plancenoit was in flames, and the Prussian cannon-balls began pouring even upon the ranks of the guard held in reserve behind Napoleon.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GUARD.

The rest is known—the irruption of a third army; the battle dislocated; eighty-six cannon thundering simultaneously; Pirch I. coming up with Bulow; Ziethen's cavalry led by Blucher in person; the French driven back; Marcognet swept from the plateau of Ohain; Durutte dislodged from Papelotte; Donzelot and Quiot falling back; Lobau attacked on the flank; a new battle rushing at night-fall on the weakened French regiments; the whole English line resumed the offensive and pushed forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army by the combined English and Prussian batteries; the extermination, the disaster in front, the disaster on the flank, and the guard forming line amid this fearful convulsion. As they felt they were going to death, they shouted, "Long live the Emperor." History has nothing more striking than this death-rattle breaking out into acclamations. The sky had been covered the whole day, but at this very moment, eight o'clock in the evening, the clouds parted in the horizon, and the sinister red glow of the setting sun was visible through the elms on the Nivelles road. It had been seen to rise at Austerlitz.

Each battalion of the Guard, for this *denouement*, was commanded by a general; Friant, Michel, Roguet, Harlot, Mallet, and Pont de Morvan were there. When the tall bearskins of the Grenadiers of the Guard with the large eagle device appeared, sym-

metrical in line, and calm in the twilight of this fight, the enemy felt a respect for France; they fancied they saw twenty victories entering the battle-field with outstretched wings, and the men who were victors, esteeming themselves vanquished, fell back; but Wellington shouted, "Up, Guards, and take steady aim." The red regiment of English Guards, which had been lying down behind the hedges, rose; a storm of canister rent the tri-color flag waving above the heads of the French; all rushed forward, and the supreme carnage commenced. The Imperial Guard felt in the darkness the army giving way around them, and the vast staggering of the rout: they heard the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" substituted for the "Vive l'Empereur!" and with flight behind them, they continued to advance, hundreds falling at every step they took. None hesitated or evinced timidity; the privates were as heroic as the generals, and not one attempted to escape suicide.

Ney, wild, and grand in the consciousness of accepted death, offered himself to every blow in this combat. He had his fifth horse killed under him here. Bathed in perspiration, with a flame in his eye, and foam on his lips, his uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulettes half cut through by the sabre-cut of a horseguard, and his decoration of the great Eagle dinted by a bullet,—bleeding, muddy, magnificent, and holding a broken sword in his hand, he shouted, "Come and see how a Marshal of France dies on the battle-field!" But it was in vain, he did not die. He was haggard and indignant, and hurled at Drouet d'Erlon the question, "Are you not going to get yourself killed?" He yelled amid the roar of all this artillery, crushing a handful of men, "Oh, there is nothing for me! I should like all these English cannon-balls to enter my chest! You were reserved for French bullets, unfortunate man.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

The rout of the rear of the guard was mournful; the army suddenly gave way on all sides simultaneously, at Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, Papelotte, and Plancenoit. The cry of "treachery" was followed by that of "Sauve qui peut!" An army which disbands is like a thaw—all gives way, cracks, floats, rolls, falls, comes into collision, and dashes forward. Ney borrows a horse, leaps on it, and without hat, stock, or sword, dashes across the Brussels road, stopping at once English and French. He tries to hold back the army, he recalls it, he insults it, he clings wildly to the rout to hold it back. The soldiers fly from him, shouting, "Long live Marshal Ney!" Two regiments of Durutte's move backward and forward in terror, and as it were tossed between the sabres of the hussars and the musketry fire of Kempt's, Best's and Peck's brigades. A rout is the highest of all confusions, for friends kill each other in order to escape, and squadrons and battalions dash against and destroy each other. Lobau at one extremity, and Reille at the other, are carried away by the torrent. In vain does Napoleon build a wall of what is left of the Guard; in vain does he expend his own special squadrons in a final effort. Quiot retires before Vivian, Kellermann before Vandeleur, Lobau before Bulow, Moraud before Pirch, and Domor and Subervie before Prince William of Prussia. Guyot who led the Emperor's squadrons to the charge, falls beneath the horses of English Dragoons. Napoleon gallops along the line of fugitives, harangues, urges, threatens, and implores them; all the mouths that shouted "Long live the Emperor" in the morning, remained wide open; they hardly knew him. The Prussian cavalry, who had come up fresh, dash forward, cut down, kill and exterminate. The artillery horses dash forward with the guns; the train soldiers unharness the horses from the caissons and escape on them; wagons overthrown and with their four wheels in the air, block up the road and supply opportunity for massacre. Men crush each other and trample over the dead and over the living. A multitude wild with terror fill the roads, the paths, the bridges, the plains, the hills, the valleys, and the woods, which are thronged by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, desperation; knapsacks and muskets cast into the wheat; passages cut with the edge of the sabres; no comrades, no officers, no generals recognized —an indescribable terror. Ziethen sabring France at his ease. The lions become kids. Such was this fight.

At Genappes, an effort was made to turn and rally; Lobau collected three hundred men; the entrance of the village was barricaded, but at the first round of Prussian canister all began flying again, and Lobau was made prisoner. This shot may still be seen, buried in the gable of an old brick house on

the right of the road, just before you reach Genappes. The Prussians dashed into Genappes, doubtless furious at being such small victors, and the pursuit was monstrous, for Blucher commanded extermination. Roguet had given the mournful example of threatening with death any French Grenadier, who brought in a Prussian prisoner, and Blucher surpassed Roguet. Duchesme, general of the young guard, who was pursued into the doorway of an inn in Genappes, surrendered his sword to an Hussar of death, who took the sword and killed the prisoner. The victory was completed by the assassination of the vanquished. Let us punish as we are writing history,—old Blucher dishonored himself. This ferocity set the seal on the disaster; the desperate rout passed through Genappes, passed through Quatre Bras, passed through Sombreffe, passed through Thuin, passed through Charleroi, and only stopped at the frontier. Alas! and who was it flying in this way? The grand army.

Did this vertigo, this terror, this overthrow of the greatest bravery that ever astonished history, take place without a cause? No. The shadow of a mighty right hand is cast over Waterloo; it is the day of destiny, and the force which is above man produced that day. Hence the terror, hence all those great souls laying down their swords. Those who had conquered Europe, fell crushed, having nothing more to say or do, and feeling a terrible presence in the shadow. *Hoc erat in fatis.* On that day, the perspective of the human race was changed, and Waterloo is the hinge of the 19th century. The disappearance of the great man was necessary for the advent of the great age, and He who cannot be answered undertook the task. The panic of the heroes admits of explanation; in the battle of Waterloo, there is more than a storm; there is a meteor.

At nightfall, Bernard and Bertrand seized by the skirt of his coat, in a field near Genappes, a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, carried so far by the current of the rout had just dismounted, passed the bridle over his arm, and was now, with wandering eye, returning alone to Waterloo. It was Napoleon, the immense somnambulist of the shattered dream, still striving to advance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST SQUARE.

A few squares of the Guard, standing motionless in the swash of the rout, like rocks in running water, held out till night. They awaited the double shadow of night and death, and let them surround them. Each regiment, isolated from the others, and no longer connected with the army, which was broken on all sides, died where it stood. In order to perform this last exploit, they had taken up a position, some on the heights of Rossomme, others on the plain of Mont St. Jean. The gloomy squares, deserted, conquered, and terrible, struggled formidably with death, for Ulm, Wagram, Jena, and Friedland, were dying in it. When twilight set in at nine in the evening, one square still remained at the foot of the plateau of Mont St. Jean. In this mournful valley, at the foot of the slope scaled by the cuirassiers, now inundated by the English masses, beneath the converging fire of the hostile and victorious artillery, under a fearful hail-storm of projectiles, this square still resisted. It was commanded by an obscure officer of the name of Cambronne. At each volley the square diminished but continued to reply to the canister with musketry fire, and each moment contracted its four walls. Fugitives in the distance, stopping at moments to draw breath, listened in the darkness to this gloomy diminishing thunder.

When this legion had become only a handful, when their colours were but a rag, when their ammunition was exhausted, and muskets were clubbed, and when the pile of corpses was greater than the living group, the victors felt a species of sacred awe, and the English artillery ceased firing. It was a sort of respite; these combatants had around them an army of spectres, outlines of mounted men, the black profile of guns; and the white sky visible through the wheels; the colossal death's head which heroes ever glimpse in the smoke of a battle, advanced and looked at them. They could hear in the twilight gloom that the guns were being loaded; the lighted matches, resembling the eyes of a tiger in the night, formed a circle round their heads. The linstocks of the English batteries approach the guns, and at this moment an English general, Colville according to some, Maitland according to others, holding the supreme moment, suspended over the heads of these men, shouted to them, "Brave Frenchmen, surrender!"

Cambronne answered,——*

* The author, I regret to say, employs here a word which may be historical, but is disgusting. As nearly all the next chapter consists of a glorification of this abominable word, I have thought it better to make an elision.

On hearing this insulting word, the English voice replied, "Fire!" The batteries belched forth flame, the hill trembled; from all these bronze throats issued a last and fearful eruption of canister; a vast smoke, whitened by the rising moon, rolled along the valley, and when it disappeared, there was nothing left. This formidable remnant was annihilated, the Guard was dead. The four walls of the living redoubt were levelled with the ground; here and there a dying convulsion could be seen. And it was thus that the French legions, greater than the Roman legions, expired at Mont St. Jean on the rain and blood-soaked ground, at the spot which Joseph, who carries the Nivelles mail-bags, now passes at four o'clock every morning, whistling and gaily flogging his horse.

CHAPTER XV.

QUOT LIBRAS IN DUCE.

The Battle of Waterloo is an enigma as obscure for those who gained it as for him who lost it. To Napoleon it is a panic; Blucher sees nothing in it but fire: Wellington does not understand it at all. Look at the reports: the bulletins are confused; the commentaries are entangled; the latter stammer, the former stutter. Jomini divides the battle of Waterloo into four moments; Muffling cuts it into three acts; Charras, although we do not entirely agree with him in all his appreciations, has alone caught with his haughty eye the characteristic lineaments of this catastrophe of human genius contending with divine chance. All the other historians suffer with a certain bedazzlement in which they grope about. It was a flashing day, in truth the overthrow of the military monarchy which, to the great stupor of the kings, has dragged down all kingdoms, the downfall of strength and the rout of war.

In this event, which bears the stamp of superhuman necessity, men play but a small part; but, if we take Waterloo from Wellington and Blucher, does that deprive England and Germany of anything? No. Neither illustrious England nor august Germany is in question in the problem of Waterloo, for thank heaven, nations are great without the mournful achievements of the sword. Neither Germany, nor England, nor France is held in a scabbard; at this day when Waterloo is only a clash of sabres, Germany has Goethe above Blucher, and England Byron above Wellington. A mighty dawn of ideas is peculiar to our age; and in this dawn England and Germany have their own magnificent flash. They are majestic because they think; the high level they bring to civilization is intrinsic to them; it comes from themselves, and not from an accident. Any aggrandizement the 19th century may have, cannot boast of Waterloo as its fountain-head; for only barbarous nations grow suddenly after a victory—it is the transient vanity of torrents swollen by a storm. Civilized nations, especially at the present day, are not elevated or debased by the good or evil fortune of a captain, and their specific weight in the human family results from something more than a battle. Their honor, dignity, enlightenment, and genius, are not numbers which those gamblers, heroes and conquerors, can stake in the lottery of battles. Very often a battle lost is progress gained, and less of victory, more of liberty. The drummer is silent and reason speaks; it is the game of who loses and wins. Let us, then, speak of Waterloo coldly from both sides, and render to chance the things that belong to chance, and to God what is God's. What is Waterloo—a victory? No; a prize in the lottery, won by Europe, and paid by France; it was hardly worth while erecting a lion for it.

Waterloo, by the way, is the strongest encounter recorded in history; Napoleon and Wellington are not enemies, but contraries. Never did God, who delights in antitheses, produce a more striking contrast, or a more extraordinary confrontation. On one side precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, a retreat assured, reserves prepared, an obstinate coolness, an imperturbable method, strategy profiting by the ground, tactics balancing battalions, carnage measured by a plumb-line, war regulated watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to accident, old classic courage and absolute correctness. On the other side we have intuition, divination, military strangeness, superhuman instinct, a flashing glance; something that gazes like the eagle and strikes like lightning, all the mysteries of a profound mind, association with destiny; the river, the plain, the forest, and the hill summoned, and to some extent, compelled to obey, the despot going so far as even to tyrannize over the battle-field; faith in a star, blended with strategic science, heightening, but troubling it. Wellington was the Bareme of war, Napoleon was its Michael Angelo,

and this true genius was conquered by calculation. On both sides somebody was expected; and it was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon waited for Grouchy, who did not come; Wellington waited for Blucher, and he came.

Wellington is the classical war taking its revenge; Bonaparte, in his dawn, had met it in Italy, and superbly defeated it—the old owl fled before the young vulture. The old tactics had been not only overthrown, but scandalized. Who was this Corsican of six and twenty years of age? What meant this splendid ignoramus, who, having everything against him, nothing for him, without provisions, ammunition, guns, shoes, almost without an army, with a handful of men against masses, dashed at allied Europe, and absurdly gained impossible victories? Who was this new comer of war who possessed the effrontery of a planet? The academic military excommunicated him, while bolting, and hence arose an implacable rancor of the old Cæsarism against the new, of the old sabre against the fleshing-sword, and of the chess-board against genius. On June 18th, 1815, this rancor got the best; and beneath Lodi, Montebello, Montenotte, Mantua, Marengo, and Arcola, it wrote—Waterloo. It was a triumph of Mediocrity, sweet to majorities, and destiny consented to this irony. In his decline, Napoleon found a young Suvarov before him,—in fact, it is only necessary to blanch Wellington's hair in order to have a Suvarov. Waterloo is a battle of the first-class, gained by a captain of the second.

What must be admired in the battle of Waterloo is England, the English firmness, the English resolution, the English blood, and what England had really superb in it, is (without offence) herself; it is not her captain, but her army. Wellington, strangely ungrateful, declares in his dispatch to Lord Bathurst, that his army, the one which fought on June 18th, 1815, was a "detestable army." What does the gloomy pile of bones buried in the trenches of Waterloo think of this? England has been too modest to herself in her treatment of Wellington, for making him so great is making herself small. Wellington is merely a hero, like any other man. The Scotch Greys, the Life Guards, Maitland and Mitchell's regiments, Pack and Kempt's infantry, Ponsonby and Somerset's cavalry, the Highlanders playing the bagpipes, under the shower of canister, Ryland's battalions, the fresh recruits who could hardly manage a musket, and yet held their ground against the old bands of Essling and Rivoli—all this is grand. Wellington was tenacious; that was his merit, and we do not deny it to him, but the lowest of his privates and his troopers was quite as solid as he, and the iron soldier is as good as the duke. For our part, all our glorification is offered to the English soldier, the English army, the English nation; and if there must be a trophy, it is to England that this trophy is owing. The Waterloo column would be more just, if, instead of the figure of a man, it raised to the clouds the statue of a people.

But this great England will be irritated by what we are writing here; for she still has feudal illusions, after her 1688, and the French 1789. This people believes in inheritance and hierarchy, and while no other excels it in power and glory, it esteems itself as a nation and not as a people. As a people, it readily subordinates itself, and takes a lord as its head; the workman lets himself be despised; the soldier puts up with flogging. It will be remembered that, at the battle of Inkermann, a sergeant who, as it appears, saved the British army, could not be mentioned by Lord Raglan, because the military hierarchy does not allow any hero below the rank of officer to be mentioned in despatches. What we admire before all, in an encounter like Waterloo, is the prodigious skill of chance. The night rain, the wall of Hougomont, the hollow way of Ohain, Grouchy deaf to the cannon, Napoleon's guide deceiving him, Bulow's guide enlightening him—all this cataclysm is marvelously managed.

Altogether, we will assert, there is more of a massacre than of a battle in Waterloo. Waterloo, of all pitched battles, is the one which had the smallest front for such a number of combatants. Napoleon's three-quarters of a league. Wellington's half a league, and seventy-two thousand combatants on either side. From this density came the carnage. The following calculation has been made and proportion established: loss of men, at Austerlitz, French, fourteen per cent.; Russian, thirty per cent.; Austrian, forty-four per cent.; at Wagram, French, thirteen per cent.; Austrian, fourteen per cent.; at Moskova, French, thirty-seven per cent.; Russian, forty-four per cent.; at Bautzen, French, thirteen per

cent.; Russian and Prussian, fourteen per cent.; at Waterloo, French, fifty-six per cent.; Allies, thirty-one per cent.:—total for Waterloo, forty-one per cent., or out of one hundred and forty-four thousand fighting men, sixty thousand killed.

The field of Waterloo has at the present day that calmness which belongs to the earth, and resembles all plains, but at night, a sort of visionary mist rises from it, and if any traveller walk about it, and listen and dream, like Virgil on the mournful plain of Philippi, the hallucination of the catastrophe seizes upon him. The frightful June 18th lives again, the false monumental hill is levelled, the wondrous lion is dissipated, the battle-field resumes its reality, lines of infantry undulate on the plain; furious galloping crosses the horizon; the startled dreamer sees the flash of sabres, the sparkle of bayonets, the red light of shells, the monstrous collision of thunderbolts; he hears, like a death-groan from the tomb, the vague clamor of the phantom battle. These shadows are grenadiers; these flashes are cuirassiers; this skeleton is Napoleon; this skeleton is Wellington; all this is non-existent, and yet still combats, and the ravines are stained purple, and the trees rustle, and there is fury even in the clouds and in the darkness, while all the stern heights, Mont St. Jean, Hougomont, Frischemont, Papelotte, and Plancenoit, seem confusedly crowned by hosts of spectres exterminating one another.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUGHT WATERLOO TO BE APPLAUDED?

There exists a highly respectable liberal school, which does not detest Waterloo, but we do not belong to it. For us Waterloo is only the stupefied date of liberty; for such an eagle to issue from such a shell is assuredly unexpected. Waterloo, if we place ourselves at the culminating point of the question, is intentionally a counter-revolutionary victory—it is Europe against France; it is Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna against Paris; it is the *statu quo* opposed to the initiative; it is the 14th July, 1789, attacked through March 20th, 1815; it is all the monarchies clearing the decks to conquer the indomitable French spirit of revolt. The dream was to extinguish this vast people which had been in a state of eruption for twenty-six years, and for this purpose, Brunswick, Nassau, the Romanoffs, Hohenzollern, and the Hapsburger coalesced with the Bourbons, and Waterloo carries divine right on its pillion. It is true that as the Empire was despotic, Royalty, by the natural reaction of things, was compelled to be liberal, and a constitutional order issued from Waterloo, much to the regret of the conquerors. The fact is, that the Revolution can never be really conquered, and being providential, and absolutely fatal, it constantly reappears—before Waterloo, in Napoleon overthrowing the old thrones, after Waterloo, in Louis XVIII. granting and enduring the charter. Bonaparte places a postillion on the throne of Naples, and a sergeant on the throne of Sweden, employing inequality to demonstrate equality; Louis XVIII. at St. Ouen countersigns the declaration of the rights of man. If you wish to understand what revolution is, call it progress: and if you wish to know what progress is, call it to-morrow. To-morrow ever does its work irresistibly and does it to-day, and it ever strangely attains its object. It employs Wellington to make an orator of Foy who was only a soldier. Foy falls at Hougomont and raises himself in the tribune. Such is the process of progress, and that workman has no bad tools; it fits to its divine work the man who bestrode the Alps and the old tottering patient of Pere Elysee, and it employs both the gouty man and the conqueror—the conqueror externally, the gouty man at home. Waterloo, by cutting short the demolition of thrones by the sword, had no other effect than to continue the revolutionary work on another side. The sabres have finished, and the turn of the thinkers arrives; the age which Waterloo wished to arrest marched over it and continued its route, and this sinister victory was gained by liberty.

Still it is incontestable that what triumphed at Waterloo; what smiled behind Wellington; what procured him all the Marshal's staffs of Europe, including, by the way, that of Marshal of France; what rolled along joyously the wheel-barrows of earth, mingled with bones, to erect the foundation for the lion, on whose pedestal is inscribed the date of June 18, 1815; what encouraged Blucher in cutting down the routed army; and what from the plateau of Mont St. Jean hovered over France like a prey—was the counter-revolution. It is the counter-revolution that muttered the hideous word "dismemberment," but on reaching

Paris it had a close view of the crater, it felt that the ashes burnt its feet, and it reflected. It went back to the job of stammering a charter.

Let us only see in Waterloo what there really is in it. There is no intentional liberty, for the counter-revolution was involuntarily liberal in the same way as Napoleon, through a corresponding phenomenon, was involuntarily a Revolutionist. On June 18, 1815 Robespierre on horseback was thrown.

CHAPTER XVII.

RESTORATION OF DIVINE RIGHT.

With the fall of the Dictatorship, an entire European system crumbled away, and the Empire vanished in a shadow which resembled that of the expiring Roman world. Nations escaped from the abyss as in the time of the Barbarians, but the Barbarism of 1815, which could be called by its familiar name, the counter-revolution, had but little breath, soon began to pant, and stopped. The Empire, we confess, was lamented and by heroic eyes, and its glory consists in the sword made sceptre—the Empire was glory itself. It had spread over the whole earth all the light that tyranny can give—a dim light, we will say, an obscure light, for when compared with real day, it is night. This disappearance of the night produced the effect of an eclipse.

Louis XVII. re-entered Paris, and the dances of July 8 effaced the enthusiasm of March 20. The Corsican became the antithesis of the Bearnais, and the flag on the dome of the Tuileries was white. The exile was enthroned, and the deal table of Hartwell was placed before the fleur-de-lyssed easy chair of Louis XIV. People talked of Bouvines and Fontenoy as if they had occurred yesterday, while Austerlitz was antiquated. The throne and the altar fraternized majestically, and one of the most indubitable forms of the welfare of society in the 19th century was established on France and on the Continent—Europe took the white cockade. Trestaillon was celebrated, and the motto *nec pluribus impar* reappeared in the stone beams representing a sun on the front of the barracks, on the Quai d'Orsay. Where there had been an Imperial Guard there was a "red household;" and the arch of the Carrousel, if loaded with badly endured victories, feeling not at home in these novelties, and perhaps slightly ashamed of Marengo and Arcola, got out of the difficulty by accepting the statue of the Duc d'Angouleme. The cemetery of the Madeleine, a formidable public grave in '93, was covered with marble and jasper, because the bones of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were mingled with that dust. In the moat of Vincennes a tomb emerged from the ground, as a reminder that the Duc d'Enghien died there in the same month in which Napoleon was crowned. Pope Pius VII., who had performed the ceremony very close upon that death, tranquilly blessed the downfall, as he had blessed the elevation. There was at Schonbrunn a shadow four years of age whom it was seditious to call the King of Rome. And these things took place, and these kings regained their thrones, and the master of Europe was put in a cage, and the old regime became the new, and the light and the shadow of the earth changed places, because on the afternoon of a summer day, a peasant boy said to a Prussian in a wood, "Go this way, and not that!"

That 1815 was a sort of melancholy April; the old unhealthy and venomous realities assumed a new aspect. Falsehood espoused 1789, divine right put on the mask of a charter; fictions became constitutional; prejudices, superstitions, and after-thoughts, having article fourteen in their hearts, varnished themselves with liberalism. The snakes cast their slough. Man had been at once aggrandized and lessened by Napoleon; idealism, in his reign of splendid materialism, received the strange name of ideology. It was a grave imprudence of a great man to ridicule the future, but the people, that food for powder, so amorous of gunners, sought him. "Where is he? What is he doing?" "Napoleon is dead," said a passer-by to an invalid of Marengo and Waterloo. "He dead!" the soldier exclaimed; "much you know about him!" Imaginations deified this thrown man. Europe after Waterloo was dark, for some enormous gap was long left unfilled after the disappearance of Napoleon. The kings placed themselves in this gap, and old Europe took advantage of it to effect a reformation. There was a holy alliance—Belle Alliance, the fatal field of Waterloo had said beforehand. In the presence of the old Europe reconstituted, the lineaments of a new France were sketched in. The future, derided by the Emperor, made its entry, and wore on its brow the star—Liberty. The ardent eyes of the youthful generation were turned toward it,

but, singular to say, they simultaneously felt equally attached to this future Liberty and to the past Napoleon. Defeat had made the conquered man greater; Napoleon fallen seemed better than Napoleon standing on his feet. Those who had triumphed were alarmed. England had him guarded by Hudson Lowe, and France had him watched by Montcheme. His folded arms became the anxiety of thrones, and Alexander christened him his nightmare. This terror resulted from the immense amount of revolution he had in him, and it is this which explains and excuses Bonapartistic liberalism. This phantom caused the old world to tremble, and kings sat uneasily on their thrones, with the rock of St. Helena on the horizon.

While Napoleon was dying at Longwood, the sixty thousand men who fell at Waterloo rotted calmly, and something of their peace spread over the world. The congress of Vienna converted it into the treaties of 1815, and Europe called that the Restoration.

Such is Waterloo; but what does the Infinite care? all this tempest, all this cloud, this war, and then this peace; all this shadow did not for a moment disturb the flash of that mighty eye before which a grub, leaping from one blade of grass to another, equals the eagle flying from tower to tower at Notre Dame.

VICTOR HUGO.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind,
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks, never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart,
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean!

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride,
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide!
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea:
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thy all-idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That earth is now as free,
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

LORD BYRON.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

The most poetical chronicler would find it impossible to render the incidents of Montrose's brilliant career more picturesque than the reality. Among the devoted champions who, during the wildest and most stormy period of our history, maintained the cause of Church and King, "the Great Marquis" undoubtedly is entitled to the foremost place. Even party malevolence, by no means extinct at the present day, has been unable to detract from the eulogy pronounced upon him by the famous Cardinal de Retz, the friend of Condé and Turenne, when he thus summed up his character:—"Montrose, a Scottish nobleman, head of the house of Grahame—the only man in the world that has ever realized to me the ideas of certain heroes, whom we now discover nowhere but in the lives of Plutarch—has sustained in his own country the cause of the King his master, with a greatness of soul that has not found its equal in our age."

But the success of the victorious leader and patriot is almost thrown into the shade by the noble magnanimity and Christian heroism of the man in the hour of defeat and death. Without wishing, in any degree, to revive a controversy long maintained by writers of opposite political and polemical opinions, it may fairly be stated that Scottish history does not present us with a tragedy of parallel interest. That the execution of Montrose was the natural, nay, the inevitable, consequence of his capture, may be freely admitted even by the fiercest partisan of the cause for which he staked his life. In those times, neither party was disposed to lenity; and Montrose was far too conspicuous a character, and too dangerous a man, to be forgiven. But the ignominious and savage treatment which he received at the hands of those whose station and descent should at least have taught them to respect misfortune, has left an indelible stain upon the memory of the Covenanting chiefs, and more especially upon that of Argyle.

The perfect serenity of the man in the hour of trial and death; the courage and magnanimity which he displayed to the last, have been dwelt upon with admiration by writers of every class. He heard his sentence delivered without any apparent emotion, and afterwards told the magistrates who waited upon him in prison, "that he was much indebted to the Parliament for the great honor they had decreed him;" adding, "that he was prouder to have his head placed upon the top of the prison, than if they had decreed a golden statue to be erected to him in the market-place, or that his picture should be hung in the King's bed-chamber." He said, "he thanked them for their care to preserve the remembrance of his loyalty, by transmitting such monuments to the different parts of the kingdom; and only wished that he had flesh enough to have sent a piece to every city in Christendom, as a token of his unshaken love and fidelity to his king and country." On the night before his execution, he inscribed the following lines with a diamond on the window of his jail:—

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;
Lord; since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

After the Restoration the dust *was* recovered, the scattered remnants collected, and the bones of the hero conveyed to their final resting-place by a numerous assemblage of gentlemen of his family and name.

There is no ingredient of fiction in the historical incidents recorded in the following ballad. The indignities that were heaped upon Montrose during his procession through Edinburgh, his appearance before the Estates, and his last passage to the scaffold, as well as his undaunted bearing, have all been spoken to by eye-witnesses of the scene. A graphic and vivid sketch of the whole will be found in Mr. Mark Napier's volume, "The Life and Times of Montrose"—a work as chivalrous in its tone as the Chronicles of Froissart, and abounding in original and most interesting materials; but, in order to satisfy all scruple, the authorities for each fact are given in the shape of notes. The ballad may be considered as a narrative of the transactions related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, shortly before the battle of Killiecrankie.

I.

Come hither, Evan Cameron,
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

II.

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan,
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

III.

A traitor sold him to his foes;
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men—
Face him as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!

IV.

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

V.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords,
In balcony and bow;
There sat the gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see!

VI.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye;—
The rabble rout forebore to shout
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

VII.

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd;
Then as the Græme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle!

VIII.

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
"Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face."

IX.

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men—
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

X.

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun,
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

XI.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—

I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

XII.

"There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them.
I go from you to Him!"

XIII.

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came plashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in with muffled beat,
The 'larm of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor
Came forth to see him die.

XIV.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
"He is coming! he is coming.
God's mercy on his soul!"
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

XV.

"He is coming! he is coming!"
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

XVI.

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through.
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill;
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

XVII.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away:
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

XVIII.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN, D. C. L.

A DEAD ROSE.

O Rose, who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet,
But pale and hard and dry as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer, thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away
An odour up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now, unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—
If shining now, with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now, would darken where it met thee.

The fly that 'lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
Along thy leaf's pure edges after heat,—
If 'lighting now, would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now, would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! the heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose, than t' any roses bold
Which Julia wears at dances smiling cold:—
Lie still upon this heart which breaks below thee!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to perform *Kotou*. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declared he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, and was immediately knocked on the head, killed, and his body thrown on a dunghill.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ah, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattered guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

ON AN ANTIQUE GEM

BEARING THE HEADS OF PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring—
Of more than men the more than king!

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,
Loved—but as freemen love alone,
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung—
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,—
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the Beauty and the Sage—
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—
He perished in his height of fame;
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was posterity.

GEORGE CROLY.

THREE LEADING CAUSES OF EUROPEAN PROGRESS.

[HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, eminent as a philosophical historian, born at Lee in Kent, 1822, died at Damascus, 1862, while on an Eastern tour to re-establish declining health. His "*History of Civilization in England*," of which only two volumes appeared, the first devoted to a General Introduction, and the second mainly to a parallel between the civilization of Spain and of Scotland, is full of varied learning, elevated thought, and bold speculation, presented in a lucid and engaging style.]

Thus striking is the contrast between the military genius of ancient times, and the military genius of modern Europe. The causes of this decay are clearly traceable to the circumstance that, owing to the immense increase of intellectual employments, few men of ability will now enter a profession into which, in antiquity, men of ability eagerly crowded, as supplying the best means of exercising those faculties which, in more civilized countries, are turned to a better account. This, indeed, is a very important change; and thus to transfer the most powerful intellects from the arts of war to the arts of peace, has been the slow work of many centuries, the gradual, but constant, encroachments of advancing knowledge. To write the history of those encroachments would be to write the history of the human intellect—a task impossible for any single man adequately to perform. But the subject is one of such interest, and has been so little studied, that though I have already carried this analysis farther than I had intended, I cannot refrain from noticing what appear to me to be the three leading ways in which the warlike spirit of the ancient world has been weakened by the progress of European knowledge.

The first of these arose out of the invention of Gunpowder; which, though a warlike contrivance, has in its results been eminently serviceable to the interests of peace. This important invention is said to have been made in the thirteenth century; but was not in common use until the fourteenth or even the beginning of the fifteenth, century. Scarcely had it come into operation, when it worked a great change in the whole scheme and practice of war. Before this time, it was considered the duty of nearly every citizen to be prepared to enter the military service, for the purpose either of defending his own country, or of attacking others. Standing armies were entirely unknown; and in their place there existed a rude and barbarous militia, always ready for battle, and always unwilling to engage in those peaceful pursuits which were then universally despised. Nearly every man being a soldier, the military profession, as such, had no separate existence; or, to speak more properly, the whole of Europe composed one great army, in which all other professions were merged. To this the only exception was the ecclesiastical profession; but even that was affected by the general tendency, and it was not at all uncommon to see large bodies of troops led to the field by bishops and abbots, to most of whom the arts of war were in those days perfectly familiar. At all events, between these two professions men were necessarily divided: the only avocations were war and theology; and if you refused to enter the church, you were bound to serve in the army. As a natural consequence, everything of real importance was altogether neglected. There were, indeed, many priests and many warriors, many sermons and many battles. But, on the other hand, there was neither trade, nor commerce, nor manufactures; there was no science, no literature; the useful arts were entirely unknown; and even the highest ranks of society were unacquainted, not only with the most ordinary comforts, but with the commonest decencies of civilized life.

But so soon as gunpowder came into use, there was laid the foundation of a great change. According to the old system, a man had only to possess, what he generally inherited from his father, either a sword or a bow, and he was ready equipped for the field. According to the new system, new means were required, and the equipment became more costly and more difficult. First there was the supply of gunpowder; then there was the possession of muskets, which were expensive weapons, and considered difficult to manage. Then, too, there were other contrivances to which gunpowder naturally gave rise, such as pistols, bombs, mortars, shells, mines and the like. All these things, by increasing the complication of the military art, increased the necessity of discipline and practice; while at the same time, the change that was being effected in the ordinary weapons deprived the great majority of men of the possibility of procuring them. To suit these altered circumstances, a new system was organized, and it was found advisable to train large bodies of men for the sole purpose of war.

and to separate them as much as possible from those other employments in which formerly all soldiers were occasionally engaged. Thus it was that there arose standing armies; the first of which were formed in the middle of the fifteenth century, almost immediately after gunpowder was generally known. Thus, too, there arose the custom of employing mercenary troops; of which we find a few earlier instances, though the practice was not fully established until the latter part of the fourteenth century.

The importance of this movement was soon seen, by the change it effected in the classification of European society. The regular troops being, from their discipline, more serviceable against the enemy, and also more immediately under the control of the government, it naturally followed that, as their merits became understood, the old militia should fall first into disrepute, then be neglected, and then sensibly diminish. At the same time, this diminution in the number of undisciplined soldiers deprived the country of a part of its warlike resources, and therefore made it necessary to pay more attention to the disciplined ones, and to confine them more exclusively to their military duties. Thus it was that a division was first broadly established between the soldier and the civilian; and there arose a separate military profession, which, consisting of a comparatively small number of the total amount of citizens, left the remainder to settle in some other pursuit. In this way immense bodies of men were gradually weaned from their old warlike habits; and being, as it were, forced into civil life, their energies became available for the general purposes of society, and for the cultivation of those arts of peace which had formerly been neglected. The result was, that the European mind, instead of being, as heretofore, solely occupied either with war or with theology, now struck out into a middle path, and created those great branches of knowledge to which modern civilization owes its origin. In each successive generation this tendency towards a separate organization was more marked; the utility of a division of labour became clearly recognized; and by this means knowledge itself advanced; the authority of this middle or intellectual class correspondingly increased. Each addition to its power lessened the weight of the other two classes, and checked those superstitious feelings and that love of war, on which in an early state of society, all enthusiasm is concentrated. The evidence of the growth and diffusion of this intellectual principle is so full and decisive, that it would be possible, by combining all the branches of knowledge, to trace nearly the whole of its consecutive steps. At present, it is enough to say, that, taking a general view, this third, or intellectual class, first displayed an independent, though still a vague activity in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; that in the sixteenth century, this activity, assuming a distinct form, showed itself in religious outbreaks; that in the seventeenth century, its energy becoming more practical, was turned against the abuses of government, and caused a series of rebellions, from which hardly any part of Europe escaped; and finally, that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it has extended its aim to every department of public and private life, diffusing education, teaching legislators, controlling kings, and, above all, settling on a sure foundation that supremacy of Public Opinion, to which not only constitutional princes, but even the most despotic sovereigns, are now rendered strictly amenable.

These, indeed, are vast questions; and, without some knowledge of them, no one can understand the present condition of European society, or form the least idea of its future prospects. It is, however, sufficient that the reader can now perceive the way in which so slight a matter as the invention of gunpowder diminished the warlike spirit, by diminishing the number of persons to whom the practice of war was habitual. There were, no doubt, other and collateral circumstances which tended in the same direction; but the use of gunpowder was the most effectual, because, by increasing the difficulty and expense of war, it made a separate military profession indispensable; and thus curtailing the action of the military spirit, left an overplus, an unemployed energy, which soon found its way to the pursuits of peace, infused into them a new life, and began to control that lust of conquest, which, though natural to a barbarous people, is the great enemy of knowledge, and is the most fatal of those diseased appetites by which even civilized countries are too often afflicted.

The second intellectual movement, by which the love of war has been lessened, is much more recent, and has not yet produced the whole of its natural effects. I allude to the discoveries made by Political Economy: a branch of knowledge with which even the

wisest of the ancients had not the least acquaintance, but which possesses an importance it would be difficult to exaggerate, and is, moreover, remarkable, as being the only subject immediately connected with the art of government that has yet been raised to a science. The practical value of this noble study, though perhaps only fully known to the more advanced thinkers, is gradually becoming recognized by men of ordinary education: but even those by whom it is understood seem to have paid little attention to the way in which, by its influence, the interests of peace, and therefore of civilization, have been directly promoted. The manner in which this has been brought about, I will endeavour to explain, as it will furnish another argument in support of that great principle which I wish to establish.

It is well known, that, among the different causes of war, commercial jealousy was formerly one of the most conspicuous; and there are numerous instances of quarrels respecting the promulgation of some particular tariff, or the protection of some favourite manufacture. Disputes of this kind were founded upon the very ignorant, but the very natural notion, that the advantages of commerce depended upon the balance of trade, and that whatever is gained by one country must be lost by another. It was believed that wealth is composed entirely of money; and that it is, therefore, the essential interest of every people to import few commodities and much gold. Whenever this was done, affairs were said to be in a sound and healthy state; but, if this was not done, it was declared that we were being drained of our resources, and that some other country was getting the better of us, and was enriching itself at our expense. For this the only remedy was to negotiate a commercial treaty, which should oblige the offending nation to take more of our commodities, and give us more of their gold; if, however, they refused to sign the treaty, it became necessary to bring them to reason; and for this purpose an armament was fitted out to attack a people who, by lessening our wealth, had deprived us of that money by which alone trade could be extended in foreign markets.

This misconception of the true nature of barter was formerly universal; and being adopted even by the ablest politicians, was not only an immediate cause of war, but increased those feelings of natural hatred by which war is encouraged; each country thinking that it had a direct interest in diminishing the wealth of its neighbours. In the seventeenth, or even late in the sixteenth century, there were, indeed, one or two eminent thinkers who exposed some of the fallacies upon which this opinion was based. But their arguments found no favour with those politicians by whom European affairs were then administered. It is doubtful if they were known; and it is certain that, if known, they were despised by statesmen and legislators, who, from the constancy of their practical occupations, cannot be supposed to have sufficient leisure to master each new discovery that is successively made; and who in consequence are, as a body, always in the rear of their age. The result was, that they went blundering on in the old track, believing that no commerce could flourish without their interference, troubling that commerce by repeated and harassing regulations, and taking for granted that it was the duty of every government to benefit the trade of their own people by injuring the trade of others.

But in the eighteenth century, a long course of events, which I shall hereafter trace, prepared the way for a spirit of improvement, and a desire for reform, of which the world had then seen no example. This great movement displayed its energy in every department of knowledge; and now it was that a successful attempt was first made to raise Political Economy to a science, by discovering the laws which regulate the creation and diffusion of wealth. In the year 1776, Adam Smith published his *Wealth of Nations:* which, looking at its ultimate results, is probably the most important book that has ever been written, and is certainly the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man towards establishing the principles on which government should be based. In this great work, the old theory of protection as applied to commerce was destroyed in nearly all its parts; the doctrine of the balance of trade was not only attacked, but its falsehood was demonstrated; and innumerable absurdities, which had been accumulating for ages, were suddenly swept away.

If the *Wealth of Nations* had appeared in any preceding century, it would have shared the fate of the great works of Stafford and Serra; and although the principles which it advocated would, no doubt, have excited the attention of speculative thinkers, they would, in all probability, have produced no effect on practical politicians, or at all

events, would only have exercised an indirect and precarious influence. But the diffusion of knowledge had now become so general, that even our ordinary legislators were, in some degree, prepared for these great truths, which, in a former period, they would have despised as idle novelties. The result was, that the doctrines of Adam Smith soon found their way into the House of Commons; and, being adopted by a few of the leading members, were listened to with astonishment by that great assembly, whose opinions were mainly regulated by the wisdom of their ancestors, and who were loth to believe that anything could be discovered by the moderns which was not already known to the ancients. But it is in vain that such men as these always set themselves up to resist the pressure of advancing knowledge. No great truth which has once been found has ever afterwards been lost; nor has any important discovery yet been made which has not eventually carried everything before it. Even so, the principles of Free Trade, as demonstrated by Adam Smith, and all the consequences which flow from them, were vainly struggled against by the most overwhelming majorities of both Houses of Parliament. Year by year the great truth made its way; always advancing, never receding. The majority was at first deserted by a few men of ability, then by ordinary men, then it became a minority, then even the minority began to dwindle; and at the present day, eighty years after the publication of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, there is not to be found any one of tolerable education who is not ashamed of holding opinions which, before the time of Adam Smith, were universally received.

Such is the way in which great thinkers control the affairs of men, and by their discoveries regulate the march of nations. And truly the history of this one triumph alone should be enough to repress the presumption of statesmen and legislators, who so exaggerate the importance of their craft as to ascribe great results to their own shifting and temporary contrivances. For, whence did they derive that knowledge, for which they are always ready to assume the merit? How did they obtain their opinions? How did they get at their principles? These are the elements of their success; and these they can only learn from their masters—from those great teachers, who, moved by the inspiration of genius, fertilize the world with their discoveries. Well may it be said of Adam Smith, and said, too, without fear of contradiction, that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more towards the happiness of man, than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account.

The result of these great discoveries I am not here concerned to examine, except so far as they aided in diminishing the energy of the warlike spirit. And the way in which they effected this may be easily stated. As long as it was generally believed that the wealth of a country consists of its gold, it was of course also believed that the sole object of trade is to increase the influx of the precious metals; it, therefore, became natural that Government should be expected to take measures by which such influx could be secured. This, however, could only be done by draining other countries of their gold; a result which they, for precisely the same reason, strenuously resisted. The consequence was, that any idea of real reciprocity was impossible: every commercial treaty was an attempt made by one nation to outwit another; every new tariff was a declaration of hostility; and that which ought to be the most peaceable of all pursuits became one of the causes of those national jealousies and national animosities by which war is mainly promoted. But when it was once clearly understood that gold and silver are not wealth, but are merely the representatives of wealth; when men began to see that wealth itself solely consists of the value which skill and labor can add to the raw material, and that money is of no possible use to a nation except to measure and circulate their riches; when these great truths were recognized, all the old notions respecting the balance of trade, and the supreme importance of the precious metals, at once fell to the ground. These enormous errors being dispersed, the true theory of barter was easily worked out. It was perceived, that if commerce is allowed to be free, its advantages will be shared by every country which engages in it; that, in the absence of monopoly, the benefits of trade are of necessity reciprocal; and that, so far from depending on the amount of gold received, they simply arise from the facility with which a nation gets rid of those commodities which it can produce most cheaply, and receives in return those commodities which it could only produce at a great expense, but which the

other nation can, from the skill of its workmen, or from the bounty of nature, afford to supply at a lower rate. From this it followed, that, in a mercantile point of view, it would be as absurd to attempt to impoverish a people with whom we trade, as it would be in a tradesman to wish for the insolvency of a rich and frequent customer. The result is that the commercial spirit, which formerly was often warlike, is now invariably pacific. And although it is perfectly true that not one merchant out of a hundred is familiar with the arguments on which these economical discoveries are founded, that does not prevent the effect which the discoveries themselves produce on his own mind. The mercantile class is, like every other, acted upon by causes which only a few members of that class are able to perceive. Thus, for instance, of all the innumerable opponents of protection, there are very few indeed who can give valid reasons to justify their opposition. But this does not prevent the opposition from taking place. For an immense majority of men always follow with implicit submission the spirit of their own time; and the spirit of the time is merely its knowledge, and the direction that knowledge takes. As, in the ordinary avocations of daily life, every one is benefited, in the increase of his comforts, and of his general security, by the progress of many arts and sciences, of which perhaps he does not even know the name, just so is the mercantile class benefited by the great economical discoveries which, in the course of two generations, have already effected a complete change in the commercial legislation of this country, and which are now operating slowly, but steadily, upon those other European states where, public opinion being less powerful, it is more difficult to establish great truths and extirpate old abuses. While, therefore, it is perfectly true, that among merchants, a comparatively small number are acquainted with political economy, it is not the less true that they owe a large part of their wealth to the political economists; who, by removing the obstacles with which the ignorance of successive governments had impeded trade, have now settled on a solid foundation that commercial prosperity which is by no means the least of our national glories. Most assuredly is it also true, that this same intellectual movement has lessened the chance of war, by ascertaining the principles which ought to regulate our commercial relations with foreign countries; by proving, not only the inutility, but the positive mischief, caused by interfering with them; and finally, by exploding those long-established errors, which, inducing men to believe that nations are the natural enemies of each other, encouraged those evil feelings, and fostered those national jealousies, to the strength of which the military spirit owed no small share of its former influence.

The third great cause by which the love of war has been weakened, is the way in which discoveries respecting the application of Steam to the purposes of travelling have facilitated the intercourse between different countries, and thus aided in destroying that ignorant contempt which one nation is too apt to feel for another. Thus, for instance, the miserable and impudent falsehoods which a large class of English writers formerly directed against the morals and private character of the French, and to their shame be it said, even against the chastity of French women, tended not a little to embitter the angry feelings then existing between the two first countries of Europe; irritating the English against French vices, irritating the French against English calumnies. In the same way, there was a time when every honest Englishman firmly believed that he could beat ten Frenchmen; a class of beings whom he held in sovereign contempt, as a lean and stunted race, who drank claret instead of brandy, who lived entirely off frogs; miserable infidels, who heard mass every Sunday, who bowed down before idols, and who even worshipped the Pope. On the other hand, the French was taught to despise us, as rude unlettered barbarians, without either taste or humanity; surly, ill-conditioned men, living in an unhappy climate, where a perpetual fog only varied by rain, prevented the sun from ever being seen; suffering from so deep and inveterate melancholy, that physicians had called it the English spleen; and under the influence of this cruel malady constantly committing suicide, particularly in November, when we were well known to hang and shoot ourselves by thousands.

Whoever has looked much into the older literature of France and England knows that these were the opinions which the two first nations of Europe, in the ignorance and simplicity of their hearts, held respecting each other. But the progress of improvement, by bringing the two countries

into close and intimate contact, has dissipated these foolish prejudices, and taught each people to admire, and what is still more important, to respect each other. And the greater the contact, the greater the respect. For, whatever theologians may choose to assert, it is certain that mankind at large has far more virtue than vice, and that in every country good actions are more frequent than bad ones. Indeed, if this were otherwise, the preponderance of evil would long since have destroyed the human race, and not even have left a single man to lament the degeneracy of his species. An additional proof of this is the fact, that the more nations associate with each other, and the more they see and know of their fellow-creatures, the more quickly do ancient enmities disappear. This is because an enlarged experience proves that mankind is not so radically bad as we from our infancy are taught to believe. But if vices were really more frequent than virtues, the result would be, that the increasing amalgamation of society would increase our bad opinion of others; because, though we may love our own vices, we do not generally love the vices of our neighbors. So far, however, is this from being the actual consequence, that it has always been found that those whose extensive knowledge makes them best acquainted with the general course of human actions, are precisely those who take the most favorable view of them. The greatest observer and the most profound thinker is invariably the most lenient judge. It is the solitary misanthrope, brooding over his fancied wrongs, who is most prone to depreciate the good qualities of our nature, and exaggerate its bad ones. Or else it is some foolish and ignorant monk, who, dreaming away his existence in an idle solitude, flatters his own vanity by denouncing the vices of others: and thus declaiming against the enjoyments of life, revenges himself on that society from which by his own superstition he is excluded. These are the sort of men who insist most strongly on the corruption of our nature and on the degeneracy into which we have fallen. The enormous evils which such opinions have brought about, is well understood by those who have studied the history of countries in which they are, and have been most prevalent. Hence it is that, among the innumerable benefits derived from advancing knowledge, there are few more important than those improved facilities of communication, which, by increasing the frequency with which nations and individuals are brought into contact, have, to an extraordinary extent, corrected their prejudices, raised the opinion which each formed of the other, diminished their mutual hostility, and thus diffusing a more favorable view of our common nature, have stimulated us to develop those boundless resources of the human understanding, the very existence of which it was once considered almost a heresy to assert. This is precisely what has occurred in modern Europe. The French and English people have, by the mere force of increased contact, learned to think more favorably of each other, and to discard that foolish contempt in which both nations formerly indulged. In this, as in all cases, the better one civilized country is acquainted with another, the more it will find to respect and to imitate. For of all the causes of national hatred, ignorance is the most powerful. When you increase the contact, you remove the ignorance, and thus you diminish the hatred. This is the true bond of charity; and it is worth all the lessons which moralists and divines are able to teach. They have pursued their vocation for centuries, without producing the least effect in lessening the frequency of war. But it may be said without the slightest exaggeration, that every new railroad which is laid down, and every fresh steamer which crosses the Channel, are additional guarantees for the preservation of that long and unbroken peace which, during forty years, has knit together the fortunes and the interests of the two most civilized nations of the earth.

I have thus, so far as my knowledge will permit, endeavoured to indicate the causes which have diminished religious persecution and war; the two greatest evils with which men have yet contrived to afflict their fellow-creatures. The question of the decline of religious persecution I have only briefly noticed, because it will be more fully handled in a subsequent part of this volume. Enough, however, has been advanced to prove how essentially it is an intellectual process, and how little good can be effected on this subject by the operation of moral feelings. The causes of the decline of the warlike spirit I have examined at considerable, and, perhaps, to some readers a tedious length, and the result of that examination has been, that the decline is owing to the increase of the intellectual classes, to whom

the military classes are necessarily antagonistic. In pushing the inquiry a little deeper, we have, by still further analysis, ascertained the existence of three vast though subsidiary causes, by which the general movement has been accelerated. These are —the invention of Gunpowder, the discoveries of Political Economy, and the discovery of improved means of Locomotion. Such are the three great modes or channels by which the progress of knowledge has weakened the old warlike spirit; and the way in which they have effected this has, I trust, been clearly pointed out. The facts and arguments which I have brought forward have, I can conscientiously say, been subjected to careful and repeated scrutiny; and I am quite unable to say on what possible ground their accuracy is to be impugned. That they will be disagreeable to certain classes, I am well aware; but the unpleasantness of a statement is hardly to be considered as proof of its falsehood. The sources from which the evidence has been derived are fully indicated; and the arguments, I hope, fairly stated. And from them there results a most important conclusion. From them we are bound to infer, that the two oldest, greatest, most inveterate, and most widely-spread evils which have ever been known, are constantly, though, on the whole, slowly, diminishing; and that their diminution has been effected, not all by moral feelings, nor by moral teachings, but solely by the activity of the human intellect, and by the inventions and discoveries which, in a long course of successive ages, man has been able to make.

Since, then, in the two most important phenomena which the progress of society presents, the moral laws have been steadily and invariably subordinate to the intellectual laws, there arises a strong presumption that in inferior matters the same process has been followed. To prove this in its full extent, and thus raise the presumption to an absolute certainty, would be to write, not an Introduction to history, but the History itself. The reader must, therefore, be satisfied for the present with what, I am conscious, is merely an approach towards demonstration; and the complete demonstration must necessarily be reserved for the future volumes of this work: in which I pledge myself to show that the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity; that the leading countries have now, for some centuries, advanced sufficiently far to shake off the influence of those physical agencies by which in an earlier state their career might have been troubled; and that although the moral agencies are still powerful, and still cause occasional disturbances, these are but aberrations, which, if we compare long periods of time, balance each other, and thus in the total amount entirely disappear. So that, in a great and comprehensive view, the changes in every civilized people are, in their aggregate, dependent solely on three things; first, on the amount of knowledge possessed by their ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes, that is to say, the sort of subjects to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society.

These are the three great movers of every civilized country; and although their operation is frequently disturbed by the vices or the virtues of powerful individuals, such moral feelings correct each other, and the average of long periods remains unaffected. Owing to causes of which we are ignorant, the moral qualities do, no doubt, constantly vary; so that in one man, or perhaps even in one generation, there will be an excess of good intentions; in another an excess of bad ones. But we have no reason to think that any permanent change has been effected in the proportion which those who naturally possess good intentions bear to those in whom bad ones seem to be inherent. In what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind, there is, so far as we are aware, no progress. Of the different passions with which we are born, some are more prevalent at one time, some at another; but experience teaches us that, as they are always antagonistic, they are held in balance by the force of their own opposition. The activity of one motive is corrected by the activity of another. For to every vice there is a corresponding virtue. Cruelty is counteracted by benevolence; sympathy is excited by suffering; the injustice of some provokes the charity of others; new evils are met by new remedies, and even the most enormous offences that have ever been known have left behind them no permanent impression. The desolation of countries and the slaughter of men are losses which never fail to be repaired, and at the distance of a few centuries every vestige of them is effaced. The gigantic crimes of Alexander

and Napoleon become after a time void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history, and the perpetual flux to which by the laws of our nature we are subject. Above all this, there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is, amid its endless fluctuations, one thing, and one alone, which endures forever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralized by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movements of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and for all times; never young, and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and, giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, and thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation.

From "The History of Civilization."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[Francis M. Finch, a lawyer of Ithaca, N. Y., has written "*The Blue and the Gray*," one of the most striking lyrics of the civil war period, and other poems.]

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE DEATH OF ANTONY.

[The author of this Poem was Captain W. H. Lytle U. S. A., who was wounded and died at Chickamauga.]

"*I am dying, Egypt, dying.*"—Shakespeare.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark, Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.

Let thine arm, O Queen, support me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear!
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's hand that felled him,
'T was his own that struck the blow.
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her, say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile:
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell!
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome!—Farewell!

WILLIAM H. LYTLE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

[WENDELL PHILLIPS, widely renowned in America as a platform orator, comes of the oldest Puritan stock of New England. Born in Boston, Nov. 29, 1811; he was educated at Harvard, admitted to the bar in 1834, but as early as 1837 relinquished professional life for the cause with which his name has since been most conspicuously identified. One of the most brilliant and gifted orators that ever became the apostle of human rights; his earnestness, logical powers, beauty of diction, commanding presence, and persuasive eloquence quickly placed him at the head of the great army of public speakers, and threw even the silver-tongued Everett into the shade. Mr. Phillips has added the advocacy of prohibitory temperance laws and woman's right to the ballot, to the unpopular causes of which he has been the champion, and for more than thirty years he spoke on every platform, and always without pay. His style, of which the following passage is a fair specimen, abounds in keen analysis, copious historical and personal illustrations, brilliant paradox, and powerful invective. He died in 1884.]

If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has hardly left one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards—men, who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

* * * * * *

Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember, Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell shows the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood in the island. And

with it he conquered what? Englishmen —their equals. This man manufactured his army, out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery; one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable race, he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, and not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive-power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvellous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon, was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen,"—and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. This was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;"—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken of a victorious slave.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited until 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800, this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto,—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytien history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was in 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet—negro, Catholic, slave —he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temple with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel such as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir

Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo. * * * *

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No Retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words he uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, La Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noon-day, then, dipping his pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

THE DUELLIST.

The Duellist.

Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that species. He looks very grimly.—Pray, sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage.

Yes, I learnt it in my childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New York. But, before I was a man I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villanously cheated by one of yours in the sale of rum, I never cared to have anything to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe, in the late war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied, for my brethren were victorious; and before I was shot I had gloriously scalped seven men, and five women and children. In a former war I had performed still greater exploits. My name is *Bloody Bear;* it was given to me to explain my fierceness and valour.

Duellist.

Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat; but don't understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage.

Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist.

Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a sum of money. After two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park. The fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroitest swords-man in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day as a man of honour should, without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance; and he will follow me soon; for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife—I always hated marriage; my mistress will take good care of herself, and my children

are provided for at the foundling hospital.

Savage.

Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend; I say positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river; I can swim like a duck.

Mercury.

Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the law of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat and be quiet.

Savage.

Don't tell me of laws. I am a Savage; I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman; there are laws in this country, and yet you see he did not regard them; for they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know indeed that the English are *a barbarous nation;* but they cannot possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury.

You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradle?

Savage.

I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen; I never killed my friend.—Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am determined to swim over the water.

Mercury.

By this touch of my wand I deprive thee of all thy strength. Swim now if thou canst.

Savage.

This is a potent enchanter. Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

Mercury.

I restore it, but be orderly, and do as I bid you: otherwise worse will befall you.

Duellist.

Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Savage.

I know thou art a scoundrel. Not pay thy debts! Kill thy friend who lent thee money for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight! I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury.

Stop—I command thee. No violence. Talk to him calmly.

Savage.

I must obey thee. Well, sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duellist.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you. I eat as well as any man either in England or France, and besides I danced very finely.

Savage.

I'll dance with thee for thy ears. I can dance all day long. I can dance the *war-dance* with more spirit than any man of my nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod, or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learnt. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging *rascal?*

Duellist.

O heavens! must I bear this? What can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury.

You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must necessarily hear when you come before Rhadamanthus. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist.

I sang very agreeably.

Savage.

Let me hear you sing your *death-song,* or

the *war-whoop*. I challenge you to sing. Come, begin. This fellow is mute. Mercury, this is a *liar*. He has told us nothing but *lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist.

The *lie given me!* and alas! I dare not resent it. What an indelible disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This indeed is *damnation*.

Mercury.

Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of *honour;* it is the spirit of the Furies, and to them he must go.

Savage.

If he is to be punished for his wickedness turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this kick on your breach.

Duellist.

O my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

LORD LYTTELTON.

DEDICATION OF "THE REVOLT OF ISLAM" TO HIS WIFE.

So now my summer-task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home;
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faëry,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome;
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
A star among the stars of mortal night,
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour,
Is ended,—and the fruit is at thy feet!
No longer where the woods to frame a bower
With interlacèd branches mix and meet,
Or where with sound like many voices sweet,
Water-falls leap among wild islands green,
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:
But beside thee, where still my hear has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why; until there rose
From the near school-room voices, that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around—
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground—
So without shame I spake:—'I will be wise,
And just and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one!—
Such once I sought in vain: then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone:—
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone,
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell, like bright spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journeyed now: no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.—
There is the wisdom of a stern content,
When Poverty can blight the just and good,
When Infamy dares mock the innocent,
And cherished friends turn with the multitude
To trample: this was ours, and we unshaken stood

Now has descended a serener hour,
And, with inconstant fortune, friends return;
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power
Which says:—Let scorn be not repaid with scorn;
And from thy side two gentle babes are born
To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn;
And these delights, and thou, have been to me
The parents of the Song I consecrate to thee.

Is it, that now my inexperienced fingers
But strike the prelude of a loftier strain?
Or must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound again,
Though it might shake the Anarch Custom's reign,
And charm the minds of men to truth's own sway,
Holier than was Amphion's? I would fain
Reply in hope—but I am worn away,
And Death and Love are yet contending for their prey.

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:
Time may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in the sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears:
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring Child:
I wonder not—for one then left this earth,
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory: still her fame
Shines on thee through the tempests dark and wild,
Which shake these latter days; and thou canst claim
The shelter, from thy Sire, or an immortal name.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind!
If there must be no response to my cry—
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind
On his pure name who loves them—thou and I,
Sweet Friend! can look from our tranquility
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,—
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's sight,
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

[NOTE. Employment of very young children in factories had, in 1846, become such an evil that the best talent in England joined in urging its amendment, which proved effective, for the Factory Act was passed in 1848, limiting the hours of labor and the age at which children could be employed.]

I.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

II.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O, my brothers!
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy fatherland?

III.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy:
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old!

IV.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time,
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!
And merry grow her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

V.

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!

They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out children as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows;
From your pleasures fair and fine!

VI.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow:
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

VII.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning,)
'Stop! be silent for to day!'"

VIII.

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX.

Now, tell the poor young children, O, my brothers!
To look up to him and pray;
So the Blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer "Who is God that he should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word;
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X.

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father!' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet together,
And hold both within his right hand which is strong
'Our Father!' If he heard us, he would surely
(For they call him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

XI.

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster.
"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us, of his image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children—"up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving;
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by his world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

XII.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun;
They know the grief of man without his wisdom:
They sink in man's despair, without his calm—
And slaves without the liberty in Christendom—
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The blessing of its memory cannot keep—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

XIII.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world, on a child's heart
Stifled down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ON THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

There are certain sects which secretly form themselves in the learned world as well as in the political, and though sometimes they come not to an open rupture, yet they give a different turn to the ways of thinking of those who have taken party on either side. The most remarkable of this kind are the sects that are founded on the different sentiments with regard to the dignity of human nature, which is a point that seems to have divided philosophers and poets as well as divines, from the beginning of the world to this day. Some exalt our species to the skies, and represent man as a kind of human demi-god, who derives his origin from heaven, and retains evident marks of his lineage and descent. Others insist upon the blind side of human nature, and can discover nothing, except vanity, in which man surpasses the other animals, whom he affects so much to despise. If an author possesses the talent of rhetoric and declamation, he commonly takes party with the former; if his turn lies towards irony and ridicule, he naturally throws himself into the other extreme.

I am far from thinking that all those who have depreciated human nature have been enemies to virtue, and have exposed the frailties of their fellow creatures with any bad intention. On the contrary, I am sensible that a very delicate sense of morals, especially when attended with somewhat of the misanthrope, is apt to give a man a disgust of the world, and to make him consider the common course of human affairs with too much spleen and indignation. I must, however, be of opinion that the sentiments of those who are inclined to think favourably of mankind are much more advantageous to virtue than the contrary principles, which give us a mean opinion of our nature. When a man is possessed of a high notion of his rank and character in the creation, he will naturally endeavour to act up to it, and will scorn to do a base or vicious action which might sink him below that figure which he makes in his own imagination. Accordingly we find that all our polite and fashionable moralists insist upon this topic, and endeavour to represent vice as unworthy of man, as well as odious in itself.

Women are generally much more flattered in their youth than men, which may proceed from this reason, among others, that their chief point of honour is considered as much more difficult than ours, and requires to be supported by all that decent pride which can be instilled into them.

We find very few disputes which are not founded on some ambiguity in the expression; and I am persuaded that the present dispute concerning the dignity of human nature is not more exempt from it than any other. It may, therefore, be worth while to consider what is real and what is only verbal in this controversy.

There is a natural difference between merit and demerit, virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, no reasonable man will deny: but yet it is evident that in affixing the term which denotes either our approbation or blame, we are commonly more influenced by comparison than by any fixed unalterable standard in the nature of things. In like manner, quantity, and extension, and bulk are by everyone acknowledged to be real things. But when we call any animal great or little, we always form a secret comparison between that animal and others of the same species; and it is that comparison which regulates our judgment concerning its greatness. A dog and a horse may be of the very same size, while the one is admired for its greatness of bulk, and the other for its smallness. When I am present, therefore, at any dispute, I always consider with myself whether it be a question of comparison or not that is the subject of the controversy; and if it be, whether the disputants compare the same objects together, or talk of things that are widely different. As the latter is commonly the case, I have long since learned to neglect such disputes as manifest abuses of leisure, the most valuable present that could be made to mortals.

In forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make a comparison between men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favorable to mankind. On the one hand we see a creature whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds, either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe to the planets and the heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin, at least, the history of the human race; casts his eyes forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity,

and the judgment which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence; a creature who traces causes and effects to a great length and intricacy, extracts general principles from particular appearances, improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a very few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without foresight; blindly conducted by instinct, and attaining in a very short time its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a wide difference is there between these creatures! And how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former in comparison of the latter!

There are two means commonly employed to destroy this conclusion. First by making an unfair representation of the case, and insisting only upon the weaknesses of human nature; and secondly, by forming a new and secret comparison between man and beings of the most perfect wisdom. Among the other excellencies of man this is remarkable, that he can form an idea of perfections much beyond what he has experience of in himself, and is not limited in his conception of wisdom and virtue. He can easily exalt his notions, and conceive a degree of knowledge, which, when compared to his own, will make the latter appear very contemptible, and will cause the difference between that and the sagacity of animals in a manner to disappear and vanish. Now this being a point in which all the world is agreed, that human understanding falls infinitely short of perfect wisdom, it is proper we should know when this comparison takes place, that we may not dispute where there is no real difference in our sentiments. Man falls much more short of perfect wisdom, and even of his own ideas of perfect wisdom, than animals do of man; but yet the latter difference is so considerable, that nothing but a comparison with the former can make it appear of little moment.

It is also very usual to compare one man with another, and finding very few whom we can call wise or virtuous, we are apt to entertain a contemptible notion of our species in general. That we may be sensible of the fallacy of this way of reasoning, we may observe that the honorable appellations of wise and virtuous are not annexed to any particular degree of those qualities of wisdom and virtue but arise altogether from the comparison we make between one man and another. When we find a man who arrives at such a pitch of wisdom as is very uncommon, we pronounce him a wise man. So that to say there are few wise men in the world is really to say nothing, since it is only by their scarcity that they merit that appellation. Were the lowest of our species as wise as Tully, or my Lord Bacon, we should still have reason to say that there are few wise men. For in that case we should exalt our notions of wisdom, and should not pay a single honour to any one who was not singularly distinguished by his talents. In like manner, I have heard it observed by thoughtless people, that there are few women possessed of beauty in comparison of those who want it; not considering that we bestow the epithet of beautiful only on such as possess a degree of beauty that is common to them with a few. The same degree of beauty in a woman is called deformity, which is treated as real beauty in one of our sex.

It is usual in forming a notion of our species to compare it with the other species above or below it, or to compare the individuals of the species among themselves, so we often compare together the different motives or actuating principles of human nature in order to regulate our judgment concerning it. And, indeed, this is the only kind of comparison which is worth our attention, or decides anything in the present question. Were our selfish and vicious principles so predominant above our social and virtuous as is asserted by some philosophers, we ought undoubtedly to entertain a contemptible notion of human nature.

There is much of a dispute of words in all this controversy. When a man denies the sincerity of all public spirit or affection to a country and community, I am at a loss what to think of him. Perhaps he never felt this passion in so clear and distinct a manner as to remove all his doubts concerning its force and reality. But when he proceeds afterwards to reject all private friendship, if no interest or self-love intermixes itself, I am then confident that he abuses terms, and confounds the ideas of things, since it is impossible for any one to be so selfish, or rather so stupid, as to make no difference between one man and another, and give no preference to qualities which engage his approbation and esteem. Is he

also, say I, as insensible to anger as he pretends to be to friendship? And does injury and wrong no more affect him than kindness or benefits? Impossible; he does not know himself. He has forgot the movements of his mind, or rather he makes use of a different language from the rest of his countrymen, and calls not things by their proper names. What say you of natural affection? (I subjoin) Is that also a species of self-love? Yes; all is self-love. Your children are loved only because they are yours; your friends for a like reason; and your country engages you only so far as it has a connection with yourself. Were the idea of self removed, nothing would affect you. You would be altogether inactive and insensible; or, if you ever gave yourself any movement, it would only be from vanity, and a desire of fame and reputation to this same self. I am willing, reply I, to receive your interpretation of human actions, provided you admit the facts. That species of self-love which displays itself in kindness to others, you must allow to have great influence, and even greater on many occasions, than that which remains in its original shape and form. For how few are there who, having a family, children, and relations, do not spend more on the maintenance and education of these than on their own pleasures? This, indeed, you justly observe, may proceed from their self-love, since the prosperity of their family and friends is one, or the chief of their pleasures, as well as their chief honour. Be you also one of the foolish men, and you are sure of every one's good opinion and good will; or not to shock your nice ears with these expressions, the self-love of every one, and mine amongst the rest, will then incline us to serve you, and speak well of you.

In my opinion, there are two things which have led astray those philosophers who have insisted so much on the selfishness of man. In the first place they found that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a secret pleasure, from whence they concluded that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous sentiment or passion produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend because I love him, but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure.

In the second place, it has always been found that the virtuous are far from being indifferent to praise, and therefore they have been represented as a set of vain-glorious men, who had nothing in view but the applause of others. But this is also a fallacy. It is very unjust in the world, when they find any tincture of vanity in a laudable action, to depreciate it upon that account, or ascribe it entirely to that motive. The case is not the same with vanity as with other passions. Where avarice or revenge enters into any seemingly virtuous action it is difficult for us to determine how far it enters, and it is natural to suppose it the sole actuating principle. But vanity is so closely allied to virtue, and to love the fame of laudable actions approaches so near the love of laudable actions for their own sake, that these passions are more capable of mixture than any other kinds of affection, and it is almost impossible to have the latter without some degree of the former. Accordingly we find that this passion for glory is always warped and varied, according to the particular taste or sentiment of the mind on which it falls. Nero had the same vanity in driving a chariot that Trajan had in governing the empire with justice and ability. To love the glory of virtuous actions is a sure proof of the love of virtuous actions.

DAVID HUME.

AN AYRSHIRE MINER'S TALE.

HAIL KYLE! thy smiling hills and glens
  Are worthy of thy poet's song,
And he, the greatest of your sons,
  Whose "wood notes" echo loud and long
Through distant lands in every clime,
Will vaunt thee till the end of time.

Green be the scenes he loved to sing,
  Green as the memory of his lay,
Which swells forever through the world,
  And fills thy sons' hearts, far away,
With visions sweet of burn and dell
And home, as with a magic spell.

Ah, had he lived, he might have sung
  The song this feebler minstrel sings,
And garlands o'er their grave have flung,
  Till honored, as the grave of kings,
Admiring pilgrims' feet had worn
A pathway to the Church of Sorn.

"Whose grave is that with roses decked?"
  I asked an old man wandering near;

"Whose grave is that?—then I expect
That you must be a stranger here."
'Twas thus the old man slow replied,
Then came and sat down by my side.

I said I was a stranger, come
To wander o'er the land of Burns!
And asked him to relate the tale,
If tale there was, about the urns—
For round two urns the roses ran;
He said he would, and thus began:

"I knew them well, for there are two
Who sleep beneath that hillock there,
And in their youth a happier pair
Ne'er courted by the banks of Ayr,
Than Jeanie Smith and Willie Glen,
But 'tis a long time now, since then

"Glen was a miner 'to his trade,'
And Jeanie kept her father's house;
And 'twas arranged when they were wed,
(But this was kept still as a mouse,)
That they should make their dwelling there,
As room was plenty, and to spare.

"But, sir, that wedding day ne'er came,
For Willie Glen was killed and lost,
Down in the mine—the fire-damp burst,
And he, with thirteen more, were toss'd
Back in the pit—where? none could tell,
For all the dark walls shook and fell;

"And though we labored hard for weeks,
We never reached the buried men,
And even hope was dead at last,
For well we knew, that ne'er again
In life, would we behold the friends
Who'd met with such untimely ends.

"I need not tell the black despair
That settled o'er the lost ones' homes,
But fancy, if you fancy dare,
The widows' and the orphans' moans,
The mothers' and the sisters' wail,
Oh, sir, it is a sad, sad tale.

"I'll therefore say no more of this,
The sacred privacy of grief
Is not for curious eyes to see,
And God in time will send relief;
But I must not omit to tell
'Twas nearly Jeanie Smith's death-knell.

"She lay in prostrate grief o'erwhelmed,
One ray of hope at first she clutched,
But days dragged on and grew to weeks,
For tidings she no longer watched;
'Twas clear the fingers of Despair
Had placed their grasp of iron there.

"Life changes,—melancholy soon
Succeeded as the weeks crept past,
And weeks grew months and months grew years,
And time had softened grief at last,
And Jeanie Smith, who still was young,
Had lovers who her praises sung.

"But no, she'd never marry now,
But live to mourn her loved one dead,
For she could never love again,
This she resolved and this she said,
And thus determined, firm and fixed,
She kept three years, but what the next?

"Oh, deem not that her love was weak,
Or that her purpose was infirm,
But rather say that human power
Can never human plans confirm,
And circumstances change the mind,
And circumstances rule mankind.

"I saw her wed to Robert Doyle,
'Twas five years after Willie died,
And then she freely gave her hand
And all the love she could, beside,
But that, as you may well expect,
Was little better than a wreck.

"I've seen her in her married days,
Her little children on her knee,
Sit musing, as she seemed to think,
Had such things been? Could such things be?
'What might have been?' and sat and sighed,
'What might have been had he not died?'

"And many a woman dreams like this,
And many men do much the same,
For thought is not to be controlled,
And sighs will burst, which some would blame,
At board and bed, and by the hearth,
If they but knew what gave them birth;

"But I must hasten with my tale—
'Twas thirty years since she was wed,
And time had dealt unkind with her,
For husband, children, all were dead,
And she was left, herself alone
To mourn her loved ones dead and gone

"Then had you seen as I have seen,
The widow with her care oppress'd,
And thought 'this was the maiden fair
Who Willie Glen's young love possess'd,'
You would not blame me thus to dwell—
Indeed the story's sore to tell.

"And she had trials yet to come,
Another dire explosion spread

Fear and destruction in our midst,
  Although, thank God! that none were dead,
It scattered with its crushing blast
What brought to open day the past,

"And skeletons of men lay bare
  Who'd lain there nearly forty years,
And all the village gathered round,
  And many shed anew their tears;
Though none could now be recognized,
In such a scene all sympathized.

"The entrance to the old mine now
  Was cleared and open—this was searched,
And from within, excited shouts
  Told those without, who almost scorched
With fevered expectation stood,
They'd found out something—tidings good;

"They brought him forth with tender care,
  For 'twas a corpse that they had found,
And strange to say, the pent-up air
  Had kept the body safe and sound;
All gazed in silence stern and deep,
The features seemed composed in sleep.

"Till, loud and shrill a woman's cry
  Uprose in piercing agony,
And Jeanie Smith (that was) stood there
  The very picture of despair,
And wrung her hands and shrieked 'tis he,
O God, 'tis Willie Glen I see!'

"'Twas Willie Glen; and Jeanie Smith
  Had met him now thus face to face,
But time had travelled on with her
  And left him in his youthful grace,
Although embraced in Death's cold arms,
He looked asleep in youthful charms.

"What thoughts upon her memory rushed
  Is not for me to guess or tell,
But 'twas not long she had to think,
  For down upon the ground she fell,
But opened once her lips and said,
'LAY ME BESIDE HIM!' and was dead.

"My tale is done, her wish fulfilled,
  We placed two urns beside the grave,
And stranger, you may haply tell
  This tale beyond the ocean's wave,
But not to truer maids or men
Than Jeanie Smith and Willie Glen."

GEORGE GEBBIE.

The Scottish-American Journal.

A SUMMER TORNADO IN THE WEST.

[In June of the Summer of 1860, a wild and destructive hurricane swept over a wide track in the Western States, and its ravages were especially felt in Iowa, causing wide-spread loss of growing crops, frame houses, trees, &c., and much individual distress. An entertainment was given in the Chicago Wigwam for the benefit of the sufferers from the storm in Iowa. The following beautiful ode was read. In order to understand the fine stanza by which the poem is preluded it should be said that Handel's Grand Chorus of *The Creation* immediately preceded the reading of the Ode.]

Oh, magnificent surge,
  Break *again* on the verge,
That the angels in Paradise linger beside;
  Drift our hearts out to sea—
  Into Heaven with thee,
Where thy cadence majestic in melody died!

The winds sweetly sung
  In the elms as they swung,
And the woods were in time and the robins in tune;
  One cloud just forgiven,
  Lay at anchor in Heaven,
And Iowa asleep on the threshold of June!

All the air a sweet psalm,
  And the prairies a palm,
For the Lord when He blest left the print of His hand—
  All the roses in blow,
  All the rivers a-glow—
Thus the Sabbath came down on the bud-laden land.

On the bride and the bold,
  On the clay and the gold,
On the furrow unfinish'd, on fame to be won,
  On the turbulent tide,
  On the River's green side
Where the flocks of white villages lay in the sun.

All the world was in rhyme—
  Bid good morning to Time!
Oh, sweet bells and sweet words, let me hear you again!
  It is fair all abroad
  From blue sky to green sod!
Let us pray while we can; blessed Sabbath, Amen.

Not a murmur in air,
  Nor lament anywhere,
And no footfall of God on the ledges of Cloud;
  'Twas a breath, and it fled—
  Song and Sabbath were dead,
And the threads of gold sunshine the woof of the shroud.

Oh, words never spoken,
  Oh, heart and hearth broken,
Oh, beautiful paths such as loving feet wear!
  All erased from the land,
  Like a name in the sand—
As the thistle-down drifts on a billow of air.

Like the sighing of leaves
When the winter wind grieves,
Like the rattle of chariots driving afar—
Like the wailing of woods,
Like the rushing of floods,
Like the clang of huge hammers a forging a star!

Like a shriek of despair
In the shivering air,
Like the rustle of banners with tempest abroad,
Like a soul out of Heaven,
Like a tomb trumpet riven,
Like a syllable dropp'd from the thunder of God!

Then these to their weeping,
And those to their sleeping,
And the blue wing of heaven was over them all!
Oh, 'sweet south' that singeth,
Oh, flower-girl that bringeth
The gushes of fragrance to hovel and hall!

Oh, blue bird, shed Spring
With the flash of thy wing,
Where December drifts cold in the bosom of June—
Set our hearts to the words,
Dear as songs of first birds:
We are BROTHERS at night that were Strangers at noon!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

MACKERY END IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

[To his sister, with quiet devotion, CHARLES LAMB gave his life. She was the Bridget of his essays of Elia, which began to appear in *The London Magazine* in August, 1820, and ceased to appear in November, 1824.]

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountain with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish for anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favorite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste and virtuous—but again somewhat fantastical and original-brained—generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps, than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers, leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick, (to say no worse of it) of reading in company, at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully

understanding its import, which is so provoking and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to, and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good *old* English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life, she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackerel End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house, delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been on a visit there to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the country, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and for the greater portion of that period we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

> But thou, that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination,
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation!

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome.

It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she knew almost nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astonishment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

CHARLES LAMB.

PLINY'S TUSCAN VILLA.

[PLINY, the younger, was born A. D. 62. In A. D. 79 he witnessed the eruption of Vesuvius. In the following year he commenced practice as an advocate in Rome. In A. D. 100 he was Consul. He belonged to the College of Augurs. We know nothing of him later than the year 107. He married twice but left no children. His chief works are his "Epistles."]

PLINY THE YOUNGER TO DOMITIUS APOLLINARIS.

"I sincerely thank you for your kind concern in trying to dissuade me from passing the summer on my Tuscan property, under the impression that it is an unhealthy part. It is quite true that the air of the coast is unwholesome, but my house is at a distance from the sea, under one of the Apennines which are singularly healthy. But to relieve you from all anxiety on my account I will describe to you the climate and character of the country, and the lovely situation of my house. I am sure you will read the description with as much pleasure as I shall give it.

"The air in winter is sharp and frosty, so that myrtles and olives, and trees which delight in warmth will not grow there. The laurel thrives, and is remarkably beautiful, though now and then it is killed by the cold—not, however, oftener than at Rome. The summers are very temperate, and there is always a refreshing breeze, seldom high winds. To this I attribute the number of old men. If you were to see the grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and hear their stories about their ancestors, you would fancy yourself born in some former age.

"The character of the country is very beautiful. Picture to yourself an immense amphitheatre, such as only nature could create. Before you lies a broad plain, bounded by a range of mountains, whose summits are covered with tall and ancient woods, which are stocked with all kinds of game for hunting. The lower slopes of the mountains are planted with underwood, among which are a number of little risings with a rich soil, on which hardly a stone is to be found. In fruitfulness they are quite

equal to a valley, and produce as good crops, though not so early in the year. Below these, on the mountain side, is a continuous stretch of vineyards, terminated by a belt of shrubs. Then you have meadows and the open plain. The arable land is so stiff that it is necessary to go over it nine times with the biggest oxen and the strongest ploughs. The meadows are bright with flowers, and produce trefoil and other kinds of herbage as fine and tender as if it were but just sprung up. All the soil is refreshed with never-failing streams, but though there is plenty of water, there are no marshes; for as the ground is on a slope, all the water which is not absorbed runs off into the Tiber.

"This river winds through the midst of the meadows. It is navigable only in winter and in spring, and then conveys the produce of the neighborhood to Rome. In summer it shrinks to nothing, and leaves the name of a great river to an almost empty channel. In autumn, it again claims its title.

"You would be charmed by taking a view of the country from one of the neighbouring mountains. You would fancy that you were looking on the imaginary landscape of a first-rate artist; such a harmonious variety of beautiful objects meets the eye wherever it turns.

"My house commands as good a view as if it stood on the brow of the hill. You approach it by so gradual a rise that you find yourself on high ground without perceiving that you have been making an ascent. Behind, but at a considerable distance, is the Apennine range, from which on the calmest days, we get cool breezes. There is nothing sharp or cutting about them, as the distance is sufficient to break their violence. The greater part of the house has a southern aspect, and enjoys the afternoon sun in summer, and gets it rather earlier in winter. It is fronted by a broad and proportionately long colonnade, which has a porch of antique fashion, and in front of this colonnade is a terrace edged with box and shrubs cut into different shapes. From the terrace you descend by an easy slope to a lawn, and on each side of the descent are figures of animals in box, facing each other. You then come to a shrubbery formed of the soft, I had almost said, the liquid acanthus. Round this runs a walk, shut in by evergreens shaped into every variety of form. Beyond this is a riding-ring, like a circus, which goes round the box-hedge and the dwarf-trees which are cut close."

Translated by W. L. Collins.

A MAYTIME WISH.

[Mr. Edward Capern, originally a postman at Bideford. His charming lyrics obtained for him—not so soon as they should have done—some small recognition in the shape of a Government pension, which enabled him to relinquish the severe daily labour, in which his ardent love of Nature must have been a support and consolation. He died in 1888.]

I would the world could see thee as I behold thee, May,
With eyes like sapphires gleaming through the orchards by the way;
With the campion and the crowfoot on thy daisy-jewell'd vest,
And a wreath of apple-blossoms dropping down upon thy breast.

I would all eyes could see thee as I behold thee now,
With the woodruff and the bluebell, and the lily on thy brow;
With thy kirtle richly purpled with the gorse's golden boss,
And the orchis and the violet, the primrose and the moss.

I would all ears could listen to thy merrymaking, May,—
Could listen as I listen to thy happy roundelay;
Then a louder song would greet us from thy orchestra of leaves,
For fewer birds would break their hearts because of little thieves.

A form of life and beauty, I see thee, lovely May,
Breathing balm upon the meadows from each sweetly-scented spray;
From the lilac and the hawthorn, and the furze upon the down,
And the wallflower by the wayside in its dress of cottage brown.

Would you see her as I see her, you must be where I have been,
Where the oak-tree, and the elm-tree, and the beechen tree are seen;
Where the bright and silver poplars in their leafy beauty shine,
And the bees are quaffing deeply from their chalices of wine.

You must linger, as I linger, in the shadow of each nook,
You must listen, as I listen, to the prattle of the brook;
You must woo her, as I woo her, with a bosom full of love,
And the maid will stand before you like a vision from above.

LINES WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

E'en such is time; which takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us back with earth and dust;
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela;
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony;
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela:
Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela.

ROBERT GREENE.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

"What am I? and from *whence?*—I nothing know
But that I *am;* and, since I *am*, conclude
Something *eternal:* had there e'er been *nought*,
Nought still had been; *eternal* there *must* be.—
But *what* eternal?—Why not *human race?*
And Adam's ancestors without an end?
That's hard to be conceived, since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole?*
Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence *Earth*, and these bright orbs?—*Eternal* too?
Grant *matter* was eternal; still these *orbs*
Would want some other father;—much design
Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes;*
Design implies *intelligence*, and *art;*
That can't be from *themselves*—or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man.*—
Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute *matter's* restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter *none?* Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd?*
Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
In *mathematics?* Has it fram'd *such* laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to *man!*
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.
Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind;
That granted, all is solv'd—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin, or end!—
Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
Yet, why? On either scheme that knot subsists;
Subsist it *must*, in God, or *human race:*
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all?—Why choose it *there*,
Where chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
Dispers'd, leave *reason's* whole horizon clear;
This is not reason's dictate; *reason* says,
'Close with the side where *one* grain turns the scale;'
What vast preponderance is here! can reason
With louder voice exclaim—'Believe a God?'
And *reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system! and how strange
To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief.*
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whose providential care
Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of *Nature* universal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne!

EDWARD YOUNG.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

[H. Carey. A wild and eccentric genius. Born 1700. Died by his own hand at his house in Coldbath Fields, 1743.]

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely!
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally—
And then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

AN EPITAPH

UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE, WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep;
They, (sweet turtles) folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into that light,
Whose day shall never die in night.

Richard Crashaw.

Julian Story

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

PART I.

[The name of Alphonse de Lamartine, French statesman, poet, and historian, born 1790, died 1869, will henceforth belong as much to political as to literary history. But we may venture to believe that his enduring fame will be rather that of a writer than of a statesman. As a poet and a traveller de Lamartine has an European reputation. As an historian he has raised himself to the highest distinction as an eloquent, earnest and just lover of freedom, and hater of oppression under every form. We translate the following exquisite narrative from his great work, "*Histoire des Girondins.*"]

In a large and populous street running through the city of Caen, the capital of Lower Normandy, and at that time the centre of the Girondine insurrection, at the further end of a courtyard, stood an old house whose grey walls had been discolored by the rain, and in which many crevices had been made by time. The house was called the *Grand Manoir*. A fountain with an edge of stone, green with moss, occupied a corner of the court. A low and narrow door, with fluted side-posts meeting at the top in the form of an arch, afforded a glimpse of the well-worn steps of a spiral staircase ascending to the upper floor. Two cross-barred windows, with octagonal panes in leaden compartments, dimly lighted the staircase and the large unfurnished rooms. This somber light invested the old and obscure house with that air of decay, mystery, and gloom which it pleases the imagination to see spread over the cradles of genius and the dwellings of great minds. Here lived at the beginning of the year 1793 a grand-daughter of the great French tragic poet, Pierre Corneille. Poets and heroes are one race. The only difference between them is that existing between ideas and actions. The one does what the other conceives. The thoughts are the same. Women are naturally as enthusiastic as the one, as courageous as the other. Poetry, heroism, and love are akin.

This house belonged to Madame de Bretteville, a poor childless widow, old and infirm. A young relation whom she had adopted and educated had lived with her for some years, to be a support to her old age, and to enliven her solitude. This young girl was at that time four and twenty years of age. Her pensive beauty, at once serene and contemplative, though brilliant, seemed to have imbibed its character from her gloomy dwelling and her retired life. She was like an apparition. The inhabitants of the neighborhood who saw her going to church on the Sunday with her old aunt, or caught a glimpse of her through the gateway, reading for hours together in the courtyard seated in the sun on the steps of the fountain, say that their admiration for her was mingled with awe and respect. This may have been the effect either of the radiancy of a lofty spirit which intimidates the eye of the vulgar, or the atmosphere of the soul extending to the countenance, or of the presentiment of a tragical fate written on her brow.

This young girl was of lofty stature, yet not above the ordinary height of the tall and slender women of Normandy. Grace and natural dignity, like internal rhythm, gave poetry to her gait and movements. In her complexion the warmth of the south was mingled with the fairness of the women of the north. Her hair looked dark when gathered in a mass around her head, or when divided into two waves upon her forehead. The extremity of her tresses shone like gold, like the ear of corn which is richer and brighter in its hue than the blade. Her eyes, large and well-cut to the temples, changed their color like the water of the sea, which borrows its tint from light and shade, blue when she was in thought, nearly black when she was animated. Very long eyelashes, darker than her hair, gave depth to her eyes. Her nose joined her forehead with an almost imperceptible curve, and was slightly raised towards the middle. The lips of her Grecian mouth were clearly defined. Their expression alternated momentarily between tenderness and severity, adapted alike to breathe love or patriotism. A protruding chin, divided into two by a deep hollow, gave the lower part of her face an expression of manly resolution, which contrasted strangely with its feminine outline. Her cheeks had the freshness of youth and the firm roundness of health. She changed color quickly. Her skin was of a beautiful white, and marbled with life. Her large chest was of a sculptured bust with but little undulation. Her arms were strong with muscles, her hands long, her fingers slender. Her costume, suitable to her moderate fortune and to the retirement in which she lived, was sober and simple. She trusted to nature, and despised all the artifices and caprices of fashion in her dress. Those who saw her in her youth describe her as always

wearing a robe of dark woollen cloth, in the form of a habit, and a hat of gray felt, turned up at the rim and trimmed with black ribbons, like those usually worn by the women of her rank at that time. The sound of her voice, that living echo which reveals the whole soul in one vibration of the air, left a deep and tender impression on the ear of those to whom she spoke. They still talked of the sound of her voice ten years after having heard it, as of a strange and not to be forgotten music engraven on the memory. She had in the keys of her soul, notes so clear and so deep that to hear them, they say, was more than to see her, for sound with her formed a part of her beauty.

This young girl was named Charlotte Corday d'Armont. Though of noble blood, she was born in a hut called le Ronceray, in the village of Ligneries, not far from Argentau. Misfortunes welcomed her to the life she was to quit by the scaffold.

Her father, François de Corday d'Armont, was one of those gentlemen of the provinces whose poverty confounds them almost with the peasantry. Of their ancient superiority they only retained a certain respect for the family name, and a vague hope of return of fortune, which at once prevented them from sinking in their morals, or raising themselves by work. The land that this rural nobility cultivated in little inalienable estates maintained them without the humiliation of indigence. Nobility and land seemed inseparable in France, as the aristocracy and the sea at Venice.

M. de Corday added to his agricultural employments some political anxiety and literary taste, which at that time was much spread among the educated class of the noble population. He earnestly desired a speedy revolution. He was tormented by his own inactivity and poverty. He had written some works for the times against despotism and the right of primogeniture. These writings were full of the spirit that was about to manifest itself. He had a horror of superstition, the ardor of a growing philosophy, and the presentiment of a necessary revolution. Either from insufficiency of genius, or restlessness of character, or perversity of fortune, which will swallow up the best talents, he could not reach success amidst surrounding circumstances.

He languished in his little fief of Ligneries, in the bosom of a family increasing each year. Five children, two sons and three daughters, of whom Charlotte was the second, made him feel every day more and more the oppressions of poverty. His wife, Jacqueline-Charlotte-Marie de Gonthier-des-Autiers, died of these troubles, leaving a father to her infant daughters, but in reality leaving them orphans for want of that domestic tradition and daily inspiration of which, with the mother, death deprives the children.

Charlotte and her sisters remained for some years at Ligneries, almost entirely left to nature, dressed in coarse linen like the girls of Normandy, and, like them, weeding the garden, spreading the grass, gleaning the corn, and gathering the apples of their father's little estate. At last, necessity obliged M. de Corday to part with his daughters. They entered, by reason of their nobility and their poverty, into a convent at Caen, of which Madame de Belzunce was abbess. This convent is called the Abbaye aux Dames. The abbey, with its vast cloisters and chapel of Roman architecture, had been constructed in 1066, by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. Neglected and forgotten, it remained in ruins until 1730, when it was magnificently restored, and it now forms one of the finest hospitals of the kingdom, and one of the most splendid public monuments of the town of Caen, and of all Normandy.

Charlotte was thirteen years of age. These convents were then truly Christian *gynecées*,* where women lived apart from the world, but within hearing of its murmurs, and participating in all its movements. The monastic life, with its peaceful habits and intimate friendships, pleased the young girl for some time. Her ardent soul and passionate imagination plunged her into that dreamy state of contemplation, the subject of which is God, a state of mind in youth easily changed by the kind influence of a superior, and the power of imitation, into faith and exercises of devotion. The iron character of Madame Roland herself was kindled and softened by this heavenly fire. The more tender Charlotte yielded yet more easily. She was for some years a model of piety. She dreamed of closing her scarcely opened life, at this first page, and of burying herself in this sepulchre, where, instead of death, she found repose, friendship, and happiness.

But the more ardent her soul, the more

* From a Greek word, signifying that part of a dwelling which was set apart for the women.

quickly she delved and arrived at the extremity of her thoughts. She soon came to the bottom of her infantile faith. She had a glimpse beyond her domestic dogmas of other dogmas, new, luminous, and sublime. She gave up neither God nor virtue, but she gave them other names and other forms. Philosophy, at that time inundating France with its light, overleaped, with the books in vogue, the gates of the monasteries. More profoundly meditated upon in the seclusion of the cloister, and in opposition to monastic trivialities, philosophy acquired its most ardent adepts within the monastery walls. These young men and women, in the triumph of general reason, saw their chains broken, and adored their reconquered liberty.

In the convent Charlotte formed those tender friendships of childhood, relationships of the heart. Her friends were two young girls of noble family and humble fortune like herself: Mesdemoiselles de Fandoas and de Forbin. The abbess, Madame de Belzunce, and the assistant, Madame Doulcet de Pontecoulant, had particularly distinguished Charlotte. They admitted her to the little *reunions* in the convent, that custom allowed the abbesses to have with their relations not within the walls. Charlotte had thus made acquaintance with two young men, nephews of the two ladies, M. de Belzunce, colonel of a regiment of cavalry in garrison at Caen, and M. Doulcet de Pontecoulant, an officer of the king's body guard. One was soon after massacred in an emeute in Caen; the other adopted the Revolution with temperate constancy, entered the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, and suffered exile and persecution for the cause of the Girondins. It has since been supposed that the too tender recollection of young Belzunce, who was immolated at Caen by the people, had induced Charlotte, deprived of her first love, to swear the vengeance that awaited and struck Marat. Nothing confirms this supposition, and everything refutes it. If the Revolution had only raised in Charlotte's heart horror and resentment for the murder of a lover, she would have confounded all parties of the Republic in the same hatred; she would not have pursued to fanaticism and death a cause that would stain her memory with blood, and cover her future with mourning.

At the time of the suppression of the monasteries, Charlotte was nineteen years of age. The distress of the paternal house had increased with years. Her two brothers, who had engaged in the service of the king, had emigrated. One of her sisters was dead. The other managed the humble household of their father at Argentau. The old aunt, Madame de Bretteville, took Charlotte into her house at Caen. This aunt was without property, as were all her family. She lived in such retirement that her nearest neighbors hardly knew the name and the existence of the poor widow. Her age and her infirmities deepened the shadow that her condition cast over her life. One woman only attended upon her. Charlotte assisted the servant in the domestic arrangements. She gracefully received the old friends of the house. In the evening she accompanied her aunt to the houses of the nobility of the town, who were not yet dispersed by the fury of the people, and where some old remnants of the ancient regime were permitted to shut themselves up to console one another and lament. Charlotte was respectful towards the regrets and superstitions of the past, and never annoyed them with cruel words; but she smiled to herself, and nourished very different opinions in her soul. These opinions became more decided each day. But her gentle spirit, her graceful person, the infantine puerility of her manner, prevented the suspicion of any deep thought existing under her cheerfulness. Her sweet gayety shone over the house of her aunt like the rays of the morning sun on a stormy day, brilliant as the evening is gloomy.

Having discharged her household duties, accompanied her aunt to church and back, Charlotte had leisure to give herself up to her thoughts. She passed her time sauntering about the court and the garden, dreaming and reading. She was not controlled or directed in anything, in her opinions, her liberty, or her studies. The religious and political opinions of Madame de Bretteville were more from habit than conviction. She preserved them as she did the costume of her age and her time, but she did not inflict them upon others. Philosophy, besides, had by this time undermined the foundation of all belief in the minds even of all the old nobility. The revolution had upset everything. Opinions that each day were tottering and falling could not be held. And then the republican opinions of Charlotte's father had been imbibed more or less by his relations. The family of Corday inclined to new ideas. Madame de Bretteville herself concealed, under the decency of her regret for the old government, a secret inclination for the Rev

olution. She allowed her niece to feed upon works, opinions, and journals of her own choosing. Charlotte's age inclined her to read romances, which furnished ready-made dreams to the imagination of an indolent mind. Her intellect inclined her to study works on philosophy, which transform the vague instincts of humanity into sublime theories of government; and books of history, which change theories into actions, and ideas into men.

The twofold yearning of her heart and her intellect was satisfied in Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the philosopher of love, the poet of politics; in Raynal, the fanatic of humanity; and lastly, in Plutarch, the personificator of history, who paints rather than relates, and who vivifies events and the characters of his heroes. These three books were one or other constantly in her hand. The romantic and light works of the period, such as Heloise or Faublas were also perused by her. But although she had fed her imagination from these sources, her mind never lost its modesty, or her youth its chastity. Full of a desire to love, inspiring and sometimes feeling the first symptoms of love, her reserve, her diffidence, and her poverty restrained her from expressing her sentiments. She rent her heart that she might drag from it the first tie that attached itself. Her love, thus repulsed by will and fate, did not change its nature, but changed its ideal. It became a vague and sublime devotion to a dream of public good. Her heart was too expansive to contain her own happiness only. She wished it to contain the happiness of an entire people. The passion she would have felt for one man she felt for her country. She gave herself up more and more to these ideas, continually seeking an opportunity of rendering service to mankind. Her thirst for self-sacrifice became a madness, a passion, or a virtue. Though the sacrifice might be bloody, she was resolved to accomplish it. She had arrived at that despairing state of mind which is the destruction of happiness, not for the profit of glory or ambition, like Madame Roland, but for the profit of liberty and humanity, like Judith of Epicharis. She only wanted an opportunity; she watched for it, she believed she had found it.

It was at this time that the Girondins were struggling with prodigious courage and eloquence against their enemies of the Convention. The Jacobins would, they believed, force the Republic upon La Gironde only to precipitate France into a bloody anarchy. The great dangers of liberty, the odious tyranny of the populace of Paris in the place of the legal sovereignty of the nation represented by its deputies; the arbitrary imprisonments; the assassinations of September, the oath of the 10th of March, the insurrection of the 30th and 31st of May; the expulsion and prosecution of the purest part of the Assembly; their scaffold, and the prospect that with them liberty would ascend the steps; the virtue of Roland; the youth of Fonfrede and of Barbaroux; the despairing cry of Isnard; the constancy of Buzot; the integrity of Pétion, the idol who became the victim; the tribune martyrdom of Lanjuinais, at which nothing was wanting to equal the fate of Cicero, but the tongue of the orator nailed to the Rostra; lastly, the eloquence of Verginaud, the hope of all good citizens, the reproach to all bad, becoming suddenly stilled, leaving upright men to their discouragement, and the wicked to their villainies; in the place of these men either great or interesting, who seemed as if they were defending at the breach the last ramparts of society, and the sacred hearths of the citizens, was Marat, one of the dregs and lepers of the people triumphing over laws by sedition, crowned by impunity, carried in the arms of the faubourgs to the tribune, taking the dictatorship of anarchy, spoliation, and assassination, and threatening independence, property, life, and liberty in the departments: all these convulsions, and excesses, and terrors, had greatly excited the provinces of Normandy.

The presence in Calvados of the proscribed and fugitive deputies, coming to appeal to liberty against oppression, and to inflame the departments for the purpose of raising up avengers for their country, had increased to adoration the attachment of the city of Caen for the Girondins, and its execration of Marat. The more English than Roman opinions, the Attic and temperate republicanism of La Gironde, formed a contrast to the cynicalness of the Maratists. What had been desired in Normandy before the 10th of August was much less the downfall of the throne than an equalized constitution of the monarchy. The city of Rouen, the capital of this province, was attached to the person of Louis XVI., and had offered him an asylum before his fall. The execution of this prince had distressed and humbled the good citizens. The other towns of this part of France were rich, industrious, and agricultural. Peace and navigation were necessary to their prosperity.

The love of the king for agriculture, his enlightened predilection for navigation, his endeavors to increase the naval strength of France, his order for the construction of vessels in the road of Brest, the wonderful works at the port of Cherbourg, the voyages he had made in the interior and on the coast to visit and revive all our ports, his studies with Turgot to favor industry and to free commerce, had left in the hearts of the Normans esteem for his name, sympathy for his misfortunes, horror of his murderers, and a secret wish for the re-establishment of a government that united the security of a monarchy with the liberty of a republic. Thus arose the admiration of the Girondins, men of the constitution of 1791; thus arose the hopes that were placed upon their re-establishment and their vengeance. Patriotism was wounded, virtue was tarnished, liberty died in them.

The already wounded heart of Charlotte Corday felt all these blows levelled at her country, and grief, despair and courage were united in one heart. She saw the ruin of France; she saw the victims; she fancied she saw the tyrant. She swore to herself that she would avenge the victims, punish the tyrant, and save all. For some days she brooded over her resolution, without knowing what deed her country demanded of her, and what chain of crimes most urgently required cutting off. She studied things, men, and circumstances, that her courage might not be deceived, and her blood not spilt in vain.

The Girondins, Buzot, Salles, Pétion, Valady, Gorsas, Kenelegau, Mollevault, Barbaroux, Louvet, Giroux, Bussy, Bergoing, Lesage (d'Eure-et Loire), Meilhan, Henri Larivière, and du Chastel had been, as we have said, for some weeks assembled at Caen. They were engaged in fomenting the general insurrection of the departments of the north, in combining it with the republican insurrection of Brittany, in recruiting the battalions of volunteers, in directing them to the army of Puisaye and Wimpfen, which was going to march to Paris, and in keeping up in the local administrations the fire of the indignation of the departments which was to consume their enemies. The deputies, who had been so often insulted by Marat, naturally placed the Montagne and the Commons under the opprobrium of the name of their enemy. This odious name raised up avengers, and produced an army. In arming themselves against the omnipotence of Paris and the dictatorship of the Convention, the youth of the departments believed they were rising against Marat alone. Danton and Robespierre, who had not signalized themselves so much in the last movements against La Gironde, possessed in the eyes of the insurgents neither the importance, nor the authority over the people, nor the sanguinary delirium of Marat. They left the names of those two great Montagnards in the shade, that they might not wound the esteem that these more popular men still preserved among the Jacobins of the departments. The mass were deceived, and saw tyranny and freedom in one man only. Charlotte was deceived like the rest. The shadow of Marat eclipsed the whole republic.

The Girondins, whom the city of Caen had taken under its care, were lodged all together in the palace of the old administration. The seat of the federal government had been taken there with the insurrectional commission; assemblies of the people were held there, and the citizens, and women even, crowded to look upon and to hear the first victims of anarchy, the last avengers of liberty. The names so long predominant of Pétion, Buzot, Louvet, and Barbaroux spoke more strongly than their discourses to the imagination of Calvados. The vicissitudes of revolutions, which exhibited to a town of the republic, as exiles and supplicants, the orators who had overturned the monarchy, raised up the people of Paris, and filled the tribune and the nation with their voice, moved the spectators, and made them feel proud to avenge their illustrious guests. The words of these men intoxicated them; they named them; they pointed to Pétion, the king of Paris, to Barbaroux, the hero of Marseilles, whose youth and beauty heightened his eloquence, his courage, and his misfortunes. The people went forth crying to arms, and urging sons, husbands, and brothers to enlist in the battalions. Charlotte Corday, surmounting the prejudices of her rank and the timidity of her sex and of her age, ventured several times to attend these meetings with some friends. She was remarked for her silent enthusiasm, which heightened her feminine beauty: she betrayed her interest by her tears only. She wished to see those she desired to save. The situation, the words, the countenances of these first apostles of liberty, almost all young, were engraven upon her heart, and made her devotion to their cause more personal and more passionate.

General Wimpfen, summoned by the Con-

vention to fall back upon Paris, had just replied that he would not march there excepting at the head of sixty thousand men, not to obey an usurping power, but to re-establish the integrity of national representation and to avenge the departments. Louvet addressed vehement proclamations to the towns and villages of Morbihan, the Côtes-du-Nord, Mayenne, Ille-et-Vilaine, Loire-Inferieure, Finisterre, Eure, Orne, and Calvados. "The strength of the departments now on its way to Paris," he said, "does not go to seek enemies to fight, but it goes to fraternize with the Parisians, it goes to strengthen the tottering statue of liberty! You citizens who see this phalanx of friends passing along your roads, through your towns and villages, fraternize with them. Do not allow monsters thirsting for blood to establish themselves among you for the purpose of arresting them on their march." These words produced thousands of volunteers. More than six thousand were already assembled in the town of Caen. On Sunday, the 7th of July, they were reviewed by the Girondine deputies and by the authorities of Caen, with all the ceremony calculated to electrify their courage. This spontaneous assemblage rising, with arms in their hands, to go to die and avenge liberty for the insults of anarchy, recalled to mind the patriotic insurrection of 1792, dragging to the frontiers all who would not live without a country.

Charlotte Corday, seated on a balcony, was a witness of the enlisting and the departure. The enthusiasm of the young citizens giving up their homes to go and fight for the violated hearths of national representation, and to brave the musket and the guillotine, hardly came up to hers. She thought it still too cold. She was indignant at the small number that this review had added to the regiments and battalions of Wimpfen. There were only about twenty on that day.

It is said that her enthusiasm was softened by a secret but pure attachment felt for her by one of the young volunteers who thus tore themselves from their families, from their mistresses, perhaps from life. Charlotte Corday had not been insensible to this concealed love, but she overcame her feelings of pure gratitude by feelings more sublime.

The young man's name was Franquelin. He silently adored the youthful republican. He kept up a correspondence with her full of reserve and respect. She answered with the melancholy and tender modesty of a young girl who had only misfortune for her dower. She had given her portrait to the young volunteer, and had permitted him to love her, at least to love her picture. M. de Franquelin, carried away by the general excitement, and sure of obtaining a look of approval as he armed himself for liberty, had enlisted in the Caen battalion. Charlotte could not help trembling and turning pale as she saw the battalion defile for departure. Tears stood in her eyes. Pétion, who was passing under the balcony, and who knew Charlotte, was astonished at her weakness, and spoke to her: "Would you wish them," he said, "not to go?" The young girl blushed, kept her answer in her heart and retired. Pétion did not understand her distress. The future revealed it. Young Franquelin, after the crime and execution of Charlotte Corday, retired to a village in Normandy, having received a death-blow himself from the rebound of the axe that severed the head of her he adored. Alone with his mother he languished for some months, and died requesting that Charlotte's portrait and letters might be buried with him. The picture and the secret lie in the grave.

PART II.

After the departure of the volunteers, Charlotte had but one thought: to anticipate their arrival at Paris, to spare their noble blood, and to render their patriotism unnecessary, by being before them in delivering France from tyranny. Her attachment to M. de Franquelin,—a passion rather than an ardent sentiment,—rendered her self-sacrifice more cruel, but was not the cause of it.

The true cause was her patriotism. A presentiment of the reign of terror was already spread over France. The scaffold was raised at Paris, and they talked of setting it up throughout the whole republic. The power of "the Mountain," and of Marat, if it established itself, was not likely to use any other means of defence than the hand of the executioner. The monster, it was said, had already drawn out his proscription lists, and counted the number of heads which his suspicions or his vengeance required. Two thousand five hundred victims were marked out at Lyons; three thousand at Marseilles; twenty-eight thousand at Paris; three hundred thousand in Brittany and Calvados. People shuddered at the name of Marat as

at the mention of death. To save so much blood Charlotte wished to shed her own. The greater the number of earthly ties which she severed, the more pleasing, she thought, would be her voluntary sacrifice to the liberty which she sought to propitiate.

Such was the secret intention of her heart; but Charlotte was anxious to see before she struck the blow.

She could not better enlighten herself upon the state of Paris, upon men and things, than by approaching the Girondins—the principals interested in this cause. She desired to sound them, without making herself known to them. She had sufficient consideration for them not to disclose to them a project which they might have regarded as a crime, or have prevented as a generous temerity. She had sufficient power over herself to conceal from her friends the design, in fulfilling which she was about to destroy herself in order to save them. She presented herself, under specious pretexts, at the hotel of the "Intendance," where those citizens who had any business to transact with the deputies might have access to them. She saw Buzot, Pétion, and Louvet. She spoke twice with Barbaroux. The conversations of a young woman—beautiful and enthusiastic—with the youngest and handsomest of the Girondins, under the pretext of discussing political subjects, might well excite calumny, or at least raise the smile of incredulity on some lips. Indeed such was the case at first. Louvet, who afterwards wrote a sonnet on the purity and glory of the young heroine, believed at first in one of those vulgar sensual seductions, with which he afterwards filled his romance of "Faublas." Buzot, entirely occupied with another subject of contemplation, scarcely cast a look upon Charlotte. Pétion, whilst crossing the hall of the "Intendance," where Charlotte was waiting for Barbaroux, rallied her goodhumoredly on her assiduity, and, contrasting the difference of her present position with her birth, said, with a smile, "Here, then, is the beautiful 'aristocrat' who is come to see the republicans." The young girl understood the meaning of his smile, and of the insinuation which cast a reflection on her purity. She blushed, then felt angry with herself for blushing, and with a serious and gentle tone of reproach, answered, "Citoyen Pétion, you judge me now without knowing me—you will know some day who I am."

In these audiences which she obtained from Barbaroux, and which she purposely prolonged that she might gain information respecting the republicanism, the enthusiasm, and the projects of the Gironde, she took the humble part of a *suitor;* she begged of the young "Marseillais" a letter of introduction to one of his colleagues in the Convention, who could present her to the Minister of the Interior. She had, she said, some communications to make to the government, which might plead in favor of Mademoiselle de Forbin, the friend of her childhood. Mademoiselle de Forbin had been induced by her relations to emigrate, and was suffering from want in Switzerland. Barbaroux gave her a letter to Lanze de Perret, one of the seventy-three deputies of the party of the Gironde forgotten in the first proscription.

This letter of Barbaroux, which served afterward as a death warrant to Lanze de Perret, did not contain a single word which could have been imputed as a crime to the deputy who received it. Barbaroux confined himself to recommending a young "citoyenne" of Caen to the care and protection of Lanze de Perret. He announced to him the publication of a work on the constitution by their common friend Salles. Furnished with this letter, and a passport for Argentau, with which she had provided herself some days before, Charlotte presented her thanks to Barbaroux, and wished him farewell. The sound of her voice struck Barbaroux with a presentiment which he could not then account for. "Had we known her design," said he, at a later period, "and had we been capable of committing a crime by means of such a hand, it is not Marat whom we should have pointed out to her vengeance."

The cheerfulness which Charlotte had always united to the seriousness of her political conversations, deserted her when she quitted forever the hall of the Girondins. The last mental struggle between the conception of her project and the execution of it was over. She concealed this inward conflict by means of the most careful and minute dissimulation. It was only the gravity of her demeanor, and some tears which she failed in hiding from the observation of her neighbors, which revealed the self-inflicted agony of her intended suicide. When questioned by her aunt, she answered, "I weep for the misfortunes of my country, for those of my relatives, and for yours—so long as Marat lives, no life will be secure for a single day."

Madame de Bretteville remembered afterwards, that on entering Charlotte's room to wake her, she found upon her bed an old Bible, opened at the book of Judith, and then she read in it this verse underlined with pencil: "Judith went forth from the city endowed with wondrous beauty, which the Lord had given her that she might deliver Israel."

The same day Charlotte, having gone out to make preparations for her departure, passed in the street some citizens of Caen who were playing at cards before their door. "You play," said she to them with an accent of the most bitter irony, "and your country destroys herself."

Her words and her bearing were marked with the impatience and hurry of departure, and on the eighth of July she left for Argentau. There she bid farewell for the last time to her father and her sister; she told them that she was going to seek, in England, a livelihood and a refuge from the miseries of the Revolution, and that she wished to receive her father's blessing before this long separation.

Her father approved of her design.

The gloom and the dreariness of her father's house, the premature death of her mother, the exile of her brothers, the disappointment of every hope, strengthened rather than weakened the resolution of the young girl. She left nothing to regret, no one's happiness depended on her, she abandoned no possessions. When she embraced her father and her sister, she wept more for the past than the future. She returned to Caen the same day. There she deceived the tender solicitude of her aunt by the same "ruse" with which she had deceived her father. She told her that she was going to leave shortly for England, where some friends, who had emigrated, had prepared for her a place of safety and an asylum which she could not hope for in her own country. This pretext was an apology for the feeling which she exhibited on taking leave, and for the arrangements she made for her departure. She secretly secured a place by the Paris diligence for the next day, the 9th of July.

Charlotte occupied her last hours with showing her gratitude and her tender and anxious affection for this aunt, to whose kind hospitality she had been so long indebted. Through the agency of a female friend she provided for the maintenance of the old servant who had had the charge of her childhood. She ordered from some workmen of Caen—paying in advance for them—little presents of dress and embroidery, which, after her departure, were to be presented to several of the young companions of her childhood. She distributed her favorite books among her intimate friends. She only reserved for her own use one volume of Plutarch, as though she desired, at this *the* crisis of her life, not to be separated from the society of those great men with whom she had lived, and with whom she wished to die.

At length, very early on the 9th of July, she took under her arm a small parcel of the clothes which she most required, and, embracing her aunt, told her she was going to sketch the hay-makers in the neighboring meadow. With a piece of drawing-paper in her hand she left the house, never to enter it again.

At the foot of the staircase she met the child of a poor workman, named Robert, who lodged on the ground-floor of the same house. The child usually played in the court-yard, and she used now and then to give him drawings. "Here, Robert," said she, as she gave him the drawing-paper, which she no longer needed as a pretext for leaving the house, "here is something for you; be a good boy, and kiss me, you will never see me again." And she kissed the child, leaving a tear upon his cheek. It was the last tear which she let fall on the threshold of her childhood's home. Her blood was now all she had to give.

Her departure, the cause of which remained unknown, was discovered to her neighbors in the Rue St. Jean by a circumstance which is an evident proof of the calm serenity of mind which she maintained to the last.

Opposite the house of Madame de Bretteville, in the Rue St. Jean, lived a respectable family of Caen, named Lacouture. The son of these people, who was passionately fond of music, daily devoted some hours of the morning to his instrument. His open windows allowed the sound to escape and reach the neighboring houses. In order that the melody might more freely enter her room, Charlotte also half opened her lattice at the hour he usually began to play, and leaning her head, half concealed by the curtains, on the stone-work of the window, she listened dreamily to the sounds. The young musician, encouraged by the appearance of a young girl listening to his performance, failed not for a single day to open his harp

sichord at the same hour; neither did Charlottte a single day fail to open her shutters. A taste for the same art seemed to have established an understanding between these two spirits, whose only intercourse was in these sounds.

On the day preceding that on which Charlotte, firmly fixed in her resolution, prepared to depart that she might accomplish it and die, the piano sounded at the usual hour. Charlotte roused from her engrossing thoughts by the force of habit, and unable to resist the pleasing influence of the art which she loved, opened her window as usual, and seemed to listen to the notes with an attention as calm and even more dreamy than on other days. She shut the window, however, with an unusual precipitation before the musician had closed his instrument, as though she wished to tear herself violently away from bidding a painful farewell to the last pleasure which she could indulge in. The next day her young neighbor having seated himself at his instrument looked down into the court-yard of the "Grand Manoir" opposite, to see whether his first prelude would open the shutters of Madame de Bretteville's niece. The window was opened no more. It was by this means that he became aware of Charlotte's departure. The instrument still sounded, but the spirit of the young girl heard nothing save the tumult of her soul-engrossing thoughts, the call to death, and the praise of posterity.

The freedom and unreserve of her conversation in the coach which conveyed her to Paris, procured for her the admiration and good will of her travelling companions, to which was added that peculiar interest which a young stranger of dazzling beauty naturally inspires. She played the whole of the first day with a little girl, who by chance occupied the seat next her own in the coach. Either her love of children overcame her abstraction, or she had already laid down the burden of her sorrows, and wished to enjoy with life and innocence the few hours which yet remained.

The other travellers were distinguished "Montagnards," who were flying to Paris under the suspicion of federalism, and who were eloquent in abuse of the Gironde, and in their admiration of Marat. Struck with the beauty of the young girl, they exerted themselves to extort from her her name, the object of her journey, and her address at Paris. Seeing one so young, alone, and unprotected, they ventured on familiarities, which she checked by the decorum of her manners, and the evasive brevity of her answers, until by feigning sleep she avoided altogether the necessity of speaking. A young man more reserved than the rest, charmed with so much modesty and beauty, ventured to declare his respectful admiration. He besought her to allow him to ask her hand of her parents. She dexterously parried this sudden avowal of love, without, however, saying anything to wound his feelings, by turning it into a subject of mirth. She promised this young man to let him know at a later period her name, and what she felt for him. She continued to charm her fellow travellers by her enchanting grace, and it was with reluctance that at the end of the journey they parted from her.

She entered Paris on Thursday, the 11th of July, at noon. She desired to be set down at an old inn which had been recommended to her when at Caen—the Hôtel de la Providence, No. 17 in the Rue des Vieux-Augustins. She went to bed at five o'clock in the afternoon, and slept soundly till the next morning. Without a confidant, without a companion during these long hours of solitude and nervous agitation, in a public hotel, amidst the noise of that capital, the immensity and tumult of which overwhelms and bewilders the senses, no one can tell what was passing in her mind. Who can imagine the feelings with which on waking again she became conscious of the object of her mission, and the necessity for its immediate fulfilment? Who can sufficiently estimate the resistance made by nature to her resolution, the strength of which finally triumphed?

She rose, and dressing herself simply though respectably, went to the house of Lanze de Perret. The friend of Barbaroux was at the Convention. His daughters, in the absence of their father, received Barbaroux's letter of introduction from the young stranger. Lanze de Perret was not expected home until the evening. Charlotte returned to the hotel, and passed the remainder of the day, reading, thinking, and praying in her own room. At six o'clock she went again to the house of Lanze de Perret. The deputy was at supper with his family and friends. He rose from table, and received her alone in his drawing-room. Charlotte explained to him the nature of the favor which she had to beg of him, and re-

quested him to accompany her to the house of Garat, the Minister of the Interior, and support, by his presence and his influence, the claims she was going to prefer. Mademoiselle de Corday merely made this request as a pretext for gaining access to one of those Girondins, for whose cause she was about to sacrifice herself, in the hope of eliciting from his conversation some information which might give greater security to the execution of her purpose.

Warned by the lateness of the hour, and recalled by his friends, Lanze de Perret told her that he could not introduce her to Garat that day, but that he would call for her the next morning, and conduct her to his office. She left her name and address, and was on the point of retiring, when, as if overcome by the interest with which the honest face of this good man and the youth of his daughter inspired her, she paused, "Allow me, citizen, to offer one word of advice," said she in a mysterious confidential tone, "leave the Convention, you can no longer be of service there. Go to Caen, and rejoin your brothers and your colleagues." "My post is in Paris," replied the deputy, "and I shall not quit it." "You are wrong," replied Charlotte, with a significant, and almost supplicating perseverance. "Believe me," added she in a low voice, and with great rapidity, "you must fly, fly before to-morrow evening," and she went away without waiting for his answer.

These words, the meaning of which was known only to the stranger, were understood by Lanze de Perret merely as an allusion to the impending danger which threatened men of his opinions in Paris. He returned, and seated himself among his friends. He told them that there was something so strange and mysterious in the manners and words of the young person, who had just been with him, that he had been much struck, and felt more than ever the necessity of using caution and circumspection.

In the evening a decree of the Convention ordered warrants to be issued against those deputies who were suspected of attachment to the "vingt deux." Lanze de Perret was of this number. He went, nevertheless, early on the morning of the 12th to Charlotte's lodging, to conduct her to the house of Garat. Garat did not admit them. The minister could not grant an audience till eight o'clock in the evening. This disappointment seemed to discourage Lanze de Perret. He represented to the young girl that as a suspected person, and with the measures taken against him only the night before by the Convention, his patronage, for the future, would be rather prejudicial than otherwise to his clients, besides which he informed her that she ought to be furnished with a power of attorney, authorizing her to act in Mademoiselle de Forbin's name, as without this form all her exertions would be useless.

The stranger soon yielded, for as she no longer required this pretext to conceal her real design, she abandoned it on the first remonstrance. Lanze de Perret left her at the door of the Hôtel de la Providence. She pretended to go in, but she came out again immediately, and inquired the way, street by street, to the Palais Royal.

She entered the garden, not as a stranger wishing to gratify her curiosity by viewing the monuments and public places, but as a traveller who has business to transact, and is not willing to lose his time by taking one unnecessary step. She glanced her eye under the galleries in search of a cutler's shop. She entered, chose a dagger-knife, for which she paid three francs, hid it under her shawl, and walked slowly out into the garden again. She sat down for a moment on one of the stone seats placed against the arcades.

There, though absorbed in her own reflections, she allowed herself to be diverted by the gambols of some children, some of whom played at her feet, or leant confidingly against her knees. She was oppressed by her indecision, not as to the deed itself, for which she was already armed, but as to the manner in which it was to be accomplished. She desired that this murder should partake of the character of a solemn immolation, calculated to inspire terror in the souls of the tyrant's imitators. Her first idea had been to approach Marat, and kill him in the Champ-de-Mars at the grand fete of the Federalists, which was to take place on the 4th of July. The postponement of this solemnity until the Republic should have triumphed over the Vendéan insurgents, deprived her of this scene for the accomplishment of her purpose. Her second thought, and the one which she had entertained until now, had been to strike Marat on the summit of "la Montagne," in the midst of the Convention, and before the eyes of his accomplices and admirers. She hoped, in this case, to be herself sacrificed immediately by the fury of the people, and torn in pieces, leaving no other trace of her existence and

of her deed, than the two bodies, and tyranny expiring in its own blood. To bury her name in oblivion, to seek no recompense but in the act itself, and to demand for the good which she should have accomplished, neither blame nor praise but from God and her own conscience. Such up to the last was the only ambition of her soul. Blame she would have spared her family. Renown she did not desire for herself. Glory seemed to her a mere earthly reward, unworthy of the disinterestedness of her action, and only calculated to lessen the value of her sacrifice.

But from the conversation which she had had since her arrival in Paris, with Lanze de Perret, and with her landlord, she had learnt that Marat no longer appeared in the Convention. She must then seek her victim elsewhere, and to approach him it was necessary to deceive him.

On this she resolved. This dissimulation, which checked the natural sincerity of her heart, converted the dagger into a snare, her courage into stratagem, and the immolation into an assassination, was her first punishment, and the only thing with which her conscience reproached her. One distinguishes between an heroic and a criminal act, even before the acts themselves are accomplished, by the difference of the means used for their accomplishment. Crime is always obliged to screen itself by falsehood; virtue never. One is untruth, the other truth in action. One shuns, the other seeks, the light. Charlotte made up her mind to deceive. It cost her more than to strike. She acknowledged it herself. Her own conscience did her greater justice than posterity.

She returned to her room, and wrote a letter to Marat, which she herself left at the door of the "friend of the people." "I have just arrived from Caen," wrote she; "your love for your country leads me to imagine that you will be glad to be informed of the unfortunate events which have taken place in this part of the republic. I will present myself at your house in about an hour. Be kind enough to grant me an interview, and a few minutes' conversation. I can put you in the way of rendering France an essential service."

Charlotte, counting on the effect of this letter, arrived at Marat's house at the appointed time, but she was not admitted. She then left at the gate a second letter more urgent and more insidious than the first. In it she appealed, not only to the patriotism but to the pity of the "friend of the people," and used as a snare the generosity which she attributed to him. "I wrote to you, Marat, this morning," said she, "did you receive my letter? I can scarcely believe it possible, as I was turned from your door. I trust that to-morrow you will grant me an interview. I repeat that I have just arrived from Caen, and that I have secrets to reveal to you of the greatest importance to the safety of the republic. Besides which I am persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate, which alone suffices to give me a claim on your patriotism."

Without waiting for an answer, she left her room at seven o'clock in the evening, dressed with greater care than usual, in order to mislead the persons by whom Marat was surrounded by her decent appearance. Her white dress was covered on the shoulders by a silk handkerchief. This handkerchief, which concealed her chest, was crossed at the waist and tied behind. Her hair was confined under a Normandy cap, the lace lappets of which fell against her cheeks. A wide green ribbon round her temples fastened this head-dress. Her hair, escaping at the back of her head, fell in ringlets on her shoulders. No paleness of complexion, no wildness of the eye, no tremulousness of the voice, gave indications of the death she carried with her. Thus captivatingly attired she presented herself at Marat's dwelling.

Marat lived in the first story of a ruined house, No. 18, in the Rue des Cordeliers, since converted into an Ecole de Médecine. His lodgings consisted of an ante-chamber, and a study looking into a narrow court, a small room adjoining, in which was his bath, a sleeping-room, and a drawing-room, the windows of which looked upon the street. These apartments were miserably furnished. Marat's numerous works heaped on the floor, public documents still wet with ink scattered on the tables and chairs, printers' foremen going in and out continually, women employed in folding and directing pamphlets and journals; the worn-away steps of the stairs, the dirt at the thresholds of the doors, everything attested the usual bustle and disorder surrounding a man of business, and the concourse of citizens who besieged the house of a journalist and an idol of the people.

This dwelling, so to express it, displayed the pride of his poverty. It seemed as if its

master, then all-powerful with the nation, desired that his visitors should exclaim, at the sight of his misery and labor, "Behold the friend and model of the people! he has neither plundered them of dwellings, luxuries, nor dress."

This poverty was the characteristic of the Tribune. But though it was affected, it was real. The household of Marat was that of an humble artisan. The woman who managed his household was well known. Her name had been formerly Catherine Evrard, but since the "friend of the people" had given her his name by taking her for his wife, one fine day, in the face of the sun, after the example of Jean-Jaques Rousseau, people called her Albertine Marat. A single maid-servant assisted this woman in the household arrangements. A porter, named Laurent Basse, went on errands and did the out-door work. In his leisure moments this hard-worked man employed himself in the ante-chamber with the manual labor necessary for the despatch of the papers and handbills of the "friend of the people."

The restless activity of the writer had not as yet been slackened by the lingering disease which was destroying him. The fever of his blood seemed only to quicken his intellect. Whether in his bed, or in his bath, he never ceased writing, declaiming, inveighing against his enemies, and inciting on the Convention and the Cordeliers. Indignant at the silence of the Convention at the reception of one of his messages, he immediately wrote another letter, in which he threatened the Convention that he would be carried dying to the tribune to shame the representatives for their pusillanimity, and to dictate to them the murders which he deemed necessary. He allowed no repose either to himself or others. Full of the presentiment of death, his only fear seemed to be that his last hour would advance too rapidly to allow him the necessary time to despatch a sufficient number of the proscribed. More anxious to kill than to live, he hastened to send before him the greatest possible number of victims, as so many hostages, offered by the sword to the Revolution which he desired to leave behind him without enemies. The terror which was spread from Marat's house entered it again under another form, the perpetual fear of assassination. His companion and his friends imagined as many daggers raised against him, as he had raised against the lives of three hundred thousand citizens. The access to his dwelling was as strongly guarded as that of a tyrant's palace. No one was allowed to approach him but the most devoted friends, or informers recommended beforehand, and subjected to the minutest interrogation and the strictest examination. Love, suspicion, and fanaticism united, watched over his safety.

Charlotte, though ignorant of these obstacles, suspected them. She alighted from the carriage on the other side of the street, opposite to Marat's dwelling. Daylight was departing, especially in this neighborhood, the gloom of which was deepened by the high houses and narrow streets. The porter refused at first to allow the young unknown to enter the court-yard. She, however, insisted, and mounted several steps of the stairs, recalled in vain by the voice of the doorkeeper. Hearing the voice, Marat's mistress opened the door, and refused admittance to the stranger. The loud altercation of these women, the one entreating to be allowed to speak to the "friend of the people," the other obstinately refusing her admittance, reached the ears of Marat: he gathered from her interrupted expostulations that the visitor was the stranger from whom he had received two letters during the day. In a loud and imperative voice he ordered that she should be admitted. Either from jealousy or distrust, Albertine obeyed with a murmuring reluctance. She introduced the young girl into the room occupied by Marat, and retired, leaving the door of the corridor ajar, in order to hear every word and every movement of the sick man.

This room was dimly lighted; Marat was in his bath. In this forced repose of his body he did not allow his mind to participate. A rough board placed across the bath was covered with papers, open letters, and half-written documents. He held in his right hand the pen, which the entrance of the stranger had suspended on the page. The sheet of paper was a letter to the Convention, demanding sentence of banishment to be pronounced upon the last Bourbons still tolerated in France. On one side of the bath was a heavy block of oak set upright, on which was an inkstand of the roughest workmanship, from whose impure source, during the last three years, so many extravagances of cruelty, so many accusations, and so much blood had flowed. Marat, covered in his bath with a dirty ink-spotted sheet, had only his head, shoulders, chest, and right arm out of the water. There was nothing

in the appearance of this man to touch the heart of a woman, and make her hesitate to strike the blow. Gray hair surrounded by a dirty handkerchief, a retiring forehead, bold eyes, large cheek-bones, an enormous sneering mouth, a hairy chest, emaciated limbs, and a livid skin: such was Marat.

Charlotte avoided catching his eye, for fear of betraying the horror inspired by his appearance. Standing with her eyes cast down, and her hands hanging by the side of the bath, she waited for Marat to question her as to the situation of Normandy. She replied briefly, suiting her answer so as to flatter what she believed to be the disposition of the demagogue. He asked her the names of the deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well," said he, when he had finished writing, with the accent of a man who is sure of vengeance. "Before a week is over they shall be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, as if she had waited for another crime to urge her to the deed, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat. With the same movement Charlotte withdrew the bloody knife from the body of her victim, and let it fall at her feet. "Come to me, my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow.

NOTHING.

Beside the door, one Summer day,
There sat a maiden bright and gay,
And fair, as was the fairy May
That decked the fields around her;
Softly she hummed a blithesome strain,
And glanced adown the grassy lane,
Then turned, and sewed her seam again
With smile and sigh commingled.
"What are you thinking of, my child?"
Her gentle mother said, and smiled,
And turned with anxious glance, yet mild,
Waiting her daughter's answer.
But *she* looked up in bright surprise,
And dropped her lovely tell-tale eyes,
And answered, (are such answers wise?)
"Nothing! dear mother, nothing!"

* * * * * * *

Beside the fire, one winter night
There sat a maiden, still and white,
With eyes all sad, from which the light
Seemed chased away forever.
Anon, she raised her head to smile,
With that self-sacrificing guile
That makes a woman laugh—the while
Her very heart is breaking.
"What ails the girl?" the father said,
And kindly stroked the shining head;
But she, with smile whence joy had fled,
Answered—"Dear father, *nothing!*"

* * * * * * *

A woman, with a lonely look,
Sat reading from a time-worn book,
But often from its page she took
Her calm yet saddened glances.
"My life is passing by,"—she said,
"The years are fleeting o'er my head,
"With swift and sure, though noiseless tread,
"Soon they will all be over.
"And I shall step from off life's stage,
"My hair grown white with work and age,
"But nothing written on life's page
"That I had fondly longed for!"
But, when a child with wondering eyes
Asked her what grieved her, in surprise,
She kissed his cheek, and low replies—
"Nothing! dear childie, nothing!"

* * * * * * *

In Love, oh woman! 'tis for aye
Your fate to seem serene and gay.
And though that heart may break, to say,
Forever,—"It is nothing!"

—*The Canadian Monthly Magazine.*

SARAH KEPPEL.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

[EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I., was born in Sussex, England, 1832. In 1852, at Oxford, he won the Newdigate prize by his English poem on the "*Feast of Belshazzar.*" In 1857, he was appointed principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, and fellow of the University of Bombay, which positions he held till 1861.

Since 1861, he has been on the editorial staff of the "*London Daily Telegraph,*" and published "*The Indian Song of Songs,*" and recently "*The Light of Asia,*" from the latter of which the following extract is made.]

Yet not to love
Alone trusted the king; love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet.
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees, and sâl,
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi-flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Hum out of sight in thickets. Northward soared

The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.

Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls—
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi;
And on the middle porch god Ganesha,
With disk and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious safe, wreathing his sidelong trunk.
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed gallerys, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and gray,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendors of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit
The yellow sun-birds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,
For all was peace: the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this house of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found.
Soft speech and willing service, each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey;
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasôdhara
Queen of the enchanting court.

But innermost,
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones,
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very day paused and grew eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell
Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendor of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew
For always streamed that softening light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup,
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch-girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings: while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting.

Furthermore,
The king commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one dropped
In the lovely court—her dark glance dim, her feet
Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dancer;
At every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed:
For said the king, "If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
To that great stature of fair sovereignty

When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
The king of kings and glory of his time."
* * * * * * * * *
Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains
At full moon in the month of Chaitra Shud,
When mangoes redden and the asôka buds
Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes,
And all the fields are glad and all the towns.
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,
Fragrant with blooms and jeweled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown
From snow-flats on Himâla high outspread;
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear
Rohini's ripples and the hills and plains,
And all the sleeping land, and near at hand
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was,
Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried
Mudra, the watchword, and the countersign
Angana, and the watch-drums beat a round;
Whereat the earth lay still, except for call
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill
Of crickets on the garden grounds.

Within—
Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls,
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise
Where Devîs rested. All the chosen ones
Of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure home were there,
The brightest and most faithful of the court,
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
That you had said, "This is the pearl of all!"
Save that beside her or beyond her lay
Fairer and fairer, till the pleasured gaze
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,
Caught by each color till the next is seen.
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jeweled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace.
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.
Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert antelope, its slender head
Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts
Soft nestling: it was eating—when both drowsed—
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving mógra-buds, which bound
Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid color, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the antechamber of the prince;
But at the purdah's fringe the sweetest slept—
Gunga and Gotami—chief ministers
In that still house of love.

The purdah hung,
Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold,
Across a portal carved in sandal wood.
Whence by three steps the way was to the bower
Of inmost splendor, and the marriage-couch
Set on dais soft with silver cloths,
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles
Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pearl,
Cut shapely from the shells of Lanka's wave;
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade,
Jacynth and jasper; woven round the dome,
And down the sides, and all about the frames
Wherein were set the fretted lattices,
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and cool airs,
Scents from the shell flowers and the jasmine sprays
Not bringing thither grace or tenderness
Sweeter than shed from those fair presences
Within the place—the beauteous Sâkya prince,
And hers, the stately, bright Yasôdhara.
Half risen from her soft nest at his side,
The chuddah fallen to her waist, her brow
Laid in both palms, the lovely princess leaned
With heaving bosom and fast falling tears.
Thrice with her lips she touched Siddârtha's hand,

And at the third kiss moaned, "Awake, my Lord!
Give me the comfort of thy speech!" Then he—
"What is it with thee, O my life?" but still
She moaned anew before the words would come;
Then spake, "Alas, my prince! I sank to sleep
Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee
Quickened this eye, and at my heart there beat
That double pulse of life and joy and love;
Whose happy music lulled me, but—ah!—
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,
With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.
I saw a white bull with wide branching horns,
A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets,
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone
As if some star had dropped to glitter there,
Or like the kantha-stone the great snake keeps
To make bright daylight underneath the earth.
Slow through the streets toward the gates he paced,
And none could stay him, though there came a voice
From Indra's temple, 'If ye stay him not,
The glory of the city goeth forth.'
Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,
And locked my arms about his neck, and strove
And bade them bar the gates; but that ox-king
Bellowed, and lightly tossing free his crest,
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,
Trampled the warders down and passed away.
The next strange dream was this: Four presences
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful
They seemed the regents of the earth who dwell
On mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,
Swift swept unto our city, where I saw
The golden flag of Indra on the gate
Flutter and fall; and lo! there rose instead
A glorious banner, all the folds whereof
Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn
Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom
Set forth new words and weighty sentences
Whose message made all living creatures glad;
And from the east the wind of sunrise blew
With tender waft, opening those jeweled scrolls
So that all flesh might read; and wondrous blooms—
Plucked in what clime I know not—fell in showers,
Colored as none are colored in our groves."

Then spake the prince: "All this, my lotus flower;
Was good to see." "Ah lord," the princess said,
"Save that it ended with a voice of fear
Crying, 'The time is nigh! the time is nigh!'
Thereat the third dream came; for when I sought
Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe—
Nothing of thee but those!—nothing of thee,
Who art my life and light, my king, my world!
And sleeping still I rose, and sleeping saw
Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,
Change to a stinging snake; my ankle-rings
Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall;
The jasmines in my hair wither to dust;
While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground,
And something rent the crimson purdah down;
Then far away I heard the white bull low,
And far away the embroidered banner flap,
And once again that cry 'The time is come!'
But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—
I woke! O prince! what may such visions mean
Except I die, or—worse than any death—
Thou shouldst forsake me or be taken?"
Sweet
As the last smile of sunset was the look
Siddârtha bent upon his weeping wife.
"Comfort thee, dear!" he said, "if comfort lives
In changeless love; for though thy dreams may be
Shadow of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara."

HERODOTUS.

[HERODOTUS, a Greek historian, born about 484 B. C., is perhaps properly called "The Father of History," as no historical compositions by Greek writers have come down to us before his, if any such existed. He was an experienced traveller and observer, and his minute descriptions of the countries, people, manners and wonders of Egypt and the neighboring regions are recorded with uniform fidelity and care. Though his love of the marvellous sometimes leads him to narrate things which modern credulity cannot accept, the leading quality of his work is graphic and entertaining descriptions of what he saw, combined with such traditional and historical information as he gathered.]

These other things were also invented by the Egyptians. Each month and day is assigned to some particular god; and according to the day on which each person is born, *they determine* what will befall him, how he will die, and what kind of person he will be. And these things the Grecian poets have made use of. They have also discovered more prodigies than all the rest of the world; for when any prodigy occurs, they carefully observe and write down the result; and if a similar occurrence should happen afterwards they think the result will be the same. The art of divination is in this condition: it is attributed to no human being, but only to some of the gods. For they have amongst them an oracle of Hercules, Apollo, Minerva, Diana, Mars, and Jupiter; and that which they honour above all others, is the oracle of Latona in the city of Buto. Their modes of delivering oracles however are not all alike, but differ from each other. The art of medicine is thus divided amongst them: each physician

applies himself to one disease only, and not more. All places abound in physicians; some physicians are for the eyes, others for the head, others for the teeth, others for the parts about the belly, and others for internal disorders.

The Egyptians who dwell above the morasses, observe all these customs; but those who live in the morasses, have the same customs as the rest of the Egyptians, and as in other things, so in this, that each man has but one wife, like the Greeks. But to obtain food more easily, they have the following inventions: when the river is full, and has made the plains like a sea, great numbers of lilies, which the Egyptians call lotus, spring up in the water: these they gather and dry in the sun; then having pounded the middle of the lotus, which resembles a poppy, they make bread of it and bake it. The root also of this lotus is fit for food, and is tolerably sweet; and is round, and of the size of an apple. There are also other lilies, like roses, that grow in the river, the fruit of which is contained in a separate pod, that springs up from the root in form very like a wasp's nest; in this there are many berries fit to be eaten, of the size of an olive stone, and they are eaten both fresh and dried. The byblus, which is an annual plant, when they have pulled it up in the fens, they cut off the top of it and put to some other uses, but the lower part that is left, to the length of a cubit, they eat and sell. Those who are anxious to eat the byblus dressed in the most delicate manner, stew it in a hot pan and then eat it. Some of them live entirely on fish, which they catch, and gut, and dry in the sun, and then eat them dried.

The Egyptians who live about the fens use an oil drawn from the fruit of the sillicypria, which they call cici; and they make it in the following manner: they plant these sillicypria, which in Greece grow spontaneous and wild, on the banks of the rivers and lakes: these, when planted in Egypt, bear abundance of fruit, though of an offensive smell. When they have gathered it, some bruise it and press out the oil; others boil and stew it, and collect the liquid that flows from it; this is fat, and no less suited for lamps than olive oil; but it emits an offensive smell. They have the following contrivance to protect themselves from the musquitoes, which abound very much. The towers are of great service to those who inhabit the upper parts of the marshes; for the mosquitoes are prevented by the winds from flying high: but those who live round the marshes have contrived another expedient instead of the towers. Every man has a net, with which in the day he takes fish, and at night uses it in the following manner: in whatever bed he sleeps, he throws the net around it, and then getting in, sleeps under it: if he should wrap himself up in his clothes or linen, the musquitoes would bite through them, but they never attempt to bite through the net.

Their ships in which they convey merchandise are made of the acacia, which in shape is very like the Cyrenæan lotus, and its exudation is gum. From this acacia they cut planks about two cubits in length, and join them together like bricks, building their ships in the following manner. They fasten the planks of two cubits length round stout and long ties: when they have thus built the hulls, they lay benches across them. They make no use of ribs, but caulk the seams inside with byblus. They make only one rudder, and that is driven through the keel. They use a mast of acacia, and sails of byblus. These vessels are unable to sail up the stream unless a fair wind prevails, but are towed from the shore. They are thus carried down the stream: there is a hurdle made of tamarisk, wattled with a band of reeds, and a stone bored through the middle, of about two talents in weight; of these two, the hurdle is fastened to a cable, and let down at the prow of the vessel to be carried on by the stream; and the stone by another cable at the stern; and by this means the hurdle, by the stream bearing hard upon it, moves quickly and draws along "the baris," (for this is the name given to these vessels,) but the stone being dragged at the stern, and sunk to the bottom, keeps the vessel in its course. They have very many of these vessels, and some of them carry many thousand talents. When the Nile inundates the country, the cities alone are seen above its surface, very like the islands in the Ægean Sea; for all the rest of Egypt becomes a sea, and the cities alone are above the surface. When this happens, they navigate no longer by the channel of the river, but across the plain. To a person sailing from Naucratis to Memphis, the passage is by the pyramids; this, however, is not the usual course, but by the point of the Delta and the city of Cercasorus; and in sailing from the sea and Canopus to Naucratis across the plain,

you will pass by the city of Anthylla and that called Archandropolis. Of these, Anthylla, which is a city of importance, is assigned to purchase shoes for the wife of the reigning king of Egypt; and this has been so as long as Egypt has been subject to the Persians. The other city appears to me to derive its name from the son-in-law of Danaus, Archander, son of Phthius, and grandson of Achæus; for it is called Archandropolis. There may indeed have been another Archander; but the name is certainly not Egyptian.

Hitherto I have related what I have seen, what I have thought, and what I have learnt by inquiry: but from this point I proceed to give the Egyptian account according to what I heard; and there is added to it something also of my own observation. The priests informed me, that Menes, who first ruled over Egypt, in the first place protected Memphis by a mound; for the whole river formerly ran close to the sandy mountain on the side of Libya; but Menes, beginning about a hundred stades above Memphis, filled in the elbow towards the south, dried up the old channel, and conducted the river into a canal, so as to make it flow between the mountains: this bend of the Nile, which flows excluded from *its ancient course*, is still carefully upheld by the Persians, being made secure every year; for if the river should break through and overflow in this part, there would be danger lest all Memphis should be flooded. When the part cut off had been made firm land by this Menes, who was first king, he in the first place built on it the city that is now called Memphis; for Memphis is situate in the narrow part of Egypt; and outside of it he excavated a lake from the river towards the north and the west; for the Nile itself bounds it towards the east. In the next place, *they relate* that he built in it the temple of Vulcan, which is vast and well worthy of mention. After this the priests enumerated from a book the names of three hundred and thirty other kings. In so many generations of men, there were eighteen Ethiopians and one native queen; the rest were Egyptians. The name of this woman who reigned, was the same as that of the Babylonian queen, Nitocris: they said that she avenged her brother, whom the Egyptians had slain, while reigning over them; and after they had slain him, they then delivered the kingdom to her; and she, to avenge him, destroyed many of the Egyptians by stratagem: for having caused an extensive apartment to be made under ground, she pretended that she was going to consecrate it, but in reality had another design in view: and having invited those of the Egyptians whom she knew to have been principally concerned in the murder, she gave a great banquet, and when they were feasting, she let in the river upon them, through a large concealed channel. This is all they related of her, except that, when she had done this, she threw herself into a room full of ashes in order that she might escape punishment. Of the other kings they did not mention any memorable deeds, nor that they were in any respect renowned, except one, the last of them, Mœris; but he accomplished some memorable works, as the portal of Vulcan's temple, facing the north wind; and dug a lake, (the dimensions of which I shall describe hereafter,) and built pyramids in it, the size of which I shall also mention when I come to speak of the lake itself. He, then, achieved these several works, but none of the others achieved any thing.

Having therefore passed them by, I shall proceed to make mention of the king that came after them, whose name was Sesostris.

The priests said that he was the first who, setting out in ships of war from the Arabian Gulf, subdued those nations that dwell by the Red Sea; until sailing onwards, he arrived at a sea which was not navigable on account of the shoals; and afterwards, when he came back to Egypt, according to the report of the priests, he assembled a large army, and marched through the continent, subduing every nation that he fell in with; and wherever he met with any who were valiant, and who were very ardent in defence of their liberty, he erected columns in their territory, with inscriptions declaring his own name and country, and how he had conquered them by his power: but when he subdued any cities without fighting and easily, he made inscriptions on columns in the same way as among the nations that had proved themselves valiant; and he had besides engraved on them the secret parts of a woman, wishing to make it known that they were cowardly. Thus doing, he traversed the continent, until, having crossed from Asia into Europe, he subdued the Scythians and Thracians: to these the Egyptian army appears to me to have reached, and no farther; for in their country the columns appear to have been

erected, but no where beyond them. From thence, wheeling round, he went back again; and when he arrived at the river Phasis, I am unable after this to say with certainty, whether king Sesostris himself, having detached a portion of his army, left them there to settle in that country, or whether some of the soldiers, being wearied with his wandering expedition, of their own accord remained by the river Phasis.

THE DISCOVERY OF MONTREAL.

[Francis Parkman was born at Boston, Mass., Sept. 16th, 1823. He graduated at Harvard College in 1844; he devoted himself to the study of early American History and has produced several historical works of a high order. Among these are "*History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*," "*The Jesuits in North America*," "*The Oregon Trail*," "*La Salle's Discovery of the Great West*," and "*The Pioneers of France in the New World*."—Little and Brown, Boston.] From the latter we extract.

Slowly gliding on their way, by walls of verdure, brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape-vines, and waters alive with wild-fowl; they heard the song of the blackbird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. The galleon grounded; they left her, and, advancing with the boats alone, on the second of October neared the goal of their hopes, the mysterious Hochelaga.

Where now are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and, as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.

At dawn of day, marshalled and accoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led them through the forest which covered the site of Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp, the leaves were changing hue, and beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns. They soon met an Indian chief with a party of tribesmen, or, as the old narrative has it, "one of the principal lords of the said city," attended with a numerous retinue. Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth, and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital of his eloquence two hatchets, two knives, and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. This done, they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields, covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grains gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frosts, rose the ridgy back of the Mountain of Montreal, and below, encompassed with its cornfields, lay the Indian town. Nothing was visible but its encircling palisades. They were of trunks of trees, set in a triple row. The outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit, while the upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength. Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of assailants. It was a mode of fortification practised by all the tribes speaking dialects of the Iroquois.

The voyagers entered the narrow portal. Within, they saw some fifty of those large oblong dwellings so familiar in after-years to the eyes of the Jesuit apostles in Iroquois and Huron forests. They were fifty yards or more in length, and twelve or fifteen wide, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark, and each containing many fires and many families. In the midst of the town was an open area, or public square, a stone's throw in width. Here, Cartier and his followers stopped, while the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates,—swarms of children, and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about the visitors, crying for delight, touching their beards, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn. Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and glittering halberd, helmet, and cuirass,—were the marvellous strangers demigods or men?

Due time allowed for this exuberance of feminine rapture, the warriors interposed, banished the women and children to a distance, and squatted on the ground around the French, row within row of swarthy forms and eager faces, "as if," says Cartier, "we were going to act a play." Then appeared a troop of women, each bringing a mat, with which they carpeted the bare

earth for the behoof of their guests. The latter being seated, the chief of the nation was borne before them on a deer-skin by a number of his tribesmen, a bedridden old savage, paralyzed and helpless, squalid as the rest in his attire, and distinguished only by a red fillet, inwrought with the dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, encircling his lank, black hair. They placed him on the ground at Cartier's feet and made signs of welcome for him, while he pointed feebly to his powerless limbs, and implored the healing touch from the hand of the French chief. Cartier complied, and received in acknowledgment the red fillet of his grateful patient. And now from surrounding dwellings appeared a woful throng, the sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the decrepit, brought or led forth and placed on the earth before the perplexed commander, "as if," he says, "a God had come down to cure them." His skill in medicine being far behind the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners a portion of the Gospel of St. John, of infallible efficacy on such occasions, made the sign of the cross, and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. Next he read the passion of the Saviour, to which, though comprehending not a word, his audience listened with grave attention. Then came a distribution of presents. The squaws and children were recalled, and, with the warriors, placed in separate groups. Knives and hatchets were given to the men, beads to the women, and pewter rings and images of the *Agnus Dei* flung among the troop of children, whence ensued a vigorous scramble in the square of Hochelaga. Now the French trumpeters pressed their trumpets to their lips, and blew a blast that filled the air with warlike din and the hearts of the hearers with amazement and delight. Bidding their hosts farewell, the visitors formed their ranks and defiled through the gate once more, despite the efforts of a crowd of women, who, with clamorous hospitality, beset them with gifts of fish, beans, corn, and other viands of strangely uninviting aspect, which the Frenchmen courteously declined.

A troop of Indians followed, and guided them to the top of the neighboring mountain. Cartier called it *Mont Royal*, Montreal; and hence the name of the busy city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga. Stadacone and Hochelaga, Quebec and Montreal, in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth, were the centres of Canadian population.

From the summit, that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed, since, first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle-ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods.

CHANGES.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And Life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear:
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all? who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know.
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare not think!
We all are changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the Past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all.

LORD LYTTON, (Owen Meredith.)

TO MELPOMENE.

[This ode of HORACE, famous in all time for sweetness and dignity, is translated in *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

"Quem tu, Melpomene, semel."

Whom thou, Melpomene,
Hast once with still bright aspect marked at birth,
On him no Isthmian toils
Shall shed the lustre of an athlete's fame.

Him shall no fiery steed
Ravish to victory in Achanian car;
In him no warlike deeds
Shall from the hill-top of the Capitol

Show to a world's applause
The glorious image of a conquering chief,
With Delian leaves adorned
Who crushed the swelling menaces of kings.

Yet him shall streams that flow
Through fertile Tiber, and the thick-grown locks
Of the green forest-kings,
Endow with lordship—in Æolian song.

Me have the sons of Rome,
Sovereign of cities, deigned to enrol amidst
The choir beloved of bards,
And now ev'n Envy bites with milder fang.

O, thou Pierian Muse,
That tun'st the sweet clash of the golden shell;
Thou who, if such thy will,
Couldst make mute fishes musical as swans,

Thine is the boon, all thine,
That I am singled from the passers-by,
"Lyrist of Roman song!"
Thine that I breathe and please, if please I may.

THE LAST POET.

[Anton Alexander, Count von Auersperg, 1806–1876, was a German poet of fine literary skill, whose *nom de plume* was Anastasius Grün.]

TRANSLATED BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

"When will you bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?

"Is it not long since empty,—
The horn of full supply:
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?"

As long as the sun's chariot
Shall keep its azure track,
And but one human visage
Give answering glances back

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempest
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
Of reconcilement glow;

As long as Night the concave
Sows with her starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle,
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in Pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress-shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;—

So long on earth shall wander
The Goddess Poesy;
And with her one, exulting
Her votary to be.

And singing on, triumphing
The old earth mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel;
He is the last man too.

ON A JOKE I ONCE HEARD FROM THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

The good-natured reader who has perused some of these rambling papers has long since seen (if to see has been worth his trouble) that the writer belongs to the old-fashioned classes of this world, loves to remember very much more than to prophesy, and though he can't help being carried onward, and downward, perhaps, on the hill of life, the swift milestones marking their forties, fifties—how many tens or lustres shall we say?—he sits under Time, the white-wigged charioteer, with his back to the horses, and his face to the past, looking at the receding landscape and the hills fading

into the grey distance. Ah me! those grey distant hills were green once, and *here*, and covered with smiling people! As we came *up* the hill there was difficulty, and here and there a hard pull to be sure, but strength, and spirits, and all sorts of cheery incident and companionship on the road; there were the tough struggles (by Heaven's merciful will) overcome, the pauses, the faintings, the weakness, the lost way, perhaps, the bitter weather, the dreadful partings, the lonely night, the passionate grief—towards these I turn my thoughts as I sit and think in my hobby-coach under Time, the silver-wigged charioteer. The young folks in the same carriage meanwhile are looking forwards. Nothing escapes their keen eyes—not a flower at the side of a cottage-garden, nor a bunch of rosy-faced children at the gate: the landscape is all bright, the air brisk and jolly, the town yonder looks beautiful, and do you think they have learned to be difficult about the dishes at the inn?

Now, suppose Paterfamilias on his journey with his wife and children in the sociable, and he passes an ordinary brick house on the road with an ordinary little garden in the front, we will say, and quite an ordinary knocker to the door, and as many sashed windows as you please, quite common and square, and tiles, windows, chimney-pots, quite like others; or suppose, in driving over such and such a common, he sees an ordinary tree, and an ordinary donkey browsing under it, if you like—wife and daughter look at these objects without the slightest particle of curiosity or interest. What is a brass knocker to them but a lion's head, or what not? and a thorn-tree with a pool beside it, but a pool in which a thorn and a jackass are reflected?

But you remember how once upon a time your heart used to beat, as you beat on that brass knocker, and whose eyes looked from the window above? You remember how by that thorn-tree and pool, where the geese were performing a prodigious evening concert, there might be seen, at a certain hour, somebody in a certain cloak and bonnet, who happened to be coming from a village yonder, and whose image had flickered in that pool? In that pool near the thorn? Yes, in that goose-pool, never mind how long ago, when there were reflected the images of the geese—and two geese more. Here, at least, an oldster may have the advantage of his young fellow-travellers, and so Putney Heath or the New Road may be invested with a halo of brightness invisible to them, because it only beams out of his own soul.

I have been reading the Memorials of Hood by his children, and wonder whether the book will have the same interest for others and for younger people, as for persons of my own age and calling. Books of travel to any country become interesting to us who have been there. Men revisit the old school, though hateful to them, with ever so much kindliness and sentimental affection. There was the tree, under which the bully licked you: here the ground where you had to fag out on holidays, and so forth. In a word, my dear sir, *You* are the most interesting subject to yourself, of any that can occupy your worship's thoughts. I have no doubt, a Crimean soldier, reading a history of that siege, and how Jones and the gallant 99th were ordered to charge or what not, thinks, "Ah, yes, we of the 100th were placed so and so, I perfectly remember." So with this memorial of poor Hood, it may have, no doubt, a greater interest for me than for others, for I was fighting, so to speak, in a different part of the field, and engaged, a young subaltern in the Battle of Life, in which Hood fell, young still and covered with glory. "The Bridge of Sighs" was his Corunna, his heights of Abraham—sickly, weak, wounded, he fell in the full blaze and fame of that great victory.

What manner of man was the genius who penned that famous song? What like was Wolfe, who climbed and conquered on those famous heights of Abraham? We all want to know details regarding men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. His one or two happy and heroic actions take a man's name and memory out of the crowd of names and memories. Henceforth he stands eminent. We scan him: we want to know all about him: we walk round and examine him, are curious, perhaps, and think are we not as strong and tall and capable as yonder champion; were we not bred as well, and could we not endure the winter's cold as well as he? Or we look up with all our eyes of admiration; will find no fault with our hero; declare his beauty and proportions perfect; his critics envious detractors, and so forth. Yesterday, before he performed his feat, he was nobody. Who cared about his birthplace, his parentage, or the colour of his hair? To-

day, by some single achievement, or by a series of great actions to which his genius accustoms us, he is famous, and antiquarians are busy finding out under what schoolmaster's ferule he was educated, where his grandmother was vaccinated, and so forth. If half a dozen washing-bills of Goldsmith's were to be found to-morrow, would they not inspire a general interest, and be printed in a hundred papers? I lighted upon Oliver, not very long since, in an old Town and Country Magazine, at the Pantheon masquerade "in an old English habit." Straightway my imagination ran out to meet him, to look at him, to follow him about. I forgot the names of scores of fine gentlemen of the past age, who were mentioned besides. We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us; who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought. I protest when I came, in the midst of those names of people of fashion, and beaux, and demireps, upon those names "*Sir J. R-yn-lds; in a domino; Mr. Cr-d-ck and Dr. G-ldsm-th, in two old English dresses*," I had, so to speak, my heart in my mouth. What, *you* here, my dear Sir Joshua? Ah, what an honour and privilege it is to see you! This is Mr. Goldsmith? And very much, sir, the ruff and the slashed doublet become you! O Doctor! what a pleasure I had and have in reading *Animated Nature*. How *did* you learn the secret of writing the decasyllabic line, and whence that sweet wailing note of tenderness that accompanies your song? Was Beau Tibbs a real man, and will you do me the honour of allowing me to sit at your table at supper? Don't you think you know how he would have talked? Would you not have liked to hear him prattle over the champagne?

Now, Hood is passed away—passed off the earth as much as Goldsmith or Horace. The times in which he lived, and in which very many of us lived and were young, are changing or changed. I saw Hood once as a young man, at a dinner which seems almost as ghostly now as that masquerade at the Pantheon (1772), of which we were speaking anon. It was at a dinner of the Literary Fund, in that vast apartment which is hung round with the portraits of very large Royal Freemasons, now unsubstantial ghosts. There at the end of the room was Hood. Some publishers, I think, were our companions. I quite remember his pale face; he was thin and deaf, and very silent; he scarcely opened his lips during the dinner, and he made one pun. Some gentleman missed his snuff-box, and Hood said, ——(the Freemasons' Tavern was kept, you must remember, by Mr. CUFF in those days, not by its present proprietors). Well, the box being lost, and asked for, and CUFF (remember that name) being the name of the landlord, Hood opened his silent jaws and said * * * * * Shall I tell you what he said? It was not a very good pun, which the great punster then made. Choose your favourite pun out of *Whims and Oddities*, and fancy that was the joke which he contributed to the hilarity of our little table.

Where those asterisks are drawn on the page, you must know a pause occurred, during which I was engaged with *Hood's Own*, having been referred to the book, by this life of the author which I have just been reading. I am not going to dissert on Hood's humour; I am not a fair judge. Have I not said elsewhere that there are one or two wonderfully old gentlemen still alive who used to give me tips when I was a boy? I can't be a fair critic about them. I always think of that sovereign, that rapture of raspberry tarts, which made my young days happy. Those old sovereign-contributors may tell stories ever so old, and I shall laugh; they may commit murder, and I shall believe it was justifiable homicide. There is my friend Baggs, who goes about abusing me, and of course our dear mutual friends tell me. Abuse away, *mon bon!* You were so kind to me when I wanted kindness, that you may take the change out of that gold now, and say I am a cannibal and negro, if you will. Ha, Baggs! Dost thou wince as thou readest this line? Does guilty conscience throbbing at thy breast tell thee of whom the fable is narrated? Puff out thy wrath, and, when it has ceased to blow, my Baggs shall be to me as the Baggs of old—the generous, the gentle, the friendly.

No, on second thoughts, I am determined I will not repeat that joke which I heard Hood make. He says he wrote these jokes with such ease that he sent manuscripts to the publishers faster than they could acknowledge the receipt thereof. I won't say that they were all good jokes, or that to read a great book full of them is a work at present altogether jocular. Writing to a friend respecting some memoir of him which had been published, Hood says, "You will judge how well the author knows me, when he

says my mind is rather serious than comic." At the time when he wrote these words, he evidently undervalued his own serious power, and thought that in punning and broad-grinning lay his chief strength. Is not there something touching in that simplicity and humility of faith? "To make laugh is my calling," says he; "I must jump, I must grin, I must tumble, I must turn language head over heels, and leap through grammar;" and he goes to his work humbly and courageously, and what he has to do that does he with all his might, through sickness, through sorrow, through exile, poverty, fever, depression—there he is, always ready to his work, and with a jewel of genius in his pocket! Why, when he laid down his puns and pranks, put the motley off, and spoke out of his heart, all England and America listened in tears and wonder! Other men have delusions of conceit and fancy themselves greater than they are, and that the world slights them. Have we not heard how Liston always thought he ought to play Hamlet? Here is a man with a power to touch the heart almost unequalled, and he passes days and years in writing "Young Ben he was a nice young man," and so forth. To say truth, I have been reading in a book of *Hood's Own* until I am perfectly angry. "You great man, you good man, you true genius and poet," I cry out, as I turn page after page. "Do, do, make no more of these jokes, but be yourself, and take your station."

When Hood was on his death-bed, Sir Robert Peel, who only knew of his illness, not of his imminent danger, wrote to him a noble and touching letter, announcing that a pension was conferred on him:

"I am more than repaid," writes Peel, "by the personal satisfaction which I have had in doing that for which you return me warm and characteristic acknowledgments.

"You perhaps think that you are known to one with such multifarious occupations as myself merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you that there can be little which you have written and acknowledged which I have not read; and that there are few who can appreciate and admire more than myself the good sense and good feeling which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined. You may write on with the consciousness of independence, as free and unfettered as if no communication had ever passed between us. I am not conferring a private obligation upon you, but am fulfilling the intentions of the legislature which has placed at the disposal of the Crown a certain sum (miserable, indeed, in amount) to be applied to the recognition of public claims on the bounty of the Crown. If you will review the names of those, whose claims have been admitted on account of their literary or scientific eminence, you will find an ample confirmation of the truth of my statement.

"One return, indeed, I shall ask of you,—that you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance."

And Hood, writing to a friend, enclosing a copy of Peel's letter, says: "Sir R. Peel came from Burleigh on Tuesday night, and went down to Brighton on Saturday. If he had written by post, I should not have had it till to-day. So he sent his servant with the enclosed on *Saturday night;* another mark of considerate attention." He is frightfully unwell, he continues, his wife says he looks *quite green:* but ill as he is, poor fellow, "his well is not dry. He has pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun, is drawing some cuts, and shall write a sheet more of his novel."

O sad, marvellous picture of courage, of honesty, of patient endurance, of duty struggling against pain! How noble Peel's figure is standing by that sick bed! how generous his words, how dignified and sincere his compassion! And the poor dying man, with a heart full of natural gratitude towards his noble benefactor, must turn to him and say—"If it be well to be remembered by a minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a 'hurly Burleigh!'" Can you laugh? Is not the joke horribly pathetic from the poor dying lips? As dying Robin Hood must fire a last shot with his bow—as one reads of Catholics on their death-beds putting on a Capuchin dress to go out of the world—here is poor Hood at his last hour putting on his ghastly motley, and uttering one joke more.

He dies, however, in dearest love and peace with his children, wife, and friends; to the former especially his whole life had been devoted, and every day showed his fidelity, simplicity, and affection. In going through the record of his most pure, modest, honourable life, and living along with him, you come to trust him thoroughly and feel

that here is a most loyal, affectionate, and upright soul, with whom you have been brought into communion. Can we say as much for all lives of all men of letters? Here is one at least without guile, without pretension, without scheming, of a pure life, to his family and little modest circle of friends tenderly devoted.

And what a hard work, and what a slender reward! In the little domestic details with which the book abounds, what a simple life is shown to us! The most simple little pleasures and amusements delight and occupy him. You have revels on shrimps; the good wife making the pie; details about the maid, and criticisms on her conduct; wonderful tricks played with the plum-pudding—all the pleasures centring round the little humble home. One of the first men of his time, he is appointed editor of a magazine at a salary of £300 per annum, signs himself exultingly "Ed. N. M. M.," and the family rejoice over the income as over a fortune. He goes to a Greenwich dinner—what a feast and rejoicing afterwards!

"Well, we drank 'the Boz' with a delectable clatter, which drew from him a good warm-hearted speech. . . . He looked very well, and had a younger brother along with him. . . . . Then we had songs. Barham chanted a Robin Hood ballad, and Cruikshank sang a burlesque ballad of Lord H——; and somebody, unknown to me, gave a capital imitation of a French showman. Then we toasted Mrs. Boz, and the Chairman, and Vice, and the Traditional Priest sang the 'Deep deep sea,' in his deep deep voice; and then we drank to Procter, who wrote the said song; also Sir J. Wilson's good health, and Cruikshank's and Ainsworth's: and a Manchester friend of the latter sang a Manchester ditty, so full of trading stuff, that it really seemed to have been not composed, but manufactured. Jerdan, as Jerdanish as usual on such occasions—you know how paradoxically he is *quite at home* in *dining out*. As to myself, I had to make my *second maiden speech*, for Mr. Monckton Milnes proposed my health in terms my modesty might allow me to repeat to *you*, but my memory won't. However, I ascribed the toast to my notoriously bad health, and assured them that their wishes had already improved it—that I felt a brisker circulation—a more genial warmth about the heart, and explained that a certain trembling of my hand was not from palsy, or my old ague, but an inclination in my hand to shake itself with every one present. Whereupon I had to go through the friendly ceremony with as many of the company as were within reach, besides a few more who came express from the other end of the table. *Very* gratifying, wasn't it? Though I cannot go quite so far as Jane, who wants me to have that hand chopped off, bottled, and preserved in spirits. She was sitting up for me, very anxiously, as usual when I go out, because I am so domestic and steady, and was down at the door before I could ring at the gate, to which Boz kindly sent me in his own carriage. Poor girl! what *would* she do if she had a wild husband instead of a tame one?"

And the poor anxious wife is sitting up, and fondles the hand which has been shaken by so many illustrious men! The little feast dates back only eighteen years, and yet somehow it seems as distant as a dinner at Mr. Thrale's, or a meeting at Will's.

Poor little gleam of sunshine! very little good cheer enlivens that sad simple life. We have the triumph of the magazine; then a new magazine projected and produced; then illness and the last scene, and the kind Peel by the dying man's bedside, speaking noble words of respect and sympathy, and soothing the last throbs of the tender honest heart.

I like, I say, Hood's life even better than his books, and I wish, with all my heart, *Monsieur et cher confrère*, the same could be said for both of us, when the ink-stream of our life hath ceased to run. Yes: if I drop first, dear Baggs, I trust you may find reason to modify some of the unfavourable views of my character, which you are freely imparting to our mutual friends. What ought to be the literary man's point of honour now-a-days? Suppose, friendly reader, you are one of the craft, what legacy would you like to leave your children? First of all (and by Heaven's gracious help) you would pray and strive to give them such an endowment of love, as should last certainly for all their lives, and perhaps be transmitted to their children. You would (by the same aid and blessing) keep your honour pure, and transmit a name unstained to those who have a right to bear it. You would,—though this faculty of giving is one of the easiest of the literary man's qualities—you would, out of your earnings, small or great, be able to help a poor brother in need, to dress his wounds, and, if it were but twopence, to give him succour. Is the money

which the noble Macaulay gave to the poor lost to his family? God forbid. To the loving hearts of his kindred is it not rather the most precious part of their inheritance? It was invested in love and righteous doing, and it bears interest in heaven. You will, if letters be your vocation, find saving harder than giving or spending. To save, be your endeavour too, against the night's coming when no man may work; when the arm is weary with the long day's labour; when the brain perhaps grows dark; when the old, who can labour no more, want warmth and rest, and the young ones call for supper.

WM. M. THACKERAY.

WIFE, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

[HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. Born, 1770. A writer of *vers de société*. Died 1834.]

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he, dying, remembers
How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The dayspring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends:
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favourite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and friends

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink—pledge me high: love and virtue shall flavour
The glass which I fill to wife, children, and friends.

BACON'S TRIAL.

On the 19th of March the King sent a message to the Commons, expressing his deep regret that so eminent a person as the Chancellor should be suspected of misconduct. His Majesty declared that he had no wish to screen the guilty from justice, and proposed to appoint a new kind of tribunal, consisting of eighteen commissioners, who might be chosen from among the members of the two Houses, to investigate the matter. The Commons were not disposed to depart from their regular course of proceeding. On the same day they held a conference with the Lords, and delivered in the heads of the accusation against the Chancellor. At this conference Bacon was not present. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and abandoned by all those in whom he had weakly put his trust, he had shut himself up in his chamber from the eyes of men. The dejection of his mind soon disordered his body. Buckingham, who visited him by the king's order, "found his lordship very sick and heavy." It appears from a pathetic letter which the unhappy man addressed to the Peers on the day of the conference, that he neither expected nor wished to survive his disgrace. During several days he remained in his bed, refusing to see any human being. He passionately told his attendants to leave him, to forget him, never again to name his name, never to remember that there had been such a man in the world. In the meantime, fresh instances of corruption were every day brought to the knowledge of his accusers. The number of charges rapidly increased from two to twenty-three. The Lords entered on the investigation of the case with laudable alacrity. Some witnessess were examined at the bar of the House. A select committee was appointed to take the depositions of others; and the inquiry was rapidly proceeding, when, on the 26th of March, the

king adjourned the Parliament for three weeks.

This measure revived Bacon's hopes. He made the most of his short respite. He attempted to work on the feeble mind of the king. He appealed to all the strongest feelings of James, to his fears, to his vanity, to his high notions of prerogative. Would the Solomon of the age commit so gross an error as to encourage the encroaching spirit of Parliaments? Would God's anointed, accountable to God alone, pay homage to the clamorous multitude? "Those," exclaimed Bacon, "who now strike at the Chancellor will soon strike at the Crown. I am the first sacrifice. I wish I may be the last." But all his eloquence and address were employed in vain. Indeed, whatever Mr. Montagu may say, we are firmly convinced that it was not in the king's power to save Bacon, without having recourse to measures which would have convulsed the realm. The Crown had not sufficient influence over the Parliament to procure an acquittal in so clear a case of guilt. And to dissolve a Parliament which is universally allowed to have been one of the best Parliaments that ever sat, which had acted liberally and respectfully towards the sovereign, and which enjoyed in the highest degree the favour of the people, only in order to stop a grave, temperate, and constitutional inquiry into the personal integrity of the first judge in the kingdom, would have been a measure more scandalous and absurd than any of those which were the ruin of the house of Stuart. Such a measure, while it would have been as fatal to the Chancellor's honour as a conviction, would have endangered the very existence of the monarchy. The king, acting by the advice of Williams, very properly refused to engage in a dangerous struggle with his people, for the purpose of saving from legal condemnation a minister whom it was impossible to save from dishonour. He advised Bacon to plead guilty, and promised to do all in his power to mitigate the punishment. Mr. Montagu is exceedingly angry with James on this account. But though we are, in general, very little inclined to admire that prince's conduct, we really think that this advice was, under all the circumstances, the best advice that could have been given.

On the 17th of April the Houses reassembled, and the Lords resumed their inquiries into the abuses of the Court of Chancery. On the 22nd, Bacon addressed to the Peers a letter, which the Prince of Wales condescended to deliver. In this artful and pathetic composition, the Chancellor acknowledged his guilt in guarded and general terms, and, while acknowledging, endeavoured to palliate it. This, however, was not thought sufficient by his judges. They required a more particular confession, and sent him a copy of the charges. On the 30th, he delivered a paper in which he admitted, with few and unimportant reservations, the truth of the accusations brought against him, and threw himself entirely on the mercy of his peers. "Upon advised consideration of the charges," said he, "descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence."

The Lords came to a resolution that the Chancellor's confession appeared to be full and ingenuous, and sent a committee to inquire of him whether it was really subscribed by himself. The deputies, among whom was Southampton, the common friend, many years before, of Bacon and Essex, performed their duty with great delicacy. Indeed, the agonies of such a mind and the degradation of such a name might well have softened the most obdurate natures. "My lords," said Bacon, "it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." They withdrew; and he again retired to his chamber in the deepest dejection. The next day, the sergeant-at-arms and the usher of the House of Lords came to conduct him to Westminster Hall, where sentence was to be pronounced. But they found him so unwell that he could not leave his bed; and this excuse for his absence was readily accepted. In no quarter does there appear to have been any desire to add to his humiliation.

The sentence was, however, severe, the more severe, no doubt, because the Lords knew it would not be executed, and that they had an excellent opportunity of exhibiting, at small cost, the inflexibility of their justice, and their abhorrence of corruption. Bacon was condemned to pay a fine of £40,000, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure. He was declared incapable of holding any office in the State or of sitting in Parliament; and he was banished for life from the verge of the court. In such misery and shame

ended that long career of worldly wisdom and worldly prosperity.

LORD MACAULAY.

A CROW THAT FLIES IN HEAVEN'S SWEETEST AIR.

Fleetly the Ibis flew. The divine days came and went. Unheeded the longing sunrise, the lingering eve. Unheeded the lonely shore of Nubia, that swept, sakia-singing, seaward. Unheeded the new world of African solitude, the great realm of Ethiopia. Unheeded the tropic upon which, for the first time we really entered; and the pylons, columns, and memorial walls, that stood solitary in the sand. The Howadji lay ill in the cabin, and there is no beauty, no antiquity, no new world, to an eye diseased.

Yet illness, said a white-haired form that sat shadowy by his side, hath this in it, that it smooths the slope to death. The world is the organization of vital force; but when a man sickens, the substantial reality reels upon his brain. The cords are cut that held him to the ship that sails so proudly the seas, and he drifts lonely in the jolly-boat of his own severed existence, towards shores unknown. Drifts, not unwillingly, as he sweeps farther away, and his eyes are darkened.

After acute agony, said still the white-haired shadow, pausing slowly, as if he, too, were once alive and young; death is like sleep after toil. After long decay, it is as natural as sunset. Yet to sit rose-garlanded at the feast of love and beauty, yourself the lover, and the most beautiful, and hearing that you shall depart thence in a hearse, not in a bridal chariot, to rise smilingly and go gracefully away, is a rare remembrance for any man—an heroic death that does not often occur nor is it to be rashly wished. For the heroic death is the gods' gift to their favorites. Who shall be presumptuous enough to claim that favor? Nay, if all men were heroes, how hard it would be to die and leave them; for our humanity loves heroes more than angels and saints. It would be the discovery of a boundless California, and gold would be precious no more.

The shadow was silent, and the Nubian moonlight crept yellow along the wall; then, playing upon the Howadji's heart-strings vaguely and at random, as a dreaming artist touching the keys of an instrument, he proceeded. Yet we may all know how many more the dead are than the living, nor be afraid to join them. Here, in Egypt, it is tombs which are inhabited, it is the cities which are deserted. The great Rameses has died, and all his kingdom—why not little you and I? Nor care to lie in a tomb so splendid. Ours shall be a sky-vaulted mausoleum, sculptured with the figures of all life. No man of mature years but has more friends dead than living. His friendly reunion is a shadowy society. Who people for him the tranquil twilight and the summer dawn? In the woods we knew, what forms and faces do we see? What is the meaning of music, and who are its persons? What are the voices of midnight, and what words slide into our minds, like sudden moonlight into dark chambers, and apprise us that we move in the vast society of all worlds and all times, and that if the van is lost to our eyes in the dazzling dawn, and the rear disappears in the shadow of night our mother, and our comrades fall away from our sides—the van, and the rear, and the comrades are yet, and all, moving forward like the water-drops of the Amazon to the sea. It is not strange that when severe sickness comes, we are ready to die. Long buffeted by bleak, blue icebergs, we see at last with equanimity that we are sailing into Symmes's hole.

The Nubian moonlight crept yellow along the wall, but the monotonous speech of the white-haired mystery went sounding on, like the faint far noise of the cataract below Philæ.

Otherwise nature were unkind. She smooths the slope, because she is ever gentle. For to turn us out of doors suddenly and unwillingly into the night, were worse than a cursing father. But nature can never be as bad as man. What boots it that faith follows our going with a rush lantern, and hope totters before with a lucifer? Shrewd sad eyes have scrutinized those lights, and whispered only, "It is the dancing of the will-o-the-wisps among the tombs." It is only the gift of nature that we die well, as that we are born well. It is nature that unawes death to us, and makes it welcome and pleasant as sleep.

A mystery!

But if you say that it is the dim dream of the future wrought into the reality of faith,

that smooths death—then that dream and faith are the devices of nature, like these enticing sculptures upon tomb avenues, to lead us gently down. For I find that all men are cheered by this dream although its figures are as the men. There are gardens and houris, or hunting-grounds and exhaustless deer, or crystal cities where white-robed pilgrims sing hymns forever—(howbeit, after Egypt no philosophic Howadji will hold that long white garments are of heaven.).

The flickering form waved a moment in the moonlight and resumed.

Heaven is a hint of nature, and therein shall we feel how ever kind she is—opening the door of death into golden gloom, she points to the star that gilds it. She does this to all men, and in a thousand different ways. But in all lands are seers who would monopolize the seeing—Bunyan pilots, sure you will ground in the gloom except you embark in their ship, and with their treatise of navigation. Meanwhile the earth has more years than are yet computed, and the Bunyan pilots are of the threescore and ten species.

Priests and physicians agree, that at last, all men die bravely, and we are glad to listen. O Howadji, that bravery was ours. We should be as brave as the hundred of any chance crowd, and so indirectly we know how we should die, even if, at some time, death has not looked closely at us over the shoulder, and said audibly what we knew—that he held the fee simple of our existence.

The Nubian moonlight waned along the wall. We praise our progress, said the white-haired shadow, yet know no more than these Egyptians knew. We say that we feel we are happier, and that the many are wiser and better, simply because we are alive, and they are mummies, and life is warmer than death. The seeds of the world were sown along these shores. There is none lovelier than Helen, nor wiser than Plato, nor better than Jesus. They were children of the sun, and of an antiquity that already fades and glimmers upon our eyes.

Venus is still the type of beauty—our philosophy is diluted Platonism—our religion is an imitation of Christ. The forms of our furniture are delicately designed upon the walls of Theban tombs. Thales, after his return from Egypt, determined the sun's orbit, and gave us our year. Severe study detects in Egyptian sculptures emblems of our knowledge and our skill. Have you, O Howadji, new ideas, or only different developments of the old ones? As the Ibis bears you southward, are you proud and compassionate of your elders and your masters—or do you feel simply that the earth is round, and that if in temperate regions the homely lark soars and sings, in the tropics the sumptuous plumage of silent birds is the glittering translation of that song?

Have you mastered the mystery of death—have you even guessed its meaning? Are Mount Auburn and Greenwood truer teachers than the Theban tombs? Nature adorns death. Even sets in smiles the face that shall smile no more. But you group around it hideous associations, and of the pale phantom make an appalling apparition. Broken columns—inverted torches—weeping angels and willows are within the gates upon which you write, "Whoso believeth in me shall never die." Blackness and knolling bells, weepers and hopeless scraps of Scripture, these are the heavy stones that we roll against the sepulchres in which lie those whom you have baptized in his name who came to abolish death.

Why should not you conspire with nature to keep death beautiful, nor dare, when the soul has soared, to dishonor, by the emblems of decay, the temple it has consecrated and honored? Lay it reverently, and pleasantly accompanied, in the earth, and there leave it forever, nor know of skulls or cross-bones. Nor shall willows weep for a tree that is greener—nor a broken column symbolize a work completed—nor inverted flame a pure fire ascending. Better than all, burn it with incense at morning—so shall the mortal ending be not unworthy the soul, nor without significance of the soul's condition. Tears, like smiles, are of nature, and will not be repressed. They are sacred, and should fall with flowers upon the dead. But forgetting graveyards and cemeteries, how silent and solemn soever, treasure the dearest dust in sacred urns, so holding in your homes forever, those who have not forfeited, by death, the rights of home.

The wan, white-hailed shadow wasted in the yellow moonlight.

But all illness is not unto death. Much is rather like dark, stony caves of meditation by the wayside of life. There is no

carousing there, no Kushuk Arnem and Ghawazee dancing, but pains as of corded hermits and starving ascetics. Yet the hermit has dreams that the king envies. We come thousands of miles to see strange lands, wonderful cities, and haunts of fame. But in a week's illness in the blue cabin or elsewhere, cities of more shining towers and ponderous palace-ranges, lands of more wondrous growth and races, than ever Cook or Columbus discovered, or the wildest dreamer dreamed, dawn and die along the brain. To those golden gates and shores sublime, no palmy Nile conducts—not even the Euphrates or Tigris, nor any thousands of miles, would bring the traveller to that sight. Sick Sinbad, travelling only from one side of his bed to the other, could have told tales stranger and more fascinating than enchanted his gaping guests.

Ah! could we but tame the fantastic genius that only visits us with fever, for the entertainment of our health, we could well spare the descriptive poets, nor read Vathek and Hafiz any more. But he is untamable, until his brother of sleep, that good genius who gives us dreams, will consent to serve our waking—until stars shine at noonday—until palms wave along the Hudson's shore.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

BERLIN, 1871.

The spring day was all of a flutter with flags;
The mad chimes were beating like surf in the air;
The beggars had slunk out of sight with their rags;
And the balconies teemed with the rich and the fair.

And below, on each side, the long vistas were set
In a framework of faces, patient and white,—
Wives, mothers, and sweethearts, with full eyes wet,
And sick hearts longing to see the sight.

Till at length, when the evening was waning, there ran
A stir through the crowd, and far-off, like a flame,
The setting sun burned on the helms of the van,
And with trampling of hoofs the proud conquerors came.

And with every step they advanced, you might hear
Women's voices, half-maddened with long-deferred joy:
"Thank God! he is safe. See, my love, we are here!
See! here am I, darling, and this is our boy!"

Or, "Here am I, dearest, still faithful and true;
Your own love as of old!" Or an agonized cry,
As the loved face comes not with the comrades she knew
And the rough soldiers find not a word to reply.

And pitiful hands lead her softly away,
With a loving heart rent and broken in twain;
And the triumph sweeps onward, in gallant array,—
The life and the hope, the despair and the pain.

And the long line sweeps past, and the dull world rolls on,
Though the rapture is dead, and the sad tears are dry;
And careless of all, till the progress be done,
Life rides like a conqueror, triumphing by.

LEWIS MORRIS.

SOUTHWARD.

The Nubians devote themselves to nudity and to smearing their hair with castor oil.

At least it seems so from the river. Nor have they much chance to do any thing else; for Nubia only exists by the grace of the desert or the persistence of the Nile in well-doing. It is a narrow strip of green between the mountains on both sides, and the river. Often it is only the mere slope of the bank which is green. You ascend through that, pushing aside the flowering lupin and beans, and stand at the top of the bank, in the desert. Often the desert stretches to the stream, and defies it, shoring it with sheer sand. A few taxed palms, a few taxed sakias, the ever neat little houses, the comely black race, and, walling all, the inexorable mountains, rocky, jagged, of volcanic outline and appearance—these are the few figures of the Nubian panorama.

Dates, baskets, mats, the gum and charcoal of the mimosa, a little senna, and, farther south, ebony, sandal-wood, rice, sugar, and slaves, are all the articles of commerce—lupins, beans, and dhourra, a kind of grain, the crops of consumption.

It is a lonely, solitary land. There are no flights of birds, as in Egypt; no wide valley reaches, greened with golden plenty. Scarce a sail whitens the yellow-blue of the river. A few solitary camels and donkeys pass, spectral, upon the shore. It seems stiller than Egypt, where the extent of the crops, the frequent villages, and constant population, relieve the sense of death. In Nubia, it is the silence of intense suspense. The unyielding mountains range along so

near the river, that the Howadji fears the final triumph of the desert.

Like a line of fortresses stretched against the foe, stand the sakias—the allies of the river. But their ceaseless sigh, as in Egypt, only saddens the silence. Through the great gate of the cataract, you enter a new world, south of the poet's "farthest south." A sad, solitary, sunny world; but bravery and the manly virtues are always the dower of poor races, who must roughly "rough it" to exist.

In appearance and character, the Nubians are the superiors of the Egyptians. But they are subject to them by the inscrutable law that submits the darker races to the whiter, the world over. The sweetness, and placidity, and fidelity, the love of country and family, the simplicity of character and conduct which distinguish them are not the imperial powers of a people. Like the Savoyards in Europe, the Nubians go down into Egypt, and fill inferior offices of trust. They are the most valued of servants, but never lose their home-longing, and return into the strange, sultry silence of Nubia, when they have been successful in Egypt.

Yet the antique Ethiopian valor survives. Divers districts are still warlike, and the most savage struggles are not unknown. The Ethiopians once resisted the Romans, and the fame of one-eyed Queen Candace, whose wisdom and valor gave the name to her successors, yet flourishes in the land, and the remains of grand temples attest that the great Rameses and the proud Ptolemies thought it worth while to own it. The Nubians bear arms, but all of the rudest kind—crooked knives, iron-shod clubs, slings and a shield of hippopotamus hide—and in the battles the women mingle and assist.

Yet in the five hundred miles from Syene to Dongola, not more than one hundred thousand inhabitants are estimated. They reckon seven hundred sakias for that distance, and that each is equal to one thousand five hundred bushels of grain.

These shores are the very confines of civilization. The hum of the world has died away into stillness. The sun shines brightly in Nubia. The sky is blue, but the sadness of the land rests like a shadow upon the Howadji. It is like civilization dying decently. The few huts and the few people smile and look contented. They come down to the shore, as the Ibis skims along, wonderingly and trustfully as the soft-souled southern savages beheld, with curiosity, Columbus' fleet. They are naked and carry clubs, and beg powder and arms, but sit quietly by your side as you sketch or sit upon the shore, or run like hunting-dogs for the pigeons you have shot. If there be any impossible shot the Howadji is called upon with perfect confidence to execute it; for a clothed Howadji with a gun is a denizen of a loftier sphere to the nude Nubians. Why does the sun so spoil its children and fondle their souls away? How neat are their homes, like houses set in order! For the mighty desert frowns behind, and the crushing government frowns below. Yet the placid Nubian looks from his taxed sakia to his taxed palms, sees the sand and the tax-gatherer stealing upon his substance, and quietly smiles, as if his land were a lush-vineyarded Rhine-bank.

The Howadji had left the little, feline reis at Syene, his home; for the indolent Nubian blood was mingled in his veins, and made him seem always this quiet land personified. The Ibis flew, piloted by a native Nubian, who knew the river through his country. For here the shores are stony, and there are two difficult passages, which the natives call half-cataracts.

Hassan was a bright-eyed, quiet personage, who discharged his functions very humbly, sitting with the Ancient Mariner at the helm, who seemed, grisly Egyptian, half jealous of his Nubian colleague, and contemptuously remarked, when we reached Philæ, returning, that no man need go twice to know the river. The men were uneasy at the absence of their head, nor liked to be directed by the Nubian, or the Ancient Mariner; but Hassan sang with them such scraps of Arabic song as he knew, and regaled them with pure Nubian melodies, which are sweeter than those of Egypt, for the Nubians are much more musical than their neighbors, and in a crew, they are the best and most exhilarating singers. He sat patiently on the prow for hours, watching the river, calling at times to Grisly to turn this way and that, and Hassan was uniformly genial and gentle, pulling an occasional oar, returning.

For the rest, he was clothed in coarse, white cotton, haunted the kitchen after dinner, and fared sumptuously every day. Then begged tobacco of the Howadji, and smoked it as serenely as if it were decently gotten.

At Kálabsheh we passed the Tropic of Cancer.

But are not the tropics the synonym of

Paradise? The tropics, mused the Howadji, and instantly imagination was entangled in an Indian jungle, and there strug gled, fettered in glorious foliage, mistaking the stripes and eyes of a royal Bengal tiger for the most gorgeous of tropical flowers. But escaping thence, imagination fluttered and fell, and a panorama of stony hills, a cloudless, luminous sky, but bare in brilliance, enlivened by no clouds, by no far-darting troops of birds—a narrow strip of green shore—silence, solitude, and sadness, revealed to the Howadji the dream-land of the tropics.

Yet there was a sunny spell in that land and scenery which held me then, and holds charmed my memory now. It was a sleep —we seemed to live it and breathe it, as the sun in Egypt. There was luminous languor in the air, as from opiate flowers, yet with only their slumber, and none of their fragrance. It seemed a failure of creation, or a creation not yet completed. Nature slept and dreamed over her work, and whoso saw her sleep, dreamed vaguely her dreams.

Puck-piloted and girdling the earth in an hour, would not the Howadji feel that only a minute's journey of that hour was through the ripe maturity of creation—the rest embryo—half conceived or hopeless? "The world" is only the line focus of all the life of the world at any period; but, O Gunning in blue spectacles, picking gingerbread nuts off the Dôm palm, how small is that focus!

One Nubian day only was truly tropical. It was near Derr, the chief town, and the azure calm and brilliance of the atmosphere forced imagination to grow glorious gardens upon the shores, and to crown with forests, vine-waving, bloom-brilliant, the mountains, desert no longer, but divine as the vision-seen hill of prophets; and to lead triumphal trains of white elephants, bearing the forms and costumes of Eastern romance, and giraffes, and the priestly pomp of India, through the groves of many-natured palms that fringed the foreground of the picture. It was summer and sunshine —a very lotus day.

I felt the warm breath of the morning streaming over the Ibis, like radiance from opening eyes, even before the lids of the dawn were lifted. Then came the sun over the Arabian mountains, and the waves danced daintily in the rosy air, and the shores sloped serenely, and the river sang and gurgled against the prow, whereon sat the white-turbaned, happy Hassan, placidly smoking, and self-involved, as if he heard all the white Nile secrets, and those of the mountains of the moon. The Ibis spread her white wings to the warm wooing wind, and ran over the water. Was she not well called Ibis, with her long, sharp wings, loved of the breeze, that toys with them as she flies, and fills them to fullness with speed?

The sky was cloudless and burningly rosy. To what devote the delicious day? What dream so dear, what book so choice, that it would satisfy the spell? Luxury of doubt and long delay! Such wonder itself was luxury—it rippled the mind with excitement, delicately as the wind kissed the stream into wavelets. Yet the Howadji looked along the shelves and the book was found, and in the hot heart of noon, he had drifted far into the dreamy depths of Herman Melville's Mardi. Lost in the rich romance of Pacific reverie, he felt all around him the radiant rustling of Yilah's hair, but could not own that Polynesian peace was profounder than his own Nubian silence.

Mardi is unrhymed poetry, but rhythmical and unmeasured. Of a low, lapping cadence is the swell of those sentences, like the dip of the sun-stilled, Pacific waves. In more serious moods, they have the grave music of Bacon's Essays. Yet who but an American could have written them? And essentially American are they, although not singing Niagara or the Indians.

Romance or reality? asked, dazed in doubt, bewildered Broadway and approving Pall Mall. Both, erudite metropolitans, and you, O ye of the warm slippers. The Howadji is no seaman, yet can he dream the possible dreams of the mariner in the main-top of the becalmed or trade-wind-wafted Pacific whaler. In those musings, mingles rare reality, though it be romantically edged, as those palms of Ibreem, seen through the glass, are framed in wondrous gold and purple.—

On, on, deeper into the Pacific calm, farther into that Southern spell! The day was divine—the hush, the dazzle, the supremacy of light, were the atmosphere of the tropics, and if, toward evening, and for days after, the anxious North blustered in after her children, she could never steal that day from their memories. The apple was bitten. The Howadji had tasted the equator.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

TO AILSA ROCK.

Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowl's screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When from the sun was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty Power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?—
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when gray clouds are thy cold coverlid?—
Thou answerest not, for thou art dead asleep;
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle skies—
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep;
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

JOHN KEATS.

II.

GLENCOE.

Keep silence, lest the rocks in thunder fall;
Keep silence, lest ye wake the hapless dead,
Whose blood is crying from the ground to call
The doom of justice on the murderer's head!
Dark and more dark, ye shades of evening, lower;
Wide and more wide, ye gathering tempests, spread
Thick clouds and waters round the Avenging Power
Whose malison is here! The river moans;
The wind, with deepening sigh from hour to hour,
Saddens the gloom; a curse is on the land;
From every cavern'd cliff sepulchral groans
Appal the desolation; and around,
The melancholy mountains loathe the sun,
And shall, till the career of Time be done.

III.

BEN NEVIS.

We climb, we pant, we pause; again we climb:
Frown not, stern mountain, nor around thee throw
Thy mist and storm, but look with cloudless brow
O'er all thy giant progeny sublime;
While toiling up the immeasurable height
We climb, we pant, we pause: the thickening gloom
Hath pall'd us in the darkness of the tomb:
And on the hard-won summit sound nor sight
Salutes us, save the snow and chilling blast,
And all the guardian fiends of Winter's throne.
Such too is life – ten thousand perils past,
Our fame is vapour, and our mirth a groan.
But patience; till the veil be rent away,
And on our vision flash celestial day.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

[G. W. CUTTER. Born in Cincinnati in 1818. A captain in the United States army during the invasion of Mexico.]

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant fairly reel
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah, hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline,
Time—space—have yielded to my power,
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice!
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth to the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be laid on the "shelf;"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

[Charles Mackay, LL.D., an industrious and successful writer in prose and poetry, was born in 1814. He edited the Glasgow *Argus*, 1844-47; published *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, 3 vols., 1841, and several volumes of poems, besides editing or writing numerous other works. He died in 1889.]

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supercede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has:—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Little children shall not toil
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

MY CHILD.

[John Pierpont. Born at Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785, died at Medford, Mass., 1866. Educated at Yale College. Began life at the Bar; but became subsequently a merchant; afterwards a minister of the Unitarian Church.]

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head

Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that he is not there!

I tread the crowded street:
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid,
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair:
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there!

When, at the cool, grey break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that he is not there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
What'eer I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair:
In dream, I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!

THE BIRDS.

[ARISTOPHANES, the only writer of Greek Comedy, of whom any works are left in full completeness, was born at Athens, 444, B. C. and died 380, B. C. His best known works are "*The Knights*," "*The Acharnians*," "*The Peace*," "*The Clouds*," "*The Wasps*," "*The Frogs*," "*The Birds*," and "*The Women's Festival*." From the two latter we give extracts.]

"Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone;
Like him we can ramble, and gambol, and fly
O'er ocean, and earth, and aloft in the sky:
And all the world over, we're friends to the lover,
And where other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a peacock or pheasant is sent as a present.
All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learnt from the birds, and continue to learn,
Your best benefactors and early instructors;
We give you the warning of seasons returning;
When the cranes are arranged, and muster afloat
In the middle air, with a creaking note,
Steering away to the Lybian sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands;
The crazy vessel is hauled ashore,
The sail, the rope, the rudder, and oar
Are all unshipped, and housed in store.
The shepherd is warned by the kite reappearing,
To muster his flock, and be ready for shearing.
You quit your old cloak at the swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer and purchase a vest.
For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine
For every oracular temple and shrine,
The birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend, and to us you repair
For council and aid when a marriage is made,
A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade:
Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye—
An ox or an ass that may happen to pass,
A voice in the street, or a slave that you meet,
A name or a word by chance overheard—
If you deem it an omen, you call it a *bird*;
And if birds your omens, it clearly will follow
That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Translated by JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

FROM "THE WOMEN'S FESTIVAL."

They're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men;
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may;
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,

And are never easy a moment,
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your plague is out of the way—
You all keep fussing and fretting:
"Where *is* my Plague to-day?"
If a Plague peeps out at a window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

Translated by W. Lucas Collins.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.

[Francis Bret Harte, was born at Albany, New York, August 25, 1839. He went to California in 1854, and was successively a miner, teacher, express messenger, printer, and finally editor of a newspaper. He is at present, 1881, U. S. Consul at Glasgow. His works, most of which originally appeared in periodicals, include "*Condensed Novels*," "*Poems*," "*Luck of Roaring Camp*," and other "*Sketches*." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) We select an extract from *Tennessee's Partner*.].

* * * Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humour.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated,—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife,—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else,—Tennessee's partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm, but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail, which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavour to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humour, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its further extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee,

quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humoured reply to all questions. The Judge —who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

* * * * * * * *

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was getting on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say on behalf of the prisoner?" asked the judge finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential like, and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential like, as between man and man—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humour was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him;* and the honours is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch,—it's about all my pile,—and call it square?" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly

on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

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Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognised the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner, —used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased" "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything;" he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humour, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar, —perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his Partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough oblong box, apparently made from a section of sluicing, —and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buck-eye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at the decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny," even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half-curiously, half-jestingly, but all good-humouredly — strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation,—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The red-woods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless activity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from the higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favourable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavoury details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough en-

closure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why ———" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's a sort of rough on his partner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks to you for your trouble." Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation, gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

* * * * * *

One night, when the Pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their tender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny,'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

INDUSTRY.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? To some we find
The ploughman's annual toil assigned:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown obliged for bread;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from the inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

GAY.

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

[Washington Irving, born in New York, 3d April, 1773; died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, 1859. His father was a Scotchman, his mother an Englishwoman. He was admitted to the bar in 1806, but never practised; became a partner with his two brothers in a commercial establishment, and on the failure of this house in 1817, he resolved to devote himself to his true vocation—literature. He was already well known as an author, for as early as 1802 he had published a number of sketches under the pseudonym of Jonathan Oldstyle; four years after that he had produced, in conjunction with his brother William, the first of the *Salmagundi* series of papers; and three years later he had issued the "excellently jocose"—as Scott called it—*History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker. He now began the business of authorship with the publication of the *Sketch-Book*, London, 1820. Nearly all his books were marvellously successful in this country and in America; and it will suffice to mention here the titles of those by which he will be best remembered: *Bracebridge Hall; Tales of a Traveller; The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (for which Mr. Murray paid the author 3000 guineas); *The Conquest of Granada; The Companions of Columbus;* and *The Alhambra*. Irving spent about twenty years of his life in Europe; he held several appointments from the American government; and he received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals ordered by George IV. to be presented to the two authors who should have attained the greatest excellence in historical composition.[1] The following is from *The Traveller*.]

It was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Apennines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain passage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction, its faded embellishments spoke of former splendour, but its crazy springs and axle-trees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentleman, in a kind of military travelling dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the gray locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face; an orange-tawny *schnur-bart*, or pair of mustaches, bristling from under his nose, and wore altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman; a wreck of one of those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was in a manner an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is no more than probable that many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping; her gaiety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sunk into silence and debility. The old count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days the old family carriage was rumbling among the Apennines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes; had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress; she had grown up under his eye. He had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent; nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity in seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening: they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tippling old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the count and the maledictions of Caspar.

[1] It was Hallam who received the second medal.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses among the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone. "Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn." "Yonder it is, signor," said the muleteer. "Where?" demanded the count. "Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile of building about a quarter of a league distant. "That the place?—why it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village." Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his eccellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello —a palazza—and such people, and such a larder!—and such beds!—his eccellenza might fare as sumptuously and sleep as soundly there as a prince!" The count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; so in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palazza; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style; with a great quantity of waste room. It had, in fact, been, in former times, a hunting-seat for one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and in its out-buildings to have accommodated a little army. A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping, into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited herself on the count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Everything, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blackened out of all distinctness. They chose two bed-rooms, one within another, the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and misshapen; but on examining the beds, so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them stuffed with fibres of hemp, knotted in great lumps. The count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left. The chillness of the apartments crept to their bones; and they were glad to return to a common chamber, or kind of hall, where there was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the centre, immovable from its size and weight.

The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern, of course; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty; yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the count and his daughter were relieved when she consigned them to the care of a dark sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Caspar was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters; and vowed by his mustaches to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers from under her strong dark eyebrows. As to the count, he was a good-humoured, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large broken arm-chair to the fireside for his daughter, and another for himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavoured to rearrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter,

then upon the cheerless squalid apartment, and shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance; the good count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier firewood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of faggots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely. The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the count's daughter administering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded; but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to be ministered to by such hands. Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her lips: "May San Francesco watch over you, signora!" exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The court-yard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle; the landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests; and the poor count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window, just as the newcomers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage, and handed out the princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment, and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gaily dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The count's daughter shrunk back at sight of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the princess, and the crazy, rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair; a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame; she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair; rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire. The count thought she appeared paler than usual. "Does anything ail thee, my child?" said he. "Nothing, dear father!" replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head. "The air of the window has chilled thee," said the count, fondly, "but a good night's rest will make all well again."

The supper-table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the new-comers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it. She had scarcely made the apology when the princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man. The count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society both at Rome and Naples; and at whose conversaziones, in fact, he had constantly been invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles both for his merits and prospects, and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both the count and the princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme; the princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and liked to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter, and began something of a complimentary observation; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur, while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sunk again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance. This singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together; and as the princess travelled with her own cook, a very toler-

able supper soon smoked upon the board; this, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liqueurs, and delicate confitures brought from one of her carriages; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxurious penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims, with scrip, and staff, and cockle-shell; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such self-denial from people of fashion; and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jewelled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the blessed Virgin.

The princess and the count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves; the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing, in spite of the politeness of the princess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The count shook his head: "She is not well this evening," said he, "I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival." A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fireplace. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the count's carriage, leaned against the wall; the princess perceived it: "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night?" demanded she. The count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar, presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and, after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, but chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall. "And now," said the count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favour. Let the princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can't think," added he, "what a proficiency she made in your language; though she has been a sad girl and neglected it of late." The colour flushed the pale cheek of the daughter; she hesitated, murmured something; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous, melting tones of her voice went to the heart; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears. The count folded her tenderly in his arms. "Thou art not well, my child," said he, "and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee!" She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room. The count shook his head as the door closed. "Something is the matter with that child," said he, "which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father's foolishness," continued he, "but I have seen much trouble in my family; and this poor girl is all that is now left to me; and she used to be so lively—" "May be she's in love!" said the little princess with a shrewd nod of the head. "Impossible!" replied the good count artlessly. "She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me." How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love concerns which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarce breathes unto herself. The nephew of the princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement, that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions; though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbour any such angry inmate. "He saw me weep!" said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek, and

a swelling of the throat, "but no matter!—no matter!" And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window-frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a reverie, until the sound of her father's and Caspar's voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window showed that they were conducting the princess to her apartments, which was in the opposite wing of the inn; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements. She heaved a deep heart-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building. "But what will become of the poor young lady?" said a voice which she recognized for that of the servant-woman. "Pooh! she must take her chance," was the reply from old Pietro. "But cannot she be spared?" asked the other entreatingly; "she's so kind-hearted!" "Cospetto! what has got into thee?" replied the other petulantly: "would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl?" By this time they had got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further.

There was something in this fragment of conversation that was calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself?—and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was entreated that she might be spared? She was several times on the point of tapping at her father's door, to tell him what she had heard; but she might have been mistaken; she might have heard indistinctly; the conversation might have alluded to some one else; at any rate it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution she was startled by a low knocking against the wainscot in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light she beheld a small door there which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestic. On opening the door the woman stood before it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger on her lips in sign of caution and secrecy. "Fly!" said she: "leave this house instantly, or you are lost!" The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation. "I have no time," replied the woman, "I dare not—I shall be missed if I linger here—but fly instantly, or you are lost." "And leave my father?" "Where is he?" "In the adjoining chamber." "Call him then, but lose no time."

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room, and told him of the fearful warning she had received. The count returned with her into her chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey. "But we can barricade the inn, we can defend ourselves," said the count. "What! when the people of the inn were in league with the banditti?" "How then are we to escape? Can we not order out the carriage and depart?" "San Francesco! for what? To give the alarm that the plot is discovered? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them." "But how else are we to get off?" "There is a horse behind the inn," said the woman, "from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of a part of the band who were at a distance." "One horse! and there are three of us!" said the count. "And the Spanish princess!" cried the daughter anxiously—"How can she be extricated from the danger?" "Diavolo! what is she to me?" said the woman in sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me, and we shall all be lost! Hark!" continued she, "I am called—I shall be discovered—one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the court-yard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a horse there; mount it; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see; proceed cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village—but recollect, my life is in your hands—say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn."

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the princess. "To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred!" A shuddering seized her at the very thought.

The gallantry of the count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them. "But what is to become of the young lady," said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in a tumult? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray?" Here the feelings of the father were roused: he looked upon his lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians. The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The princess! the princess!—only let the princess know her danger."—She was willing to share it with her.

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost —the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the count, "take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid." The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the princess—"For what?" said old Caspar, bluntly; "you could do no good. You would be in the way. We should have to take care of you instead of ourselves." There was no answering these objections: the count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation—"There is a young cavalier with the princess—her nephew—perhaps he may—" "I understand you, mademoiselle," replied old Caspar with a significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it!" The young lady blushed deeper than ever: she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant. "That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the courtyard to the small postern gate, where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had pointed out. Many a fearful and an anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of building: the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusty casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succour should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted. They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks. "Who goes there?" exclaimed a voice. The count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle, the horse became restive, started back, and reared, and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The count leaned forward, put a pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

The whole place was soon aroused: but such was the awe in which the banditti were held, that the inhabitants shrunk at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that pass through the mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of those horrible places where the unsuspicious wayfarer is entrapped and silently disposed of. The rich ornaments worn by the slattern hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that road, who it was supposed at first had been carried off by the robbers for the sake of ransom, but who had never been heard of more. Such were the tales buzzed in the ears of the count by the villagers as he endeavoured to rouse them to the rescue of the princess and her train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the eloquence of prayers, and tears, and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety until it became agonizing. Fortunately there was a body of gens-d'armes resting at the village. A number of the young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The count having deposited his daughter in a place of safety, was too much of the old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the anxious agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time.

The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the travellers prepared for their reception, had become open and furious in their attack. The princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship of a veteran, and the nephew of the princess the dashing valour of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer, when a discharge from the musketry of the gens-d'armes gave them the joyful tidings of succour. A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers were surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in their turn; while their comrades made desperate attempts to relieve them from under cover of the neighbouring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated; several of them killed, and several taken prisoners; which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of gens-d'armes was stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the panels of the doors. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look. "Were any of the princess's party killed?" inquired the Englishman. "As far as I can recollect, there were two or three." "Not the nephew, I trust?" said the fair Venetian. "Oh no: he hastened with the count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained throughout the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accompanied by the nephew of the princess, she uttered a cry of rapture and fainted. Happily, however, she soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly after to the young cavalier, and the whole party accompanied the old princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where her votive offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Casa."

THE CURTIUS AND THE RUSSELL.

In the proud Forum's central space
  Earth yawned—a gulf profound!
And there, with awe on every face,
  Rome's bravest gather'd round;
Each seeming, yet with startled ear,
The Oracle's dread voice to hear.

Young CURTIUS on his war-horse sprung,
  'Mid plaudits deep—not loud,
For admiration check'd each tongue
  In all the circling crowd:—
He gave his noble steed the rein!
Earth's closing gulf entomb'd the twain!

Grant that the deed, if ever done,
  Was chivalrous, and bold;
A loftier and a nobler one
  Our history can unfold:
Nor shall our heroine, meekly calm,
To Rome's proud hero yield the palm.

The RUSSELL stood beside her lord
  When evil tongues were rife;
And perjury, with voice abhorr'd,
  Assail'd his fame and life:—
She stood there in the darkest hour
Of Tyranny's and Faction's power.[1]

No stern oracular behest
  Her gentle courage gave;
No plaudits, utter'd or suppress'd,
  Could she expect or crave;
Duty, alone, her Delphic shrine,
The only praise she sought—divine.

She sate at Guilt's tribunal bar
  In Virtue's noblest guise:
Like a sweet, brightly-shining star
  In night's o'erclouded skies:
Still, in that scene of hopeless strife,
Southampton's daughter, Russell's wife!

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[1] The poet here alludes to the following passage in the account of Lord Russell's trial:—

"*Lord Russell.* May I have somebody write to help my memory?

"*Mr. Attorney-general.* Yes, a servant.

"*Lord Chief-justice.* Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

"*Lord Russell.* My WIFE is here, my lord, to do it."

Mr. Jeffrey, in reviewing Rogers' "Human Life" (*Edin. Rev.*, No. 62), in which the above dialogue is quoted, says:—"We know of nothing at once so pathetic and sublime as these few simple sentences. When we recollect who Russell and his wife were, and what a destiny was then impending, this one trait makes the heart swell almost to bursting."

Fearless in love, in goodness great,
She rose—her lord to aid;
And well might he intrust his fate
To one so undismayed,
Asking, with fond and grateful pride,
No help but that her love supplied.

Hers was no briefly-daring mood,
Spent on one fearful deed!
The gentle courage of the good
More lasting worth can plead;
And hers made bright in after years
The mother's toils, the widow's tears.

Woman of meek, yet fearless soul!
Thy memory aye shall live;
Nor soon shall history's varied scroll
A name more glorious give:—
What English heart but feels its claim
Far, far beyond the Roman's fame?

BERNARD BARTON.

THE INQUIRY.

Amongst the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,
"Where I may find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this,
In everything that's good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

"In yon enamell'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloom of peach, in every bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand;
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'Tis true," said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone!

With that I stopt. Said Love, "There be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
And as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like those short sweets thus knit together."

THOMAS CAREW.

MERDHIN.

[Harriet Martineau, born 12th June, 1802, at Norwich; died at Ambleside, 27th June, 1876. Her ancestors removed from France to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In 1823 she issued her first book, *Devotional Exercises for the Young;* and subsequently produced numerous works of travel, history, biography, and fiction, besides essays and short tales illustrative of social and political economy. Amongst her chief productions are: *Society in America; Retrospect of Western Travel; History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace; Biographical Sketches; The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte,* freely translated and condensed; *Tracts on Subjects relating to the Working-classes; Mary Campbell,* a tale; *Deerbrook,* the most popular of her works of fiction; *Forest and Game-law Tales,* from which the following tale is taken; and her *Autobiography.*]

There is reason to believe that, a thousand years ago, one of the prettiest rural districts in England was that which has since been called, with a mixture of compassion and contempt, the Fens. For a considerable extent south and south-west of the Wash wide rivers flowed between wooded islands, on whose rising grounds were erected the buildings suited to the character of the age and the locality;—here a monastery surrounded by orchards and vineyards;—there the dwellings of the superintendents of the fisheries,—and elsewhere the lodges of the foresters in the service of king or abbot. Where dreary and sickly swamps afterwards extended from east to west, noble woods marked the undulations of the soil; and the waters which, some centuries later, bred ague and fever from their slime, then flowed and ebbed in their main channels, and were clear and wholesome in the stillest coves and recesses which afforded their tribute of eels to the monks, and permitted the formation of thick ice in its season.

A region so fair and fertile, lying near the east coast of our island, was, above every other, tempting to the Danes in their predatory visits of those days. Again and again did they burn the towns, pillage the estates, and lay waste the fields of the district: but the peculiar beauty of the scene was scarcely impaired. The orchards bloomed and bore fruit,—the forests spread their leafy shade,—and the waters abounded with fish, as if men were living in the peace of the religion they professed.

Thus it was when King Canute began his reign. Grentebrige (since called Cambridge) had been a second time burned by the Danes in A.D. 1010; and it had scarcely begun to rise

from its ruins when a great sea-flood, four years later, and then tempests and scarcity, discouraged the inhabitants from enterprise and industry. But the country districts showed scarcely any diminution of their beauty. The rising and the setting sun gleamed on the reaches of the rivers; and the stars were reflected in the still lagoons:—the thickets on Thorn-ey (Thorn Island) were blossomy and fragrant as ever in spring; and in autumn the heavy crops of ruddy apples on the orchard slopes promised an average brewing of cider. Under this beauty and promise, however, was hidden much hardship and hunger. Between the fear and the actual ravages of the Danes, the lands under tillage had been neglected or laid waste; and there was a scarcity, for years together, of wheat, barley, and beans. The former dwellers in our island, whether Saxons or Danes, had no notion of abstinence, except on fast-days. Their capacity for taking food was beyond anything that modern habits can give an idea of; and they went on with their four ample meals a day till their stores were exhausted, and they had to depend on their precarious fishing, fowling, and herb-gathering.

This absence of prudence is easily accounted for when the insecurity of the times is considered. There was no inducement to form stores of grain or smoked meat when the "lord Danes" (as they were called by the people among whom they settled) entered every man's house, and used every man's possessions, at their own pleasure. In districts further inland than the Danes were accustomed to sit down for a season, and where fish was less of a resource than on the coast, men might more safely venture to have full cellars and barns, and even to wear and use articles of gold and silver: but near the shores, the desire of every householder was to appear to have nothing in his house. In this the Saxon householder was well supported by his wife and his retainers. From the owner himself down to his humblest herdsman, all had the knowledge that consequences so much worse than robbery of food and goods were to be dreaded when a "lord Dane" had set his foot on any threshold, that all were willing to leave as little temptation as possible to the enemy to visit them, and therefore to make away rapidly with the family provision, leaving the future to take care of itself.

Here and there an exception to such practice occurred: and stringent must be the reasons which could prevail against the sense of risks so fearful, and the natural tendency to improvidence which belonged to the times.

Merdhin, a farmer who lived in a half-cleared nook of Thorn-ey, and his wife Hildelitha, could not look on their young children, in times of threatened scarcity, without anxious thought how they were to be fed till the next harvest. Such provision as could be made without peril was made, of course. Everybody having a cow that could in any manner keep one,—the numerous fasts requiring that all good Christians should command a milk diet,—Merdhin had his cows grazing in the wood;—not belled, lest the sound should attract any foe, but watched by some of the household. In the wood was also some poultry; and the children were early taught to go discreetly to work about feeding the fowls in a certain spot in the thicket,—that they might have only a certain space to search for eggs. A herd of swine under the oaks was a matter of course. But out of the covert little was to be seen. The hollowed blocks of wood in which the bees used to build were tumbled together on the south bank where they once stood in a row. The barn-doors stood wide,—a small heap of unthrashed barley in one corner, and a few beans in another, being all that remained from the last harvest. Within the house a hard cheese or two, and some salted pork, hanging from the rafters, were all the provision that met the eye of chance visitors. And when any party of travellers entered, and made suspicious inquiries how the household lived, they were shown the storehouse, where there was more salted pork and more hard cheese, and were told that eels and herbs all the year round, and herrings and crabs in their season, with an occasional porpoise, made out the family diet when the grain was all gone.

To dwellers in the house, however, it appeared very doubtful when the grain really was all gone. No one made very close inquiry; for all were willing that the young children of the family should be seen eating barley-cake, or even occasionally wheaten bread, while the elder members were satisfying their hunger with hard pease or insipid herbs. There might be some who understood the mystery; but they were discreet.

One winter night Merdhin and his wife had remained up till they believed every member of their household to be asleep; and then they arose in silence from the fireside, and went about what was evidently preconcerted business. Hildelitha fetched and lighted the household lantern,—a ponderous affair, though somewhat simplified from that which good King Alfred had invented, to save his four-hour candles from flaring and wasting. Merdhin

meanwhile softly opened the door; and forth they went to a little stone-paved yard belonging to the neat-herd's hut, two hundred yards behind the family dwelling. They knew the neat-herd to be absent, he having gone to help the shepherd of the neighbouring monastery to secure his flock from the wolves, which were now becoming audacious through hunger, and dangerous to all animals that were abroad at night. As the wintry wind came from the opposite shore to set the leafless trees rustling in the thicket, it brought to Hildelitha's watchful ears the occasional bark of a dog; and a gleam from a far-off shepherd's fire now and then flickered for an instant on the ice which lay broad and still in the starlight.

Her husband calling to her to give him light, she stooped down within the low inclosure, so shading the lantern with her woollen garment as that the light should fall only on the spot before which her husband was kneeling.

With an iron bar he raised an oblong stone, and looked down into a hole thus disclosed.

"All safe!" he whispered. "Now for the other!"

He removed a second stone, and smiled at the sight of the goodly wheat which lay heaped in the little pit before them. It had been parched, to prevent its sprouting in damp, or being spoiled by frost. It looked ready for the hand-mill and the girdle-plate; and Merdhin ladled out with great alacrity a sufficient quantity for the night's cooking.

"Are you not hungry already?" said he to his wife. "Does not the thought of a steaming cake warm one, even in this cutting wind? You will be hungry enough by the time you have done grinding and cooking, for you ate at supper no more than might serve as a pretence. I, for my part, supped as well as if I had expected some lord Dane to step in between us and our baking."

"Hush!" whispered the timid wife. "Speak of anybody rather than those whose ears are everywhere."

"They should have been cropped long ago," said the husband, lowering his voice to a whisper, however. "And they would have been if we had had any one but the Unready over us. And the time may come yet if—"

He paused, and shovelled out one more bowlful of the grain.

"No, no," said Hildelitha. "The king is good now: he is kind and just—not like a Dane. Let us hope our wars and our changes are over."

"I said 'if,'" replied Merdhin, as he rose to shift and replace the stone. "I was thinking how soon Canute would be tired of pretending that the Danish raven is no raven but a dove. What say you?"

"I say that I can think of nothing now but how my poor little Tecla will put out her hand for her breakfast in the morning when she sees what I bring her. I could not sup to-night for thinking of it."

"It was that very thought that made me sup so heartily," said Merdhin. "And now home, and to work."

And he was about to replace the second stone when a voice behind him said,

"Not so fast, friend. Empty your hoard while you have the lid up."

Merdhin snatched the lantern from his wife, and turned the light in the direction of the voice. Four faces, yellow in the dim gleam, appeared above the wall. All were smiling; but not so as to bring answering smiles.

"You see," said one of the strangers, "that we are double your number: moreover, we have not supped, well or ill. So out with more of your good wheat."

"The whole and no less," exclaimed another, leaping the wall.

Merdhin seized him by the throat; but his grasp was loosened in an instant by many hands.

"O master!" cried the trembling neat-herd, "I did not bring these strangers here of my own accord. They carried me off to show them where I lived. O my lords!" turning to the strangers, "I did not know of any grain hidden here."

"No, or there would have been less by the measure of your appetite," observed one of the intruders.

The inferior men of the party would have compelled Merdhin to work as their servant in emptying his own stores; but their leader was more politic and better mannered. He ordered one of his followers and the herdsman to assist the host, and even took a turn at the work himself. Meantime, two more attended Hildelitha home, to see that a good fire was prepared for cooking, and that she disturbed none of the household who could interfere with the comfort of the strangers.

A merry night they made of it: and an anxious night it was to the farmer and his family. The children trembled in their beds as the laughter and singing grew louder. The servants peeped in and peeped down through crevices in the wooden walls and ceiling; but they could not get a word with their master, who found himself a prisoner in his own hall; nor could they concert any effectual scheme of rescue or revenge among themselves. There

were no neighbours within the reach of many hours, except the monks, who could do no good in such a case. And there was nothing in the conduct of the strangers to rouse such anger as could defy all consequences. Hildelitha was treated with courtesy, and thanked for her exertions: and the host's health was pledged in his own ale and mead, whether or not he chose to return the greeting.

In the morning, when the leader of the party roused himself from the short sleep he had taken with his head on the board, he called for water, dashed it over his head and face till he was thoroughly awakened and cooled, ordered a clearance of all signs of revelry in the apartment, looking abroad meantime at the faint light which was breaking in the east, and then proceeded to hold a kind of court of his followers, over which he himself presided.

He caused Merdhin and his wife to be placed at the foot of what was now, in appearance, a judicial board.

"Do you know who we are?" was his first question to Merdhin.

"No: nor by what right you are here," the host roughly replied.

His wife laid her hand on his arm, and some members of the mock court began to look fierce.

"You ask only what I was about to explain to you," said the leader, courteously. "I am Hagen the Dane, a commissioner from the king, sent into these parts with my followers, to prepare for the making a great causeway from Peterborough through the low grounds —a work which shows the love of the king towards his subjects in this region, and which will prove to all men, a thousand years hence, the care of King Canute for his people."

Hagen's followers raised a shout: and when the noise had subsided, Merdhin exclaimed,

"So it is true! A causeway complete from Peterborough, through those wide marshes! It will be a noble work, and a blessing to the country."

"And while the king is creating blessings for your country, you have not common hospitality to spare for his servants. You would have offered his commissioner nothing better than salt beef and herbs, with perhaps some dry pease, while you had a store of fine wheat for yourselves. Can you pretend to say that you would have given me any better food than you gave to some wayfarers last week if I had not come down upon you in the night?"

"We should not," replied Hildelitha. "The wheat was kept for our young children. As we have seen this last night, hungry travellers may eat at a meal what would serve our children's needs till the spring fishing and the early greens."

Her voice trembled as she spoke. Hagen knew that this was not from fear, but from the thought of her children's needs.

"It must not be forgotten," said he, "that your children's children will have reason to bless the errand on which we come. And I must make it understood through all the region that every possible help and comfort is to be afforded to the king's messengers whenever they bring into it the honour of their presence. An example must be made of such inhospitality as yours."

"By what law?" asked Merdhin.

"I will tell you when you tell me by what law the king is obliged to give you a road through the marshes. But if you like, your penalty shall go under the name of service to the work. The wolves—"

"The wolves!" faintly exclaimed Hildelitha.

"The wolves are a hindrance to us," continued Hagen: "the survey in the marshy parts ought to be finished while the ice is hard; but packs of wolves beset us, and compel us to keep together in the day-time, and to return long distances every night. I have therefore determined that the penalty of each offence that comes under my eye shall be paid in wolves' tongues. You will therefore go out, within this hour, against the wolves, and deliver to me, within six weeks from this day, six score of wolves' tongues."

Merdhin flushed to the temples as he cried, "That is the punishment of the vilest criminals in our country; of those," he continued, looking fiercely round upon his oppressors, "who have robbed a friendly host, or murdered a weary traveller, or eaten the bread of young children. Such are the men," he cried, with raised voice and daring eye, "such are the men that ought to be sent out for wolves' tongues, and not I, who have a home and family to protect from such ruffians as I have said."

Again Hildelitha laid her hand on his arm. "Perhaps," said she, "my lord was not aware that the punishment is base among Saxons. He will not now press it."

"Call it service to the king's good work," said Hagen. "As for your home and family, the women and children shall be protected under the eye of the monks of Peterborough: and there, by the way, they will get good barley-meal, if they cannot have such fine

wheat as at home. Your house shall be under my own care. It will suit me well as an abode for a little time to come; and you may be sure of its safety while it has to shelter me."

The cool decision with which he spoke annihilated all hope of change of purpose. Hildelitha threw her arms round her husband's neck, in order to whisper in his ear,

"Fly! Do not meet the wolves. Fly so far that the king may never be able to find you. Then we may meet again some day; but we never, never shall, if you go out at night against the wolves. Do not fear for us. I will take care of the children in some way; and the good monks—"

"One thing more," said the dreaded voice of the commissioner, whose eye had been upon them. "I cannot spare men to guard you, and see you execute your task; and for that reason it is that I hold your wife and children as hostages; as hostages," he repeated with emphasis, knowing the unspeakable terror of that word wherever Canute's former treatment of Saxon hostages had been heard of. "Moreover," continued he, "it will be required of you to deliver weekly, in the courtyard at Peterborough, whatever of your tale you have been able to collect. Thus your wife will be assured of your safety from week to week, and you of hers. Now, order out your horses for your wife and children, and any female attendant that she may choose to take with her, and I will myself be her escort, and see her within the gates. If you wish to witness our departure, be quick, for by sunrise you must yourself be on your way."

He gave orders that Merdhin should be furnished with such arms, food, clothing for warmth or defence, and such moderate supply of money as he might desire; and that one attendant, armed enough for self-defence, should be permitted to accompany him, to carry his stores, serve as his companion in his wanderings, and as a messenger in case of distress.

"Think not of us," said Hildelitha, as her husband put one of the children into her arms, after she had mounted her horse. "The good monks will pray for you. And O! my husband, fly!" she whispered. "We shall be with the holy monks, so think not of us."

"I shall think of my work," he replied aloud. "I shall give my whole mind to my errand, and shorten it. Ay!" he continued in a lowered tone, "I know how to shorten it. If I tell myself that I hear a Danish hail in every bark, and that I see a young lord Dane in every whelp, I shall not be long in getting my six score."

Whether these words had not been overheard by the commissioner was an anxious doubt to Hildelitha. His parting words on turning from the door were ominous,

"Remember, Merdhin, the Danish raven is in every wood."

When the sun rose above the parapet of clouds on the horizon, and cast a dim gleam on the ice of the eastern lagoon, Merdhin was striding along through the paths of the wood, in such a fever of mind that his attendant was hardly sorry to be unable to keep up with him. Yet the man was chidden, as often as he came within hearing, for not walking nimbly while his master's affairs were so pressing. He might have pleaded his burden: but he ventured only to repeat that the way to the sheepfold lay so nearly straight that it would be hard to miss it; and that he would get there himself as soon as his legs would take him. Merdhin at last was struck with the sight of the load the man was carrying. He took from him the leathern sack of food and the little cask of strong ale, and flung them over each shoulder, pursuing his way as fast as ever under the added burden.

The attendant was the neat-herd,—chosen because he had come this way yesterday, and could most easily bring his master to the spot where the sheep of the monks of Thorn-ey were at present folded.

That spot was a small island, green at all seasons, and chosen as the fold in the severest part of every winter, because it could be most easily defended from wild animals. Merdhin found two of the servants of the monastery engaged now in this work of defence, while the shepherd was milking two ewes which had already dropped their lambs, and were sheltered in the small hut in which he lived. The embers of the night-fires kindled on the ice were still alight: and afar off might be seen the retreating figures of the watchers who were returning to the monastery, on the arrival of the two who were supplying their places.

The chief business of the watchers was to keep clear of new ice a channel cut all round the little island, and to maintain the night-fires. The most rapid freezing took place just before sunrise; and as there was, at this severe season, no security against the return of the disappointed and famished animals of prey at any hour, the ice was as diligently broken in the morning as at sundown. The men were so busy with their iron-pointed staves, driving, breaking, and drowning the young ice, that they did not hear Merdhin's hail. When they perceived him at last, and his attendant in the rear, they shouted joyous thanks for such a

reinforcement, and pushed out a plank by way of bridge across the channel.

When Merdhin's figure darkened the door of the hut, the shepherd rose surprised and forgot his complaining ewe. He pushed back his woollen hood, and gazed in the face of the neighbour who had thus condescended to visit him.

"Sit down again, friend," said Merdhin. "Who need ever stand before one condemned to collect wolves' tongues?"

"It was a croaking raven that spoke that sentence on you," said one of the convent servants.

"Hush!" said the other. "The king is a good king to good Christians: and we are told to return him kind words for kind deeds."

"There is no talking of kind deeds to-day before Merdhin," replied the first. "And it is a comfort to be in a place where one may curse the enemy that one may not speak against at home. For my part . . ."

"No cursing!" exclaimed Merdhin imperiously. "That is, curse in your heart, if you will: but I want no useless words. My business presses."

"The wolves came from yonder quarter in troops last night," said the shepherd, with an intuitive sense of Merdhin's wishes. "Some —a good many, were heard on every hand; but the greatest number came this way,—I fancy from the hills, off there."

"Came!—but which way did they go?—that concerns me most. I want to be up with them."

"Better wait them here to-night. You never saw such packs . . ."

"I cannot wait," said Merdhin.

"There is enough to do meantime,—a good day's work," said the sensible shepherd. "A dozen men would not be too many to make the wolf-pits that we could use to-night."

"I will do the work of a dozen," replied Merdhin. "Where should your wolf-pits be? You know the ground."

"Ay, and the enemy. No councillor like a shepherd when you are going to war with wolves.—But what to do for tools!"

The neat-herd and one of the convent servants set off with alacrity to borrow tools, and, if possible, men for what might truly be called the service of the whole district. Sudden as was the call, enough came to make large preparation for the nightly attack, though it was necessary for them to depart homewards before dark, to avoid encountering the enemy by the way.

Broad spaces were cut in the ice, on that side of the islet where the waters were shallow enough to admit of the finding of the drowned wolves on the morrow,—the object being, not merely to destroy them, but to obtain their tongues. These holes were sufficiently disguised by a covering of powdered ice, strewed on a surface of osiers which would give way under the tread of a cat. It was only on a calm day that this kind of trap could be prepared; for a gust of wind was enough to lay it open. The blood of a sheep was dropped from some distance towards each trap, and plentifully sprinkled on the powdered ice; while between the trap and the inner channel lay a piece of flesh for the bait.—On the opposite side of the islet was a land-trap. A deep pit was dug the whole width of the point of land which lay between the fold and the ice. Sharp stakes were fixed, points upwards, in the bottom; and in the midst, and at some distance from each other, were erected tall poles,—each with a flesh-bait dangling from the top. To this pit there was also an osier covering, which was strewed with grass and rushes for disguise.

The last pole with its bait was reared just as the sun went down behind the leafless western woods. Merdhin, with heated face and brow, was toiling as if a life depended on the full use of every minute of daylight. When the last handful of grass was strewn, he did not give himself a moment's breathing-time, but turned to prepare his arms.

His attendant proposed to serve out to him the ale he had already refused three or four times.

"Not yet," he replied, impatiently. "There is only the dusk left for arming and all else. Not a spark of light must we have anywhere but from the sky; and there is too little left of that."

"No fire!" exclaimed two or three voices.

"No fire will I permit—nor candle. We want to bring the wolves, not to keep them off."

"But within the hut . . ."

"The hut has chinks. Not a word more! Any one who fears to watch a night in the dark may go—now, while he can see his way."

No one went: but there was a murmur that they should be found stiff corpses in the morning.

"Are you afraid of being frozen?" said Merdhin, dashing the perspiration from his brow.

"Excuse them!" said the shepherd. "You have a fire burning within, and . . ."

"True, true!" and Merdhin eagerly turned his face to meet a faint breath of night wind, which seemed more welcome to him than any

other possible refreshment. His irritation subsided at once. For an instant he stood with his ear turned in the direction of that one visiting breath, and then, he looked towards the sheep.—There was a stir and crowding together in the fold, and next, in consequence, a bleating from the ewes within the hut, followed by that of their lambs.

"You heard a bark?" inquired the shepherd. "I thought no ear was readier than mine to catch a wolf's bark."

"They are coming," said Merdhin. "Let those who fear the cold drink up my ale: and if that does not warm them they may huddle with the sheep. And now silence! and all go within the hut till utter dark."

The shepherd however softened some of the discontent of his fellow-watchers by telling them that he should keep a light burning in his lantern, turning the open side towards the wall in a corner of the hut. There would be no light that could scare a mouse: and it was as well to be prepared for accidents.

The first hour after dark was such an exciting one that those within the hut thought but little of meat or drink. As for Merdhin, no one knew where he was; and none wished to go out to see, so fearfully the clamour of the wolves seemed to be closing in upon them. When the moon rose the shepherd went forth to look to his fold, where, of course, his flock were in the extremity of terror, and even the dogs appeared disconcerted at the absence of the fires which were their wonted protection.

The moonlight disclosed the figure of Merdhin, standing, javelin in hand, on the brink of the pit. He pointed to three wolves which he had speared, on their having either leaped the chasm or scrambled out of it. From the pit issued such a yelping and baying, that the men could hardly make one another hear. But the shepherd was rather dismayed that any had passed, and said that he and his comrades must come out and mount guard.

"Leave it to me," said Merdhin. "They will be afraid of the cold.—Here is work enough to keep us warm though." And he pointed with his weapon to where more and more wolves were trooping towards the islet.

Out came the watchers, on summons, armed with axe, mallet, spade, or other tool. Only two or three more wolves cleared the pit; and they were at once struck down.—After a time, the alarm spread among those who were still on the outer ice, and they turned tail. Desperate as was their hunger, they slunk away, finding this islet better guarded than by such fires as were kindled round every other fold in the region.

Merdhin did not relax his watch till daylight. The rest of the party had quietly lighted a fire within the hut, after stopping up as many chinks as they could. They had supped and slept, and came forth, yawning, to offer their help, by the time Merdhin had speared all the wolves in the pit which remained alive, and was fishing up one of the few which might be seen drowned under the ice-holes.

These were presently drawn up and deprived of their tongues, which Merdhin carefully deposited in a leathern sack. When every slaughtered wolf had given up its tongue, the number was found to be ten.

"That will be great news at home," exclaimed one of the convent servants. "I doubt whether such a thing was ever heard of in these parts as so many being taken in one night."

"There is seldom such an onset, on either side," observed the shepherd. "The hungry brutes have met their match in an angry man; and the frost that pinched their noses, in the fire that burns in his heart.—See, what is he doing now? Tying stones round their necks to sink the carcasses in the deep channel.—Leave that to us, master," he said. "That is work for us to do,—getting rid of the carrion. Now is your time for food and rest within;—a little of each, to serve you till you reach the convent, which will, I suppose, be your next stage."

But Merdhin continued his toil, only stopping an instant to learn whether he would not be permitted to try another night's warfare on the islet.

"We should be thankful enough for the flock's sake," replied the shepherd, "if the wolves were likely to come. But the news has spread among them for this time: and we must have a new frost or a washing rain before they will be caught in our pit again."

"Are you sure of that? Then I must be off.—If they will not come to me to-night, I will go to them."

"Go to them!"

"Yes: and bring them again to me,—again within reach of my long javelin.—I will get into a tree at sundown, and leave a flesh-bait at the foot; and they will be howling all about me by the time the moon is up."

"O! master: and am I to get into a tree?" exclaimed the neat-herd. "If I must, let it be the same tree, and as high up as I can climb."

"No—you deserve rest on a pallet this night. Shift for yourself: only leave me a barley-cake

and a flask of ale, and what arms I can carry. And that sack. Let no one touch that sack," he cried, as his attendant was taking it up.

"It would be safe enough with me, master," said the man, reproachfully.

"True—you are not degraded to the collecting of wolves' tongues," muttered Merdhin.

"To my mind there is something good in the business,—ay, and something bold and fine, and not degrading at all," the shepherd ventured to say. "As I have seen it to-night —a man so hardy, and so devoted to his work that he forgot meat, drink, and fire—and saved many an innocent sheep, no doubt,—and gained the thanks of the good monks,—in such a way of doing the business, I see nothing of disgrace."

"Ah! but its being a penalty!" replied Merdhin, in a softened tone.

"And of whose laying on?" asked the shepherd. "If it be true that certain people's favours are injuries, may we not take their insults for compliments!"

"That was the way, as Father Edmund preached," declared the convent servant, "that St. Adelm thought and spoke when the heathens put him in the stocks and whipped him. 'Flog away!' said he; 'every stripe puts a flash of light into my crown.' So, when our enemy, who are worse than heathens . . ."

"Hush! hush!" said Merdhin. "Whatever they are, I am no saint. I have not even meekness enough to take comfort from such as you, —lowered as I am."

And he turned away to finish his work of disposing of the carcasses.—Perhaps, however, he was the better for the train of thoughts awakened in him by the mention of a saint and a holy monk; for he bade the shepherd farewell with gentleness, and thanked the convent servants with courtesy for their assistance through the preceding day and night.

"There goes a ruined man!" thought the shepherd, as he watched Merdhin's progress over the ice towards the western woods. "He may silence the barking wolves, but he will never gather quiet thoughts about him again. He may carry home his wife and children in safety and honour, as far as men see: but he will never enjoy his hearth again. As sure as the raven has stooped to brush any man's head with her lightest feather, that man is scathed as if she carried lightning in her wing."

As Merdhin proceeded on his way, he was struck with the change in the weather and in the aspect of the country. He left behind him every wide expanse of waters, saw fewer lagoons, observed the rivers assume more of the appearance of streams running between well-defined banks, and was surprised to find, first the centre, and then the whole, free of ice, except in shallow bays and coves. The sun shone out, and the rime on the grass and on the sprays of every tree became transformed to glittering dew-drops.

Merdhin turned from the river, in order to penetrate the woodland, believing that the wolves would be most likely to congregate in the heart of the forest, under whose covert the beasts of chase had no doubt already brought forth some of their young. No farms, with their cattle and sheep folds, were to be seen in the depths of forest regions; and the wildest thickets were therefore the most probable resort of beasts of prey.—Merdhin's mood also disposed him to the choice of such a scene for his next exploit. He wished to avoid men,—to bury himself and his mortifications in the woods: and he marched on, as if he left foes behind him.

By mid-day, however, his pace relaxed; and in the afternoon he found himself actually loitering. The almost forgotten charms of the deep woodland penetrated and calmed his spirit. The sunshine slanted down upon the mossy roots of the old oaks, and the smooth, pillar-like stems of the beech. The rustling of the leaves under foot pleased his ear as he walked; and when he stood still, he heard the whispering of the topmost boughs, as the soft south wind passed through them. He believed that he caught, at one instant, the coo of a wood-pigeon—the earliest of the year. In truth, there was one spot which looked and felt like spring,—a nook, clear of trees, but sheltered by a thick growth of them. Here he found a single sorrel-leaf peeping out from the root of an oak: and a squirrel put forth its nose from its hole to try the warmth of the sun.—Such a transition from winter to spring, between morning and night, was not so surprising to Merdhin as it might now be to inhabitants of the same region. In countries as little cleared and as thinly inhabited as these levels then were, the difference of a zone of the globe may now be experienced between a watery shore and a thick forest district only a few miles inland.

Merdhin did not enjoy the change the less for not being surprised at it. A glow of comfort seemed to pass through his soul, as well as his limbs. After loitering some time in this nook, he asked himself why he should go further. There was no more likely spot for the forest animals to seek, or the wolves to follow them to.

He climbed the tallest tree he could find; and as he swung in the top, he felt some of the genial spirit of boyhood return to him.

Not a dwelling could he see, far or near. The sun was low above the tree-tops to the west; and it was certainly the time when the cows should be going homewards, and the sheep be penned, and the swine collected for their night-feed; but neither cow-bell, nor bleat, nor grunt could he hear. Again his spirits rose with the conviction that he was indeed alone in the good old British forest. He did not forget the commissioner's warning that the Danish raven was in the depth of every wood he could enter. He knew this only too well by the brooding of the dark bird at his heart: but he bade it defiance, and sat on his perch, looking abroad with a free eye and a lightened spirit.

When the waters on the eastern horizon began to look their grayest and coldest, and the last yellow haze of the day shrouded the sun and the woods to the west, he came down to make preparations for the night before the night should come. He left up in the tree his sheaf of short javelins (after putting two or three into his girdle), his sack of wolves' tongues, and his leathern night-cloak; for this was the tree he chose for his station,—standing, as it did, on the verge of the clear space, and having a slight rise at his foot, which would facilitate the access of as many wolves as might choose to come and bay at him.

When he was half-way down he paused and remained quiet. A wild sow, with her litter of very young pigs, was busy under the trees, rooting out the beech-nuts, acorns, and dried grass which the squirrels and mice had buried in their winter-holes.—Merdhin had begun to feel hungry some time before; and now the sight of the young swine, and good spirits together, made him long for a hearty supper.

"That is a young sow," thought he. "Under a year, certainly; and she has farrowed early; and every pig of all that litter must be a delicate morsel. One, two—fifteen in all. I don't know whose chase this is: but whosoever it be, I may fairly have a supper out of it, for my service against the wolves. And out of all the troops of swine in this solitude, no one will be the worse for sparing me one little pig. And if it belongs to a lord Dane, as it no doubt does, he has no more right to it than I. And, in return for the hospitality that I myself have given to Danes, it is too contemptible a trifle to be worth a thought. And, above all, they have treated me in such a way that I am much disposed to do what I please for the rest of my life, without minding any of them, so as not to put Hildelitha and the children into any danger."

When he had thus, with the speed of thought, put away one bad reason by bringing in another, till mere will remained, he cast a javelin and struck down a delicate young grunter,—just such a one as the abbot at Thorn-ey would relish for supper, after a cold pilgrimage to meet his brother of Peterborough. In the midst of the outcry of sow and unhurt pigs, Merdhin slid down from his tree and despatched the little creature with his knife.

"Its offal will be good bait for the wolves," said he to himself: "and that is another reason for my making free. And now—"

But at this moment he heard a terrific rushing through the thicket. He at once apprehended the approach of the boar, and would have made for the tree; but there was no time. Once he saved himself by a spring to one side: but the beast wheeled round to attack him again, and it was well that he had left his spear within reach. He snatched it, and drove it at random. Happily it entered the neck; and the boar swerved just so much as that one of its tusks grazed Merdhin's high leathern hose, instead of tearing the flesh of his thigh. Again the animal turned upon him; but with less force: and it was easy first to evade him, and then to give him a fatal stroke, by plunging the knife into the back of the neck.

"I did not think to have been driven on by the pig to kill the boar," thought Merdhin, "and in a domain that I know nothing about. But it is so much more bait for the wolves. I must make haste with my supper while the light lasts; for there is scent enough now in this nook to bring all the beasts of prey in the forest about me."

He quickly gathered sufficient wood to make a glowing fire in the midst of the space: and he broiled some of the tender joints of his pig, listening the while to catch the first tokens of any movement in the forest.

"Already!" thought he, as a distant bark came on the wind. "The wolves grudge me my supper, after I have spread so good a one for them. I must carry my feast up, and eat it on my perch. If I make haste it will not be quite cold."

He did make haste; and his sack, his arms, his supper, and himself, were all safely lodged forty feet from the ground before any enemy appeared.

When the enemy appeared, it was not in the shape of wolves, but of a man with a dog. Their entrance upon the scene was a spectacle which Merdhin himself could not help enjoy-

ing, though it foreboded evil and danger to himself. The dog sprang from the thicket almost into the still smoking fire, and then turned his eye upon his master's, with a speaking expression of inquiry what was next to be done. His master looked round him, stirred the embers, as if expecting to turn up the secret from among them, examined the slain boar, cast a sharp glance into the neighbouring bushes, and then lifted his cow-horn to his lips and blew his loudest blast. A response came from a distance; and then another; and the keeper blew another blast immediately under the tree where Merdhin sat.

"I wonder," thought Merdhin, "whether they will find out where the offender hides till the wolves come to tell them. One way or another they will soon be about me; and then my fate will depend on whether this chase belongs to a lord Dane or to one of my own people."

It was the dog who discovered the intruder. He was leaping up against the tree when the other keepers, to the number of three or four, appeared from the thickets.

In answer to their demand that he would come down, Merdhin told his story, explaining that he was not in hiding, but placed so as best to make war against the wolves. He declared himself ready to answer for what he had done, both to the forest authorities and to his own bail. And declaring that he knew not where he was, he inquired who were the forest authorities in this case.

He had been right in his apprehension of having offended a lord Dane. This was one of the royal forests, and he had helped himself to a king's pig and slain a king's boar.

On hearing this Merdhin resolved not to come down. He declared his intention of remaining where he was till he had finished his business with the wolves; and warned the keepers of the stock of weapons that he had with him, recommending them to wait till he should descend of his own accord.

By this time it was so nearly dark that the keepers could not see Merdhin, though their figures were sufficiently visible to him as they moved in the open space. Two of them rekindled the fire, while the other two kept watch at the foot of the tree. They could not but laugh when Merdhin complained of the fire as sure to defeat his business with the wolves. They told him that he should have a larger fire to complain of presently, as they meant to kindle one round his tree and burn it, or smoke him down, if he did not surrender himself immediately. He coolly warned them of the penalties for injuring the king's woodland by fire or unauthorized felling; and repeated that he would come down when his work was finished, and not before.

He was presently aware that his foes were climbing the tree. While they were placing their feet on the lower branches, he did what he had early determined on. He climbed a little higher, and then along a branch to where the stout limb of a neighbouring oak extended within his grasp: upon this he sprang, leaving all his chattels behind him except the knife and such javelins as he could carry in his girdle. The oak yielded so little to his spring and weight as not to give the alarm to his foes, each of whom was making his own rustling among the wintry boughs; and Merdhin had dropped down into the thicket, leaped out into a glade on the other side, and fled some way with the course of the wind before his foes had satisfied themselves that he was not on his first perch.

Presently the breeze brought him tidings from behind that there was enough for men and dogs to do in keeping off the hungry beasts of prey which were allured by the scent of the carcasses he had slain for them. He had now only to beware of brute enemies; and he pursued his way diligently till he reached in the morning an open road, by which he travelled to the abode of one of his bail, with whom he could consult, in honour and confidence, as to what should be his next proceeding.

It was to the farm of his friend and fellow-freeman, Willebrod, that Merdhin repaired in his new distress. He would, the day before, have gone far round to avoid the dwelling; but now there was a total change in his affairs and in his feelings about them. Yesterday he was arbitrarily punished for an arbitrary offence, under a degrading sentence, for an act for which his bail were in no way responsible. To-day he had committed an offence recognized by the laws of his country, and his co-residents would be called on to produce him or to suffer in his stead. Honour and social duty required that he should put himself in the power of some one of his bail; and he was not sorry that it was so; for he needed to open his burdened mind to a comrade who could sympathize in his troubles.

From a distance he saw Willebrod in his vineyard, overlooking his men as they loosened the soil round the roots of the vines. Merdhin waited as patiently as he could till the labourers went to their noonday meal, believing that their master would stay for a few minutes to

examine their work. This happened as usual, and Merdhin showed himself from behind the fence of massive roots, so as to attract the notice of his friend.

"Merdhin! is that you?" exclaimed Willebrod, in some doubt; so haggard and worn were the face and figure of the wanderer.

"I hardly know!" replied Merdhin. "I feel as if I were not the same man as when we met last." And he put his hand to his head.

Willebrod observed that he supported himself by grasping the fence. The sight of him in this state—the strong and comely Merdhin so reduced—suggested the horrid fear common in those times.

"Where are Hildelitha and the children? for I see the lord Danes have been upon you."

"My wife and little ones are with the good monks at Peterborough: I have reason to believe so."

"Christ be thanked! then all may be well. Tell me no more now. Follow me, and I will give you food and drink, and a place to sleep in. You want sleep, I see."

"But I have broken the laws."

"The very reason why you should sleep in my house, that I may the more readily produce you. Have you slain a foreigner?"

"No—no man; but the king's game."

"Well; tell me no more now, but come—"

"One thing more I must tell you. I was foully disgraced yesterday by a vile sentence passed on me in my own house. I am to bring in tale of wolves' tongues, in the face of the holy monks of Peterborough."

Willebrod answered lightly; but the sudden flush of face and brow showed his sense of the indignity.

"The holy monks," said he, "know us better than any Dane. They will never take you or me for criminals, be assured. Do not stand here in the cold. Come to my chamber, —the quietest place I have for you. There you shall eat first, and then sleep,—and then you shall tell me whatever you please. Come, and I will wait on you myself."

It was past midnight when Merdhin awoke. His friend was watching beside the fire, and food and ale were on the table. In a low voice the host proposed that they should sup and converse, and then his guest should sleep again.

"Now tell me," said he, when Merdhin refused more ale, and the fire blazed up cheerily on being fed with a fresh log, "tell me what your danger actually is. Do these keepers know who you are?"

"They never saw my face; but concealment is impossible, even if I wished it—which I do not."

"You have made up your mind to that?"

"I have. Some one will be seized for the offence. To show zeal for the king they will lay hold of some one. That one and his friends will discover the real offender. You know my arms are left behind. They show me to be a free man: and then, there is the sack with the wolves' tongues: and to no other man,"—and he covered his face with his hands as he spoke,—"to no other man do those two things belong, — such arms and such tribute!"

"The strongest reason for your delivering yourself up," said Willebrod calmly, "appears to me to be this;—that you can use your privilege of a free man in obtaining your sentence from the king himself; and this will give us opportunity to make known to him his commissioner's conduct towards you."

"What then? Is he not himself a Dane?"

"Yes: but he is not altogether like other Danes. It is a favourite saying of his, 'I want no money raised by injustice.' Can he say less of any other form of tribute? And of the injustice he cannot make a moment's question."

"The weightiest reason with myself," said Merdhin, "is that my bail will be for ever liable for my fine, and much else, if I fly."

"Let us see what that would amount to," said Willebrod. "Some arrangement might be made between you and us as to your property, if you wish to keep out of Danish hands altogether."

"My wife and children!" exclaimed Merdhin. "But for them I would—"

"Better not tell me what you would do, lest you should still do it, and I be inquired of," said Willebrod. "I believe your offence will come under the head of stealing from the king; and your fine will then be ninefold compensation. Nine times the value of a boar or pig is not a very desperate fine. And then—"

"Ay! then there is also the offence of chasing on his lands without leave: though Heaven knows it was the boar that chased me. But I cannot plead this to any purpose."

"Certainly, while the brute lies pierced by your spear, and no witness available."

"And the pig to witness against me."

"And the pig, as you say. But I have been supposing you intending to confess or fly; there remains the method of the ordeal. If you put yourself in the way of arrest, and should be fortunate with the ordeal, you may save your

property and escape. I would not say such a thing if I thought you a guilty man; but your supping off a wild animal is in my eyes an offence so small that you have fully expiated it already. You are hesitating, I see. Let not the thought of what you left in the tree hinder you. All evidence is as nothing before the decision of the ordeal: and if we could get it conducted here in Thorn-ey, our united interest with the monks—"

"No," interrupted Merdhin. "I have committed the legal offence, and, however small it may appear to you, I will bear the penalty."

"You will thereby keep the power of appeal to the king, and may get quit of the other sentence, as I said," replied Willebrod. "Yes, I believe that will be your wisest way. To-morrow, or as soon as we hear that you are accused, I will cause the bishop to be informed that I will produce you, on summons from him, to the next gemot. And here you will remain, my friend, till your affair comes on."

"I would willingly, my comrade: but there is my week's tale to the commissioner to be provided. Here is nothing ready,—my first night's gain gone,—and in three days from this time I must appear with my tribute at Peterborough."

"Impossible! It cannot be done," decided Willebrod. "The commissioner's business must give way to the king's. He must wait, if indeed we cannot baffle him altogether."

"But my family!"

"I will see to that. I shall have to send a messenger round to all your bail to inform them that you are safe, and what course you intend to take. The same man—and I will send none but a trusty one—will make clear to the abbot, and to Hildelitha, and to the commissioner himself, that you must have time. Or, suppose you go yourself."

"No, I will not."

"You do not doubt our trusting you to appear on summons. You do not suppose I want to keep you as a prisoner here!"

"I know you well;—it is not that," replied Merdhin. "I will not go because the Danes would take the occasion of any failure to insult and degrade me before the face of the holy monks and of my wife. For Hildelitha's sake I will not go."

"I believe you are right, comrade. Stay and repose yourself here. And now to sleep!"

He compelled his guest to return to his bed, and lay down himself on a bear-skin near the fire, which he fed so well that he needed little covering but his woollen cloak.

A few days passed, and affairs were proceeding as the friends had anticipated. A messenger had been sent round among Merdhin's bail, with orders to call last at the monastery at Peterborough, and there deliver the excuses due for the failure of the first week's tribute, together with a token from the bishop and the bail that they required the presence of Merdhin in his own hundred for some little time to come. The bishop's summons had been served, and Merdhin and his securities were to appear before the next gemot to answer the charge of his having chased the king's game in a royal forest without authority. In the interval Merdhin wrought in his friend's fields, and would not listen to Willebrod's urgent suggestions that he should go home and see how his own land was faring. He felt that he had rather see it a waste in the end than put himself voluntarily in the way of its present occupants—the Danish superintendents of the new causeway. He found his best solace in toiling for Willebrod, and rarely looked off from his occupation but when the tread of horses' feet, or the horn or shout wherewith wayfarers were compelled by law to authenticate themselves as travellers and not thieves, made him hasten into the road to see if news of Hildelitha and his little ones was arriving.

The approach of a mule one day made him so look up. It was not the messenger, but Father Olaf, a monk from the next convent. As he passed he said in answer to the obeisance of Merdhin and then of Willebrod, "Follow me, my sons." At the door he dismounted in silence; and when he had taken his seat beside the fire, he desired that all should withdraw but the host and Merdhin. Both these anticipated something serious from his manner of proceeding; and it was a relief when he remarked that it was profitable to recite the writings of pious men as the beginning of intercourse, and he would therefore read for the private edification of his sons then present some passages from a discourse of the Rev. Bishop Lupus, preached during the late reign. There was the more need, he observed, for such occasional reading, as this very sermon preached, not many years before, in open church, could now be only privately recited, and to trusty ears alone.

The hearers seated themselves near the monk, and he proceeded to read, in a subdued voice:—

"We perpetually pay them tribute, and they ravage us daily."

Merdhin and Willebrod looked at each other and at the reader on becoming aware that his subject was a denunciation of the Danes. The

reader did not look up from his scroll, but continued:—

"They ravage, burn, spoil, and plunder, and carry off our property to their ships. Such is their successful valour, that one of them will in battle put ten of our men to flight."

"Nay—nay!" cried the listeners. Father Olaf continued with emphasis:—

"Two or three will drive a troop of captive Christians through the country from sea to sea. Very often they seize the wives and daughters of our thanes and cruelly violate them before the great chieftain's face. The slave of yesterday becomes the master of his lord to-day, or he flees to the Vikingr, and seeks his owner's life in the earliest battle. Soldiers, famine, flames, and effusion of blood abound on every side. Theft and murder, pestilence, diseases, calumny, hatred, and rapine dreadfully afflict us. Widows are frequently compelled into unjust marriages; many are reduced to penury and are pillaged. The poor men are sorely seduced and cruelly betrayed, and, though innocent, are sold far out of this land to foreign slavery. Cradle children are made slaves out of this nation . . ."

The monk's voice here failed him, and he turned his face from the gaze of his hearers as he cleared his throat to proceed:—

"Cradle children are made slaves out of this nation through an atrocious violation of the law for little stealings. The right of freedom is taken away: the rights of the servile are narrowed, and the right of charity is diminished. Freemen may not govern themselves, nor go where they wish, nor possess their own as they like."

A deep sigh from Merdhin here made the reader put down his scroll.

"These are the things," said the monk, "which made the wise Elfric write that we, with our living eyes, might look for doomsday, as the end of the world was surely very near. Since then our affairs have improved somewhat. We have not at present open war; and whereas the Bishop Lupus says, further on, 'the clergy are robbed of their franchises, and stripped of all their comforts,' it is now very different: we having a pious king who duly favours religion in its establishments and in its ministers. But as for the rest, much remains still too true." And the monk sighed.

"What would you have us do?" asked Willebrod. A deadly sickness of the heart kept Merdhin silent.

"The most afflicted must endure with a godly patience," replied Father Olaf, looking full upon Merdhin; "and we must all be loyally thankful that we have a merciful king, whatever his servants may be and do—a king merciful and just when we can but reach his ear."

"And how to reach his ear?" said Willebrod.

"That is what we have to consider," replied the monk, "for the case of my son here sorely craves justice and mercy. Strengthen your heart, my son, to hear the news. Your tale of wolves' tongues was not delivered two days since, nor did you appear. Twenty-four hours' grace was allowed. At the end thereof a Danish ship was sailing from the nearest point of the Deeps; your children were put on board as slaves . . ."

Merdhin bounded from his seat, and cried, "And Hildelitha!"

"She had disappeared last night. Whether she had attempted to follow her children, or had escaped in the hope of finding you, could only be conjectured. But the impression in the convent was that she was not in the hands of any Danes."

Merdhin rushed from the room. After a moment's hesitation about intruding on his grief, Willebrod followed him. But it was too late. He had flung himself on the horse which, in such dwellings and such times, usually stood saddled for sudden flight, and galloped, bareheaded, towards the woods.

Messengers were sent after him in vain. The next day the horse returned alone, and was found at his stable door. From the saddle there dangled a wolf's head.

"See this token!" cried Willebrod to the monk, who had returned for tidings. "He lets us know by this that he 'bears the wolf's head.' Merdhin an outlaw!"

"An outlaw and marauder!" sighed Father Olaf, "as many of our best freemen have become when, as Lupus preached, the 'right of freemen is taken away.' But will he not come in to summons before the gemot for his actual offence? Will his bail have to bear his penalty?"

"His estate will defray that: and if not, we will. But that Merdhin should become an outlaw!"

The spring of this year opened early. One mild evening a procession of boats passed near the shores of Thorn-ey—so near as to bring out the inhabitants of the farm-houses and cottages to see whether the voyagers were harmless or to be dreaded.

The first boat carried a flag which, as it floated on the wind, disclosed the *Raven*. But all dread vanished when it was clearly seen that the king himself was on board.

There he was, seated at the stern, and looking towards the land: and truly, the orchards on the slopes, already tinged with the pink and white of their opening blossoms, the deeper shades behind, and the convent roof and belfry rising amidst them; and all these reflected in the still waters beneath made a picture on which the young king might gaze in hearty love of his new dominions. It was the convent bell tolling over the wide waters which had brought the little fleet so near; for Canute loved to hear the music of devotion at all times. As the chant of the evening service rose and fell on the wind, he made a signal to the rowers to slacken their speed; and forthwith the whole fleet became nearly motionless, scarcely disturbing, as they glided on, the shadows on the surface. The gaze of the king was fixed on the monastery. Only once he looked aside, and that was when, in a momentary interval of the music, a voice of lamentation was heard from the shore—a feeble woman's cry—which was drowned in the next swell of voices.

When the service was over, and the king had devoutly crossed himself, he hummed a few notes, which were eagerly caught up by his crew. They joined voices heartily in singing the ballad composed by the king himself, the first stanza of which remains to us:—

> "Merry sung the monks in Ely,
> When Cnute king rowed thereby.
> Row, my knights, row near the land,
> And hear we these monks' song."

Each boat's crew took up the succeeding stanza; and the king turned to listen. But between every verse was heard that cry on the island. When it occurred the third time Canute started from his seat, shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and gazed in upon the shore. He then signed to make for the land; and great was the commotion that ensued there.

The holy monks immediately issued from their gate, and hastened down to receive their guest, as they supposed the king meant to be. But Canute could not stop. He was to-morrow to survey the line proposed for his great new causeway, afterwards called the King's Delf, and in use to this day. He had in perfection the royal will and faculty of investigating every incident that befel within his observation, as well as a new-born benevolence, springing from prosperity, strengthening with peace and time, and contrasting strangely with the barbarity which seemed natural to him during the first years of his presence in England. He now stepped on shore, returned the greeting of the monks, declared that such a voice of woe as he had heard was, from any but a child, an unseemly accompaniment to a Christian song, and ordered that the sufferer, if a maniac, should be aided by holy prayers, and if not, should be conveyed in the last boat of his company, that he might inquire into the case at Peterborough.

"She is no maniac, unless grief be called, in its extremity, madness," said Father Olaf, breathless, between his speed downhill and his eagerness to interest the king.

"You know the story," said Canute. "Room shall be made for you and her in the last boat —no, in the next boat to my own, if you will silence that cry: and before I sleep your story shall be heard."

And the king re-embarked, leaving Father Olaf no more time than to entreat his abbot to send Willebrod after them with the utmost speed.

The king had supped in the house reserved for his use at Peterborough, and he was sitting down to a game at chequers with one of his knights when a sudden thought seemed to cross him.

"Kingly duty must come before sport," said he. On the word the commissioner Hagen placed himself in full view, with a large black board, on which a sort of map was traced in chalk. The abbot of Peterborough called to his almoner to produce the king's alms-pouch. The ealdorman of the district declared himself ready with the record of the last shire-gemot. Almost everyone present was ready with some piece of "kingly duty" for his sovereign to do.

But the king took no notice of any of these preparations. He directed that Father Olaf and the complaining woman should be summoned to the next apartment, where he joined them, attended only by his chamberlain, who bore the silver lamp before him, and his chancellor, whose presence he rarely dispensed with on occasions of inquiry and appeal like the present. In a few minutes one of the secretaries was called from among the company in the hall; and from this it was inferred by the courtiers that the game of chequers might wait a good while.

It was not long, however, before a sudden hush was caused by the opening of the door of the ante-chamber. The hangings, stiff with embroidery of silver and gold, were held aside by the chamberlain, and the king appeared.

"Some of this business," said he, "will not wait."

And he called on the commissioner, who stood forth, not without dread.

"I gave you a commission about my causeway," said the king. "I gave you none to interpret my laws, and to invent punishments for my people. I now deliver to you a new commission. Can you prophesy what it is?"

Hagen's countenance fell. He feared the terrible retribution of having to fulfil himself the sentence he had inflicted on Merdhin. But the king, whose faculty of reading the thoughts of his courtiers was known to all about him, continued:—

"The vile task of collecting wolves' tongues is one which is not, and shall not be, imposed on any freeman; on any but criminals condemned to death."

Under the sense of relief the commissioner loudly exclaimed:—

"Canute the King is the most just of kings."

"Hear then the new commission which my justice appoints you. Bring back the children of Merdhin, and place them yourself in the arms of their mother, in the presence of my lord abbot here."

"But the vessel may have sailed—must have sailed . . ."

"Then let another vessel sail after it. If the wind is fair for one, it is fair for both. You shall also cause Merdhin to be brought hither, with an observance of all the rights and dues of a freeman."

"My king, he has fled no one knows where, for the offence of hunting in the royal forests."

"For his offence in the forest he shall suffer according to law. That is an affair which you may leave to myself and his bail. Your affair is to find him, and bring him hither in safety. He is among the band of marauders that inhabit the forest near Crowland. Take what force is necessary; and remember I shall know how you use it. Take heed to this man's safety. You have shown small respect to the laws of this our new country; but by those laws I govern; and by them account must be rendered to me for the life of every freeman, the king being every freeman's legal lord and patron. Now—begone!"

"Such is your royal pleasure?" replied the uneasy commissioner.

"It is: but not the whole of it. It is my pleasure also to find you some commission in Denmark when this business is settled. I have sent home the greater part of my followers; and none shall remain who do not respect the laws of this island and the rights of its people."

The king retired by one door, and Hagen by another, leaving the Saxon and Danish members of the court to vent to one another their enthusiasm for the king. They gave him, according to their respective methods of admiration, the titles by which he was celebrated in his own day and afterwards—the Brave, the Generous, the Pious, the Great.

Careless of the murmur of praise which he had left behind him, Canute sat in the antechamber, in consultation with his chancellor. The hardy young warrior's face was as grave, and from its earnestness almost as reverend as that of his counsellor. The secretary sat in silence, awaiting orders or dismissal.

"I am satisfied," said the chancellor, in answer to a question from the king, "I am satisfied alike by the testimony of the wife, the monk Olaf, and the freeman Willebrod, that the new forest laws are not answerable for the flight and ruin of this man. He was prepared to obey the summons of the bishop; was awaiting the day in the house of one of his bail. And a man must be out of his senses who would go forth in winter and bear the wolf's head from fear of a mere fine which he was well able to pay. It was oppression from a different quarter that drove him forth, and not our forest laws."

"It is well," said the king. "I would have those laws, like all others, just, doing all the good possible, with the least hardship. On the one hand, the state of the country compels us to require that every freeman shall bear arms, and arm his dependents; and on the other, it is necessary to preserve landed estates from being infested by such armed men in pursuit of beasts of chase. It appeared to us that the due and best security would be given by declaring every possessor of land the possessor of whatever was upon it, to give or to keep at his pleasure, and therefore to punish any one who laid hands without leave on the trees of any woodland, or on any beast, bird, or fish that dwells within the bounds of any estate. Does this ordinance appear to you as just as when it was made?"

"It does."

"And that the punishment should be what it is?"

"Why not? It is of the same nature as that appointed for other thefts and aggressions. The question which many ask is only whether it is not too light for the offence of chasing the king's game in the royal forests."

"That is no matter of doubt to me," replied the king. "The grass, and trees, and beasts of crown lands look like those of other lands; and my pleasure in hunting is like that of my knights, and officers: and what is protection enough for them is protection enough for me."

The chancellor smiled as he said, "Great is

the humility of the king who speaks such words."

"No," replied the king, reprovingly. "You speak against your better knowledge. My office is sacred, and must be secured on the lives of other men, because the lives and welfare of other men depend on it. My person is sacred, and must be secured on the lives of other men for the same reason. But my property and my pleasures are those of a noble among nobles; and . . ."

"A noble among nobles!" murmured the chancellor in devout admiration.

"Higher than other nobles only in this," pursued the king, "that I stand in the midst of them, and am naturally the point of appeal to the weak and the wretched, as in this case. A man round whom most of the weak gather for justice and protection becomes more powerful than those who are so resorted to by only one or two; but his power is thus enhanced merely in extent, not in kind. No more sacredness is given to his lands, and no greater value to his beasts of chase. The battle-field is my chase when I hunt as a king; and there it is death for any one to cross my path. When I sport in my own woodland, if any one come between me and the boar, he offends merely against the proprietor of the land."

"However it may be with your beasts, birds, and fishes," observed the chancellor, "it is certain that your thoughts are kingly."

"And yours," said Canute, "are not faithful when you would darken my views of the law instead of clearing them. It was yourself who informed me of the old law of the kingdoms on the mainland on which I founded that of my new island."

The chancellor was glad to escape from his embarrassment by citing this same old law:—

"Cuique enim in proprio fundo quamlibet feram quoquo modo venari permissum."

"See then," said the king, rising, "that our intentions in making our forest law are fairly fulfilled in the case of this man Merdhin, and every other accused of the slaughter or pursuit of game on another man's land. I would fain pardon this Merdhin; but we must respect the law we made in deliberation. Never let it be said, however, that Canute the king bears harder than the law for offences done against Canute the hunter."

The king returned to the hall and his game at chequers, leaving his chancellor musing over the change wrought, and still working in him, by the leisure of peace and the possession of power.

"One man," thought the chancellor, "is quiet and moderate enough till heaven or hell gives him power to work his full will; and then he makes men groan under his scourge. Here is a man who lived among groans, as if they were music, wherever he went as a conqueror through this land; and now that he is as great here as the sun in the sky, he moderates his flames as if his head were snowy with age instead of golden with youth. He studies night and day to make wise laws for the people's rule, and sweet ballads for their holiday hours. His sternness is, in these days, not for Saxons, but for the most obsequious, of whatever race. Heaven, who sent him, knows best where this will end. Perhaps we may see the Brave and Great a weeping pilgrim some day, or his sceptre may sprout into a saint's palm-rod before he dies."

The shepherd of the monastery was rarely wrong in his predictions; and it was some years before he was proved mistaken in having said that Merdhin could never again fully enjoy his home, or recover a tranquil mind. Merdhin's terrified children were restored to his arms; his wife's shaken spirits were calmed; his servants returned home; and the dwelling and fields looked much like themselves in the course of a season or two. Moreover, the commissioner Hagen had set sail for Denmark as soon as he had brought Merdhin to Peterborough; and every Dane in the region knew that no molestation was to be offered to the household of the farmer on Thorn-ey. But this outward tranquillity did not suffice to calm the tempest which that one shock had aroused.

Good Father Olaf, who watched over the family, observed that Merdhin was most happy when working out his fine to repay his bail; and he took this hint in regard to the other offence which lay heavy on the man's conscience—his having joined the band of marauders in the forest. While his heart bled with compassion for the despair which had prompted that step—one very common in those days—the monk treated it as a solemn sin, requiring a great penance, well knowing that the larger the penance the greater was the chance of peace at the end of it. He therefore appointed to his penitent a now incredible amount of repetition of prayers and psalms. But, better than this, he recited to him, in the language of the church, the acts for which he might commute the appointed penance.

"He may repair churches where he can, and make folkways, with bridges over deep waters and over miry places; and let him assist poor men's widows, and step-children, and foreigners. He may free his own slaves, and redeem

the liberty of those of other masters, and especially the poor captives of war: and let him feed the needy, and house them, clothe and warm them, and give them bathing and beds."

Here was scope for the restless man. And ere long there was not a miry way that was not paved, nor a brook that was not bridged, within some miles of his dwelling; and he made footpaths for wayfarers through his own and the convent woodland. And when King Canute went on his long pilgrimage to Rome, Merdhin prayed loyally for his safety every day. And when the king's public letter, addressed to the whole of his English subjects, was read in the churches, preparatory to his return, Merdhin committed to memory as much of it as follows, and solaced himself with repeating it at his toil:—

"And now, therefore, be it known to you all that I have dedicated my life to God to govern my kingdoms with justice, and to observe the right in all things. If, in the time that is past, and in the violence and carelessness of youth, I have violated justice, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. Therefore I beg and command those unto whom I have intrusted the government, as they wish to preserve my good-will, and save their own souls, to do no injustice either to rich or poor. Let those who are noble, and those who are not, equally obtain their rights, according to the laws, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me, or through favour to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I want no money raised by injustice."

And when, three years after, Canute died, too soon for the peace of the kingdom, and too early for the accomplishment of many wise designs—for he was under forty at his death—Hildelitha told to her children in winter evenings all the stories she had heard of good King Canute, and sang to them the ballads he had made: and Merdhin taught the elder ones to pray daily for his soul.

WINTER SONG.

They were parted then at last?
  Was it duty, or force, or fate?
Or only a wordy blast
  Blew-to the meeting-gate?

An old old story is this—
  A glance, a trembling, a sigh,
A gaze in the eyes, a kiss—
  Why will it *not* go by?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE KING'S SENTINEL.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

[Richard Henry Stoddard, born in Hingham, Massachusetts, 1825. His works are published by Messrs. Scribner & Company, Broadway, New York. He has written and edited numerous works of a poetical and biographical character; notably, *The Castle by the Sea* and other Poems; *Adventures in Fairy-land* (for children); *The Loves and Heroines of the Poets; Madrigals from the old English Poets*, &c. &c. R. W. Griswold, in his *Poets of America*, says of him: "His style is characterized by purity and grace of expression. He is a master of rhythmical melody, and his mode of treating a subject is sometimes exquisitely subtle."]

Upon a time, unbidden, came a man
Before the mighty King of Teberistan.
When the king saw this daring man, he cried,
"Who art thou, fellow?" Whereto he replied,
"A lion-hunter and a swordsman, I,
Moreover, I am skilled in archery:
A famous bowman, who of men alone
Can drive his arrows through the hardest stone.
Besides my courage, tried in desperate wars,
I know to read the riddle of the stars.
First in the service of Emeer Khojend,
Who, friend to none, has none to be his friend—
Him have I left, I hope, an honest man,
To serve, if so he wills, the Lord of Teberistan."
To whom in answer: "I have men enow,
Stalwart, like thee, apt with the sword and bow;
These no king lacks, or need to; what we need
Are men who may be trusted—word and deed:
Who, to keep pain from us, would yield their breath;
Faithful in life, and faithfuller in death."
"Try me." As thrice the monarch claps his hands,
The captain of the guard before him stands,
Amazed that one, unknown of him, had come
In to the king, and fearful of his doom.
Sternly his lord: "You guard me, slave, so well
That I have made this man my sentinel."
Thus did the happy archer gain his end,
And thus his sovereign find at last a friend,
Who from that hour was to his service bound,
Keen as his hawk, and faithful as his hound.

Now when a moon of nights had ta'en its flight,
Amid the darkness of a summer night,
The king awoke, alarmed, with fluttering breath
Like one who struggles in the toils of death,
And wandered to his lattice, which stood wide,
Whence, down below him in the court, he spied
A shadowy figure, with a threatening spear.
"What man art thou?—if man—and wherefore here?"
"Your sentinel, and servant, O my lord!"
"Hearken!" They did. And now a voice was heard,
But whether from the desert far away,
Or from the neighbour-garden, who could say?

So far it was, yet near, so loud, yet low;
"Who calls?" it said. It sighed, "*I go! I go!*"
Then spake the pallid king, in trouble sore,
"Have you this dreadful summons heard before?"
"That voice, or something like it, have I heard—
(Perchance the wailing of some magic bird)—
Three nights, and at this very hour, O king!
But could not quit my post to seek the thing.
But now, if you command me, I will try,
Where the sound was, to find the mystery."
"Go! follow where it leads, if anywhere,
And what it is, and means, to me declare;
It may be ill, but I will hope the best:
But haste, for I am weary, and must rest."
Softly, as one that would surprise a thief,
Who might detect the rustling of a leaf,
The sentinel stole out into the night,
Nor knew that the king kept him still in sight—
Behind him, with a blanket o'er his head,
Black-draped down to his feet, as he were dead;
But the spear trembled in his hands, his knees
Weakened—at length he sank beneath the trees.
Again the voice was heard, and now more near
Than when it faded last—it was so clear:
"*I go! what man will force me to return?*"
"Now," thought the wondering soldier, "I shall learn
Who speaks, and why." And, looking up, he saw
What filled his simple soul with love and awe—
A noble woman, standing by his side,
Who might have been the widow or the bride
Of some great king, so much of joy and woe
Hung on the perfect lips that breathed "I go,"
Shone in the quenchless eyes, dimmed the bright hair—
No woman, born of woman, half so fair!
"Most beautiful! who art thou?" "Know, O man,
I am his life, who rules in Teberistan—
The spirit of your lord, whose end is nigh,
Except some friend—what friend?—for him will die."
"Can I?" But she: "'Tis written you must live."
"What then—my life rejected—can I give?"
"You have a son," she whispered in his ear,
Feeling her way, it seemed, in hope and fear,
Lest what she would demand should be denied.
He pressed a sudden hand against his side
Where his heart ached, but spake not. "Fetch your son,
And I remain; refuse, and I am gone
Even while we parley." Stifling the great sigh
That heaved his breast, he answered, "He shall die!"
And now for the first time he was aware
Besides themselves there was a Presence there,
Which made his blood run cold, but did not shake
His resolution that, for the king's sake,
His boy must perish. So he said, "I go,"
And like the swiftest arrow from his bow
The phantom vanished, and he went to bring
His sleeping child as ransom for the king,
Leaving that strange, bright woman there alone;
Who, smiling sadly, soon as he was gone,
Ran to her lord, fallen upon the ground:
And while she lifted his dead weight, and wound
Her arms around him, and her tears did rain,
Kissed his cold lips, till, warmed, they kissed her own again.

Meanwhile the sentinel down the royal park
Groped his way homeward, stumbling in the dark,
Uncertain of himself and all about;
For the low branches were as hands thrust out—
But whether to urge faster, or delay,
Since they both clutched and pushed, he could not say;
Nor, so irregular his heart's wild beat,
Whether he ran, or dragged his lagging feet!
When, half a league being over, he was near
His poor mean hut, there broke upon his ear—
As from a child who wakes in dreams of pain,
And, while its parents listen, sleeps again—
A cry like *Father!* Whence, and whose, the cry?
Was it from out the hut, or in the sky?
What if some robber with the boy had fled?
What—dreadful thought!—what if the boy were dead?
He reached the door in haste, and found it barred,
As when at set of sun he went on guard,
Shutting the lad in from all nightly harms,
As safe as in the loving mother arms
Which could no longer fold him: all was fast,
No footstep since his own that night had passed
Across the threshold—no man had been there;
'Twas still within, and cold, and dark, and bare;
Bare but not dark; for, opening now the door,
The fitful moon, late hidden out once more
Thrust its sharp crescent through the starless gloom
Like a long scimitar, and smote the room
With pitiless brightness, and himself with dread—
Poor, childless man!—for there his child was dead!
He spake not, wept not, stirred not; one might say,
Till that first awful moment passed away,
He was not, but some dead man in his place
Stood, with a deathless sorrow in its face!
Then—for a heart so stricken as was his,
So suddenly set upon by agonies,
Must find as sudden a relief, or break—
He wept a little for his own sad sake,
And for the boy that lay there without breath,
Whom he so freely sacrificed to Death!
Thereafter kneeling softly by the bed,
Face buried, and hands wrung above his head,
He said what prayer came to him; and be sure
The prayers of all men at such times are pure.
At last he rose, and lifting to his heart
Its precious burden—limbs that dropped apart—
Hands that no longer clasped him—little feet
That never more would run his own to meet,
Wrapping his cloak round all with loving care,
To shield it from the dew and the cold air,
He staggered slowly out in the black night.
Nowhere was that strange woman now in sight
To take the child; but at the palace gate
The king stood waiting him—reprieved of Fate!
"What was it, soldier?" "God preserve the King!
'Twas nothing." "Tell me quickly." "A small thing

Not worth your hearing. In the park I found
A lonely woman sitting on the ground,
Wailing her husband, who had done her wrong,
Whose house she had forsaken—but not long;
For I made peace between them—dried the tears,
And added some, I hope, to their now happy years."
"What bear you there?" "A child I was to bring"—
He paused a moment—"It is mine, oh, king!"
"I followed, and know all. So young to die—
Poor thing!—for me! . . . You should be king, not I.
You shall be my vizier—shake not your head;
I swear it shall be so. Be comforted.
For this dead child of yours, who met my doom,
I will have built for him a costly tomb
Of divers marbles, glorious to behold,
With many a rich device inlaid of gold,
Ivory, and precious stones, and thereupon
Blazoned the name and story of your son,
And yours, vizier, of whom shall history tell
That never king but one had such a sentinel!"

MY FIRST FOLLY.

"L'imagination grossit souvent les plus petits objets par une estimation fantastique jusqu'à remplir notre âme."—PENSÉES DE PASCAL.

"I have spent all my golden time
In writing many a loving rime;
I have consumed all my youth
In vowing of my faith and trueth;
O willow, willow, willow tree,
Yet can I not beleeved bee."

OLD BALLAD.

"Do you take trifle?" said Lady Olivia to my poor friend Halloran.

"No, ma'am, I am reading philosophy," said Halloran, waking from a fit of abstraction, with about as much consciousness and perception as exists in a petrified oyster, or an alderman dying of a surfeit.—Halloran is a fool.

A trifle is the one good thing, the sole and surpassing enjoyment. He only is happy who can fix his thoughts, and his hopes, and his feelings, and his affections, upon those fickle and fading pleasures which are tenderly cherished and easily forgotten, alike acute in their excitement and brief in their regret. Trifles constitute my summum bonum. Sages may crush them with the heavy train of argument and syllogism; school-boys may assail them with the light artillery of essay and of theme; members of parliament may loathe, doctors of divinity may contemn:—bag-wigs and big-wigs, blue-devils and blue-stockings, sophistry and sermons, reasonings and wrinkles, Solon, Thales, Newton's *Principia*, Mr. Walker's *Eidouranion*, the King's Bench, the bench of bishops—all these are serious antagonists; very serious!—but I care not; I defy them; I dote upon trifles; and my name is Vyvyan Joyeuse, and my motto is "Vive la Bagatelle."

There are many persons who, while they have a tolerable taste for the frivolous, yet profess remorse and penitence for their indulgence of it; and continually court and embrace new day-dreams, while they shrink from the retrospect of those which have already faded. Peace be to their everlasting laments and their ever-broken resolutions. Your true trifler, meaning your humble servant, is a being of a very different order. The luxury which I renew in the recollection of the past is equal to that which I feel in the enjoyment of the present, or create in the anticipation of the future. I love to count and recount every treasure I have flung away, every bubble I have broken; I love to dream again the dreams of my boyhood, and to see the visions of departed pleasures flitting like Ossian's ghosts around me, "with stars dim twinkling through their forms." I look back with delight to a youth which has been idled away, to tastes which have been perverted, to talents which have been misemployed; and while in imagination I wander back through the haunts of my old idlesse, for all the learning of a Greek professor, for all the morality of Sir John Sewel, I would not lose one single point of that which has been ridiculous and grotesque, nor one single tint of that which has been beautiful and beloved.

Moralists and misanthropists, maidens with starched morals and matrons with starched frills, ancient adorers of bohea and scandal, venerable votaries of whispering and of whist, learned professors of the compassionate sneer and the innocent innuendo, eternal pillars of gravity and good order, of stupidity and decorum, come not near me with your spare and spectacled features, your candid and considerate criticism. In you I have no hope, in me you have no interest. I am to speak of stories you will not believe, of beings you cannot love; of foibles for which you have no compassion, of feelings in which you have no share.

Fortunate and unfortunate couples, belles in silks and beaux in sentimentals, ye who have wept and sighed, ye who have been wept for and sighed for, victims of vapours and coiners of vows, makers and marrers of intrigue, readers and writers of songs, come to me with your attention and your salts, your sympathy and your cambric; your griefs, your raptures, your anxieties, all have been mine; I know your blushing and your paleness, your self-deceiving and your self-tormenting,

"so com'è inconstanta e vaga
Timida, ardita vite degli amanti,
Ch'un poco dolce molto amaro appoggia
E so i costumi, e i lor sospiri, e i canti
E'l parlar rotto, e'l subito silenzio,
E'l brevissimo riso, e i lunghi pianti;
E qual è 'l mel temprato con l'assenzio."[1]

All these things are so beautiful in Italian! but I need not have borrowed a syllable from Petrarch, for shapes of shadowy beauty, smiles of cherished loveliness, glances of reviving lustre, are coming in the mist of memory around me. I am writing "an ower true tale!"

I never fell seriously in love till I was seventeen. Long before that period I had learned to talk nonsense and tell lies, and had established the important points that a delicate figure is equivalent to a thousand pounds, a pretty mouth better than the Bank of England, and a pair of bright eyes worth all Mexico. But at seventeen a more intricate branch of study awaited me.

I was lounging away my June at a pretty village in Kent, with little occupation beyond my own meditations, and no company but my horse and dogs. My sisters were both in the south of France, and my uncle, at whose seat I had pitched my camp, was attending to the interests of his constituents and the wishes of his patron in parliament. I began, after the lapse of a week, to be immensely bored; I felt a considerable dislike of an agricultural life, and an incipient inclination for laudanum. I took to playing backgammon with the rector. He was more than a match for me, and used to grow most unclerically hot when the dice, as was their duty, befriended the weaker side. At last, at the conclusion of a very long hit, which had kept Mrs. Penn's tea waiting full an hour, my worthy and wigged friend flung deuce-ace three times in succession, put the board in the fire, overturned Mrs. Penn's best china, and hurried to his study to compose a sermon on patience.

Then I took up reading. My uncle had a delightful library where a reasonable man might have lived and died. But I confess I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading. It is a very pretty thing to take down a volume of Tasso or Racine, and study accent and cadence for the benefit of half-a-dozen *listening* belles, all dividing their attention between the work and the work-basket, their feelings and their flounces, their tears and their trimmings, with becoming and laudable perseverance. It is a far prettier thing to read Petrarch or Rousseau with a single companion, in some sheltered spot so full of passion and of beauty, that you may sit whole days in its fragrance and dream of Laura and Julie. If these are out of the way, it is endurable to be tied down to the moth-eaten marvels of antiquity, poring to-day that you may pore again to-morrow, and labouring for the nine-days' wonder of some temporary distinction, with an ambition which is almost frenzy, and an emulation which speaks the language of animosity. But to sit down to a novel or a philosopher, with no companion to participate in the enjoyment, and no object to reward the toil, this indeed—oh! I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading; and so I deserted Sir Roger's library, and left his Marmontel and his Aristotle to the slumbers from which I had unthinkingly awakened them.

At last I was roused from a state of most Persian torpor by a note from an old lady, whose hall, for so an indifferent country-house was by courtesy denominated, stood at the distance of a few miles. She was about to give a ball. Such a thing had not been seen for ten years within ten miles of us. From the sensation produced by the intimation you might have deemed the world at an end. Prayers and entreaties were offered up to all the guardians and all the milliners; and the old gentlemen rose in a passion and the old lace rose in price. Everything was everywhere in a flurry; kitchen, and parlour, and boudoir, and garret—Babel all! Ackermann's *Fashionable Repository*, the *Ladies' Magazine*, the *New Pocket-book*, all these, and all other publications whose frontispieces presented the "fashions for 1817," personified in a thin lady with kid gloves and a formidable obliquity of vision, were in earnest and immediate requisition. Needles and pins were flying right and left; dinner was ill-dressed that dancers might be well-dressed; mutton was marred that misses might be married. There was not a school-boy who did not cut Homer and capers; nor a boarding-school beauty who did not try on a score of dancing-shoes, and talk for a fortnight of Angiolini. Every occupation was laid down, every carpet was taken up; every combination of hands-a-cross and down the middle was committed most laudably to memory; and nothing was talked, nothing was meditated, nothing was dreamed, but love and romance, fiddles and flirtation,

[1] The following is a translation of these lines:—
"I know how fickle 'tis, and yet how fond,
That timorous venturous life that lovers lead,
Where little sweetness covers much that's sour.
And lovers' ways—their sighs, their songs, I know,
Their broken words and sudden silences
I know the short-lived smile, the long laments—
The taste of honey when 'tis mixed with gall."

warm negus and handsome partners, dyed feathers and chalked floors.

In all the pride and condescension of an inmate of Grosvenor Square I looked upon Lady Motley's "At Home." "Yes," I said, flinging away the card with a tragedy twist of the fingers,—"yes, I will be there. For one evening I will encounter the tedium and the taste of a village ball. For one evening I will doom myself to figures that are out of date and fiddles that are out of tune; dowagers who make embroidery by wholesale, and demoiselles who make conquests by profession: for one evening I will endure the inquiries about Almack's and St. Paul's, the tales of the weddings that have been and the weddings that are to be, the round of curtsies in the ball-room and the round of beef at the supper-table: for one evening I will not complain of the everlasting hostess and the everlasting boulanger, of the double duty and the double bass, of the great heiress and the great plum-pudding:

> "Come one, come all,
> Come dance in Sir Roger's great hall."

And thus, by dint of civility, indolence, quotation, and antithesis, I bent up each corporal agent to the terrible feat, and "would have the honour of waiting upon her ladyship," —in due form.

I went: turned my uncle's one-horse chaise into the long old avenue about an hour after the time specified, and perceived by the lights flashing from all the windows and the crash of chairs and carriages returning from the door, that the room was most punctually full and the performers most pastorally impatient. The first face I encountered on my entrance was that of my old friend Villars; I was delighted to meet him, and expressed my astonishment at finding him in a situation for which his inclination, one would have supposed, was so little adapted.

"By Mercury," he exclaimed, "I am metamorphosed, fairly metamorphosed, my good Vyvyan; I have been detained here three months by a fall from Sir Peter, and have amused myself most indefatigably by humming tunes and reading newspapers, winding silk and guessing conundrums. I have made myself the admiration, the adoration, the very worship of all the coteries in the place; am reckoned very clever at cross-purposes, and very apt at 'what's my thought like!' The 'squires have discovered I can carve, and the matrons hold me indispensable at loo. Come! I am of little service to-night, but my popularity may be of use to you; you don't know a soul!—I thought so:—read it in your face the moment you came in,—never saw such a—there, Vyvyan, look there! I will introduce you." And so saying my companion half limped, half danced with me up to Miss Amelia Mesnil and presented me in due form.

When I look back to any particular scene of my existence, I can never keep the stage clear of second-rate characters. I never think of Mr. Kean's Othello without an intrusive reflection upon the subject of Mr. Cooper's Cassio; I never call to mind a gorgeous scattering forth of roses from Mr. Canning, without a painful idea of some contemporary effusion of poppies from Mr. Hume. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is in vain that I endeavour to separate your fascination from the group which was collected around you. Perhaps that dominion, which at this moment I feel almost revived, recurs more vividly to my imagination when the forms and figures of all by whom it was contested are associated in its renewal.

First comes Amelia the magnificent, the acknowledged belle of the country, very stiff and very dumb in her unheeded and uncontested supremacy; and next, the most black-browed of fox-hunters, Augusta, enumerating the names of her father's stud, and dancing as if she imitated them; and then the most accomplished Jane, vowing that for the last month she had endured immense *ennui*, that she thinks Lady Olivia prodigiously *fade*, that her cousin Sophy is quite *brillante* to-night, and that Mr. Peters plays the violin *à merveille*.

"I am bored, my dear Villars—positively bored! the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation; "Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Lousia—positively bored; the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet; you have not danced with me, Margaret; it is impossible you can be so cruel!" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour,—but I was very late;—really I had not deserved it,"—and so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent?"

"Very; but you are very handsome. Nay: you are not to be angry; it was a fair challenge and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon?"

"No! it is out of my way! I never do those things; it would embarrass me beyond measure. Pray let us accomplish an introduction; not altogether a usual one; but that matters little. Vyvyan Joyeuse—rather impertinent and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans—very handsome and rather foolish—at your service!"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China—the mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet—the emperor—the Orphan of China—Voltaire—Zayre—criticism—Dr. Johnson—the great bear—the system of Copernicus—stars—ribbons—garters—the order of the Bath—sea-bathing—Dawlish—Sidmouth—Lord Sidmouth—Cicero—Rome—Italy—Alfieri—Metastasio—fountains—groves—gardens—and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years.

Several weeks passed away, and I was about to leave England to join my sisters on the Continent. I determined to look once more on that enslaving smile, whose recollection had haunted me more than once. I had ascertained that she resided with an old lady who took two pupils, and taught French and Italian, and music and manners, at an establishment called Vine House. Two days before I left the country I had been till a late hour shooting at a mark with a duelling pistol, an entertainment of which, perhaps from a lurking presentiment, I was very fond. I was returning alone when I perceived, by the light of an enormous lamp, a board by the wayside bearing the welcome inscription, "Vine House" "Enough! I exclaimed, "enough! one more scene before the curtain drops,—Romeo and Juliet by lamplight!"—I roamed about the dwelling-place of all I held dear, till I saw a figure at one of the windows in the back of the house which it was quite impossible to doubt. I leaned against a tree in a sentimental position, and began to chant my own rhymes thus:

"Pretty coquette, the ceaseless play
Of thine unstudied wit,
And thy dark eye's remembered ray
By buoyant fancy lit,
And thy young forehead's clear expanse,
Where the locks slept, as through the dance,
Dreamlike, I saw thee flit.
Are far too warm, and far too fair,
To mix with aught of earthly care,
But the vision shall come when my day is done,
A frail, and a fair, and a fleeting one.

And if the many boldly gaze
On that bright brow of thine,
And if thine eye's undying rays
On countless coxcombs shine,
And if thy wit flings out its mirth,
Which echoes more of air than earth,
For other ears than mine,
I heed not this, ye are fickle things,
And I like your very wanderings;
I gaze, and if thousands share the bliss,
Pretty capricious! I heed not this.

In sooth I am a wayward youth,
As fickle as the sea,
And very apt to speak the truth,
Unpleasing though it be;
I am no lover, yet, as long
As I have heart for jest or song,
An image, sweet, of thee
Locked in my heart's remotest treasures,
Shall ever be one of its hoarded pleasures;
This from the scoffer thou hast won,
And more than this he gives to none."

"Are they your own verses?" said my idol at the window.

"They are yours, Margaret! I was only the versifier; you were the muse herself."

"The muse herself is obliged to you. And now what is your errand? for it grows late, and you must be sensible—no, that you never will be—but you must be aware that this is very indecorous."

"I am come to see you, dear Margaret;—which I cannot without candles;—to see you, and to tell you that it is impossible I can forget"—

"Bless me! what a memory you have. But you must take another opportunity for your tale! for—"

"Alas! I leave England immediately!"

"A pleasant voyage to you! there, not a word more: I must run down to coffee."

"Now may I never laugh more," I said, "if I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the front of the house and proceeded to reconnoitre. A bay-window was half open, and in a small, neat drawing-room I perceived a group assembled:—an old lady, with a high muslin

cap and red ribbons, was pouring out the coffee;—her nephew, a tall, awkward young gentleman, sitting on one chair and resting his legs on another, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles Grandison;—and my fair Margaret was leaning on a sofa and laughing immoderately. "Indeed, miss," said the matron, "you should learn to govern your mirth; people will think you came out of Bedlam."

I lifted the window gently, and stepped into the room. "Bedlam, madam!" quoth I, "I bring intelligence from Bedlam, I arrived last week."

The tall awkward young gentleman stared: and the aunt half said, half shrieked,—"What in the name of wonder are you?"

"Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad as a hare in March, or a Cheapside blood on Sunday morning. Look at me! do I not foam? listen to me! do I not rave?—Coffee, my dear madam, coffee; there is no animal so thirsty as your madman in the dog-days."

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"My good sir," I began;—but my original insanity began to fail me, and I drew forthwith upon Ossian's,—"Fly! receive the wind and fly; the blasts are in the hollow of my hand, the course of the storm is mine!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"I look on the nations and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death: I come abroad on the winds: the tempest is before my face; but my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant."

"Do you mean to insult us?" said the old lady.

"Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt—really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"I shall call in my servants," said the old lady.

"I am the humblest of them," said I, bowing.

"I shall teach you a different tune," said the tall awkward young gentleman, "really!"

"Very well, my dear sir; my instrument is the barrel-organ;" and I cocked my sweet little pocket companion in his face. "Vanish, little Kastril; for by Hannibal, Heliogabalus, and Holophernes! time is valuable; madness is precipitate, and hair-triggers are the word: vanish!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman, and performed an entrechat which carried him to the door: the old lady had disappeared at the first note of the barrel-organ. I locked the door, and found Margaret in a paroxysm of laughter. "I wish you had shot him," she said when she recovered. "I wish you had shot him: he is a sad fool."

"Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you, beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time! Will you ever think of me? perhaps you will. But let me receive from you some token that I may dote upon in other years; something that may be a hope to me in my happiness, and a consolation in calamity. Something——nay! I never could talk romance; but give me one lock of your hair, and I will leave England with resignation."

"You have earned it like a true knight," said Margaret; and she severed from her head a long glossy ringlet. "Look," she continued; "you must to horse, the country has risen for your apprehension." I turned towards the window. The country had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but gossoons in the van, and gossips in the rear, red faces and white jackets, gallants in smock frocks, and gay damsels in grogram. Bludgeons were waving, and torches were flashing, as far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry of the place was arming and chafing, and loading for a volley of pebbles and oaths together.

I kneeled down and kissed her hand. It was the happiest moment of my life! "Now," said I, "au revoir, my sweet Margaret," and in a moment I was in the lane.

"Gentlemen, be pleased to fall back!—farther yet,—a few paces farther! Stalwart Kern, in buckskin, be pleased to lay down your cat-o'-nine-tails!—Old knight of the plush jerkin, ground your poker!—So, fair damsel with the pitchfork, you are too pretty for so rude an encounter!—Most miraculous Magog, with the sledge-hammer, flit!—Sooty Cupid, with the link, light me from Paphos.—Ha! tall friend of the barrel-organ, have you turned staff-officer? Etna and Vesuvius!—wild fire and wit!—blunderbusses and steam!—fly. Ha! have I not burgundy in my brain, murder in my plot, and a whole train of artillery in my coat-pocket." Right and left the ranks opened for my egress, and in a few minutes I was alone on the road, and whistling "lillibullero."

This was my first folly. I looked at the lock of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again. She has become the wife of a young clergyman, and resides with him on a small living in Staffordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I have forgotten the colour of her eyes.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.[1]

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[1] From *Knight's Quarterly Magazine.*

KATHARINE AND BAPTISTA.

[Of all Shakspeare's comedies, that of the *Taming of the Shrew* is most frequently presented on the stage. It is a favourite with players and playgoers because of its humour, and the diversity of moods in which the heroine appears. The heroine—

"Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst,"

is, after all, mischievous rather than vicious; but her spirit of mischief and fits of passion earn for her the reputation of being "an irksome, brawling scold," "a shrew," "a wild cat," and she is as famous for a scolding tongue as is her sister, Bianca, for beauteous modesty. The father, Baptista Minola, distressed by the ill condition of his elder daughter, resolves that until she has found a husband, his youngest shall not wed, although many suitors seek her. He thereupon offers Katharine to either of two friends who may be bold enough to win her. Katharine, vexed by this indignity, as she deems her father's anxiety to dispose of her, and somewhat envious of her sister's favour, torments the meek Bianca to confess which of the suitors has won her heart. She ties her hands, and endeavours to compel her to reveal the lover's name.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding[1] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*

[1] *Hilding*, a mean-spirited person.

Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.[2]
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

The artist has selected the foregoing scene for illustration, and the positions of the father and daughters are admirably suggestive of their different characters.]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.[3]

[Charles Lamb, born in Crown Office Row, Temple, London, 18th February, 1775; died at Edmonton, 27th December, 1834. At the age of eight years he was placed in the school of Christ's Hospital, where Coleridge was his companion. On leaving school he obtained a situation in the India House, where he remained for thirty-six years, and then retired on a pension. Meanwhile he had earned popularity as a poet, a critic, and a humourist. His first verses were issued in 1797, in a volume which he published in conjunction with his friends Coleridge and Charles Lloyd. The first series of the famous essays of Elia appeared in the *London Magazine* between 1820-22; and the second series, between 1823–25. Although he enjoyed the privilege of frequent communion with the most gifted spirits of his age, his life was a sad one, and he describes himself as "writing a playful essay with tears trickling down his cheeks." His sister, Mary Anne Lamb, was subject to occasional attacks of insanity, and in one of these fits she destroyed the life of her mother. Charles Lamb was appointed her guardian, and he faithfully discharged the trust. His sister survived him twelve years. He had an enthusiastic love for his native city; believing that its human interests presented greater charms than any the country could offer; and all his inspiration and pleasures were drawn from its associations.]

Katharine, the Shrew, was the eldest daughter of Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katharine the Shrew. It seemed very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle sister Bianca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands, they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

[2] A proverbial expression applied to old maids.

[3] From Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*.

It happened, however, that a gentleman, named Petrucio, came to Padua purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katharine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labour as Petrucio, whose spirit was as high as Katharine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humorist, and withal so wise, and of such a true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning; for his natural temper was careless and easy; the boisterous airs he assumed when he became the husband of Katharine being but in sport, or, more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment as the only means to overcome, in her own way, the passionate ways of the furious Katharine.

A courting then Petrucio went to Katharine the Shrew; and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his *gentle daughter* Katharine, as Petrucio called her, saying archly, that having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behaviour, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her married, was forced to confess Katharine would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katharine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute, for presuming to find fault with her performance; which when Petrucio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench; I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her;" and, hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, "My business is in haste, Signior Baptista, I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father: he is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but being glad to get Katharine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, and half his estate at his death: so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petrucio to listen to his suit.

In the meantime Petrucio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue; and he said, "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katharine entered, and Petrucio first addressed her with "Good morrow, Kate; for that is your name, I hear." Katharine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, "They call me Katharine who do speak to me." "You lie," replied the lover; "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew; but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your mildness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife."

A strange courtship they made of it; she in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the name of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible), "Sweet Katharine, let us set this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and whether you will or no, I will marry you."

And now Baptista entering, Petrucio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katharine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a mad-cap ruffian as Petrucio. Petrucio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving: and he said to her, "Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katharine may be fine: and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday."

On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they waited long before Petrucio came, and Katharine wept for vexation to think that Petrucio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared, but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katharine, nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in strange disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his ser-

vant, and the very horses on which they rode, were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

Petrucio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said Katharine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes; and finding it was in vain to argue with him, to the church they went; he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest asked Petrucio if Katharine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should, that, all amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up, this mad-brained bridegroom gave him such a cuff that down fell the priest and his book again. And all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so that the high-spirited Katharine trembled and shook with fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in the church, he called for wine, and drank a loud health to the company, and threw a sop which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungerly, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never sure was there such a mad marriage: but Petrucio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage feast; but, when they returned from church, Petrucio, taking hold of Katharine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly; and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katharine, could make him change his purpose; he claimed a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katharine off: he seeming so daring and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petrucio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted; they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and ever when this horse of Katharine's stumbled, he would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burden, as if he were the most passionate man alive.

At length after a weary journey, during which Katharine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petrucio at the servant and the horses, they arrived at his house. Petrucio welcomed her kindly to her home; but he resolved she should have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petrucio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away: and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katharine, that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed. And when Katharine, weary and supperless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bed-clothes about the room, so that she was forced to sit down in a chair, where, if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by the loud voice of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal-bed.

The next day Petrucio pursued the same course, still speaking kind words to Katharine, but when she attempted to eat, finding fault with everything that was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katharine, the haughty Katharine, was fain to beg the servants would bring her secretly a morsel of food; but they being instructed by Petrucio, replied, they dare not give her anything unknown to their master. "Ah," said she, "did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my father's door have food given them; but I, who never knew what it was to entreat for anything, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed; and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat, it were present death to me." Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petrucio: he, not meaning she should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her, "How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am, I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then, you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose." He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katharine, made her say, though angered to the heart, "I pray you let it stand." But this was not all Petrucio intended to bring her to, and he replied, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat." On this Katharine brought out a reluctant "I thank you, sir." And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying, "Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate; eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and double change of finery;" and to make her believe he really intended to give

her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke;" on which Petrucio began to storm afresh, saying, the cap was moulded on a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katharine said, "I will have this; all gentlewomen wear such caps as these." "When you are gentle," replied Petrucio, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katharine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said, "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will: I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears." Petrucio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a jangling argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true; it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it." "Love me, or love me not," said Katharine, "I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none." "You say you wish to see the gown," said Petrucio, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward, and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petrucio, whose intent was that she should have neither cap nor gown, found as much fault with that, "O mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is here! What, do you call this a sleeve? it is like a demi-cannon, carved up and down like an apple tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make it according to the fashion of the times;" and Katharine said she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petrucio, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seemingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room; and then, turning to Katharine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear." And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner-time, for that it was but seven o'clock. Now it was not early morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; therefore Katharine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and will be supper-time before we get there." But Petrucio meant that she should be so completely subdued, that she should assent to everything he said, before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set forward; "For," said he, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go to-day, and when I go it shall be what o'clock I say it is." Another day Katharine was forced to practise her newly found obedience; and not till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petrucio allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was the sun, when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list, before I journey to your father's house." He then made as if he were going back again; but Katharine, no longer Katharine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please; and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me." This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, "I say, It is the moon." "I know it is the moon," replied Katharine. "You lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petrucio. "Then it is the blessed sun," replied Katharine; "but sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you will have it named, even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katharine." Now then he suffered her to proceed on her journey, but further to try if this yielding humour would last, he addressed an old gentleman they met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, "Good morrow, gentle mistress;" and asked Katharine if she had ever beheld a fairer gentlewoman, praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars; and again he addressed him, saying, "Fair lovely maid, once more good day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake." The now completely vanquished Katharine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him, "Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh, and sweet:

whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the parents of so fair a child." Why, how now, Kate?" said Petrucio, "I hope you are not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katharine said, "Pardon me, old gentleman, the sun has so dazzled my eyes, that everything I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father: I hope you will pardon me for my sad mistake." "Do, good old grandsire," said Petrucio, "and tell us which way you are travelling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way." The old gentleman replied, "Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Vincentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petrucio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio, a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katharine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and there was present also another newly-married pair.

Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the other new-married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petrucio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petrucio for his less fortunate choice. Petrucio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him: for when Petrucio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the father of Katharine said, "Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all." "Well," said Petrucio, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katharine; and they proposed a wager of twenty crowns, but Petrucio merrily said, he would lay as much as that upon his hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to a hundred crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned and said, "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come." "How," said Petrucio, "does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?" Then they laughed at him, and said, it would be well if Katharine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife; and he said to his servant, "Go, and entreat my wife to come to me." "Oh, ho! entreat her!" said Petrucio. "Nay, then, she needs must come." "I am afraid, sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But presently this civil husband looked a little blank when the servant returned without his mistress; and he said to him, "How now! Where is my wife?" "Sir," said the servant, "my mistress says you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her." "Worse and worse!" said Petrucio; and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me." The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my hollidam, here comes Katharine!" and she entered, saying meekly to Petrucio, "What is your will, sir, that you send for me?" "Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he. Katharine replied, "They sit conferring by the parlour fire." "Go, fetch them hither!" said Petrucio. Away went Katharine without reply to perform her husband's command. "Here is a wonder," said Lucentio, "if you talk of a wonder." "And so it is," said Hortensio; "I marvel what it bodes." "Marry, peace it bodes," said Petrucio, "and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and to be short, everything that is sweet and happy." Katharine's father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, "Now, fair befall thee, son Petrucio! you have won the wager, and I will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed as if she had never been." "Nay," said Petrucio, "I will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience." Katharine now entering with the two ladies, he continued, "See where she comes and brings your froward wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katharine, that cap of yours does not become

you; off with that bauble, and throw it under foot." Katharine instantly took off her cap, and threw it down. "Lord!" said Hortensio's wife, "may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!" And Bianca, she too said, "Fie, what foolish duty call you this?" On this Bianca's husband said to her, "I wish your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since dinner-time." "The more fool you," said Bianca, "for laying on my duty." "Katharine," said Petrucio, "I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands." And to the wonder of all present, the reformed shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wifelike duty of obedience, as she had practised it implicitly in a ready submission to Petrucio's will. And Katharine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore as Katharine the Shrew, but as Katharine the most obedient and duteous wife in Padua.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.[1]

The thousand streets of London gray
  Repel all country sights;
But bar not winds upon their way,
Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
  In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
  Still bare to light and dark,
With grass receives the wanderer hot;
There trees are growing, houses not—
  They call the place a park.

Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
  God's sheep from hill and plain,
Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
There weary lie on woolly sides,
  Or crop the grass amain.

And from dark alley, yard, and den,
  In ragged skirts and coats,
Troop hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of word or pen—
  The little human goats.

In Regent's Park one cloudless day,
  An overdriven sheep,
Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
  A panting woollen heap.

But help is nearer than we know
  For this of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
  A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
  Yet knew what ailed; his cap
Was ready cup for water cold;
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
  Its rents were small—good-hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went,
  Till crown from rim was deep.
The water gushed from pore and rent;
Before he came one half was spent—
  The other saved the sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
  Unwashed, half-fed, unshorn!
Thou to the sheep from breezy hill
Wast bishop, pastor, what you will,
  In London dry and lorn.

And let priests say the thing they please,
  My hope, though very dim,
Thinks he will say who always sees,
In doing it to one of these
  Thou didst it unto him.

GEORGE MACDONALD

SONG OF THE FLOWER-GIRLS.

FROM THE SECOND PART OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Girls of Florence, come we in
  To your German Court so bright;
Your sweet praises all to win,
  We have decked us out to-night.

Flowery wreath and flowery spray
  On brown locks we lightly show;
Here alike their parts must play—
  Silken thread and silken bow.

Meritorious work we know
  Of some praise is well secure;
Flowers we bring that by art's glow
  All the varied year endure.

By its colour each bit took
  What was its symmetric place;
Pleasing is the whole in look,
  Though the parts have not your grace.

Pretty are we, fair of feature,
  Garden girls, with lightsome heart;
The deepest that's in woman-nature
  Is so very like to art.

H. A. P.

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[1] *Works of Fancy and Imagination.* By George MacDonald, LL.D. London: Strahan & Co.

COUSIN MARY.

About four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call, as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries—dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes (and in her innocent gaiety she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same) she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death—or that other death, marriage—all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge—positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroidress—she would sit "printing her thoughts on lawn," till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar-frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point-lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvas. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give, She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakspeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened in a very unusual degree by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady in this accomplished age is not to be

hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a schoolboy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about from morning to night.

It must be confessed, as a counterbalance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident; has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest? Oh she was a sad romp! as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey-cart up a hill one sunny windy day in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep, narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curricle, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill, now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child —now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display (for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer), for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently,—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose

amongst roses, at the drawing-room window, and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutoress had at least done *her* no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—"So you are really a governess?" "Yes." "And you continue in the same family?" "Yes." "And you like your post?" "O yes! yes!" "But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?" "Why, they wanted a governess, so I went." "But what could induce them to keep you?" The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed —an elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. "Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. "We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady. "We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother. "We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. "She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation." And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.

MISS MITFORD.

SONG.

Tell me, maiden—maiden dear!
  Tell me what is love?
In thy brown eyes shining clear:
On thy lips, O maiden dear,
  Can I see it move?

It is two hearts, two hearts true,
  Two hearts with one beat:
Two souls shining, sighing through
Lips and eyes of morning dew,
With one wish between the two,
  And that wish to meet.

IDA CRAIG-KNOX.

REAL MOURNERS.

[Rev. George Crabbe, born in Aldborough, Suffolk, 24th December, 1754; died in Trowbridge, 3d February, 1832. His parents were in humble circumstances, but they managed to afford their son a good education. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but not liking the profession he determined to try his fortune in literature. With a few pounds, which he had borrowed, he worked his way on board a sloop to London. The *Candidate* was published in 1780, but the bookseller failed, and Crabbe gained nothing from the work. After enduring much distress he wrote to Edmund Burke, who at once afforded him generous help and encouragement. Burke's influence secured the publication by Dodsley of *The Library* and *The Village*, and by his advice Crabbe entered the Church, and was ultimately (1813) appointed rector of Trowbridge, Wiltshire. *The Newspaper* appeared in 1785; *The Parish Register*, *Sir Eustace Grey*, and various short poems, in 1807. In 1819 Mr. Murray gave him for his *Tales of the Hall*, and the remaining copyright of his previous works, £3000. The most prominent characteristics of his poetry are simplicity and faithful description of men and nature. Byron in the *Bards* says he was, "Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best."]

Yes! there are real Mourners—I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claim'd,
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd;
Neatly she dress'd, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth;
In ev'ry place she wander'd, where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave:—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace.

. . . . . .

Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his cheek
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold;
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die.

Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go!—If not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake:
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that! and let me not despair,—
One last fond look!—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more: I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile; and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die"—and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head.
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sigh'd; alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink."
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair.
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way, she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she press'd,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said: but, as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!—

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

THE STRANGER GUEST.[1]

A considerable portion of my youth, and some intervals in my subsequent life, were spent in the country; and when my professional pursuits fixed my residence in the metropolis, I often looked back upon the hours I had passed amongst rural scenes, with blended sensations of pleasure and regret; while one of my principal excitements for pressing forward in the path I had chosen was supplied by the hope of some day arriving at that point from which I might diverge into the peaceful haunts of my childhood.

I was ever an interested spectator of the occupations of husbandry, and not unfrequently mingled in the society of those who pursued them. The British farmer is one of the most useful members of the middle rank of life, and the character which he generally sustains places him among the most honourable. He is not exactly the description of person which existed under that name a hundred years ago, nor is it very likely that he should be; and I confess I could never join in the general clamour, and pronounce those effects of a refined state of society, which are termed improvements in other classes of men, degeneracy in him. The peasantry, too, of England, in the majority of instances where they have regular employment, I have found to be a very contented and well-ordered race; although, it may be, they do not possess the spirit and intellectuality ascribed by modern tourists to the denizens of the Alps and the Abruzzi, whose fingers, by the way, are more familiar with the trigger of a musket than the handle of a plough.

There was in my neighbourhood a farm-house which was remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its structure as the very beautiful country by which it was surrounded. It was a very extensive building, and of a style of architecture quite distinct from any that prevails in houses of that description. It presented (I know not if I shall make myself understood by the terms I use) the appearance of three gables in front, on the centre one of which rose a staff or spire, very much resembling a sceptre. Hence, I suppose, originated

[1] From *Tales of a Physician*. By W. H. Harrison. London, 2 vols.

a tradition current in the country, that the structure was formerly the residence of a Saxon prince. I am not sufficient of an antiquarian to venture an opinion upon the correctness of the hypothesis, but certain it is, the building was a very ancient one. The principal apartment on the ground-floor was a spacious brick-paved hall, extending from the front of the house to the back, and communicating with other rooms on either side. It was decorated with the horns of the stag and the buck, which had grown black with age, and the smoke proceeding from a very large fire-place, graced by brand-irons, to support the wood which was the only description of fuel consumed throughout the house. The upper rooms opened into a long gallery or corridor, ornamented by some very antique and curious carved work in black oak, of which the panels and flooring were generally composed. The surrounding buildings, appropriated as barns and stables, were of comparatively recent erection. There were two fish-ponds, apparently of ancient formation, within a few hundred yards of the house: one of them was tolerably stocked, the other was nearly dry. The circumjacent scenery was chiefly of a silvan character, occasionally opening into vistas of an undulating and highly cultivated country; the effect of which was considerably heightened by the windings of a rapid and clear stream, celebrated for the fineness and abundance of its trout.

The farm was of considerable extent, and formed part of the estate of a nobleman who had large possessions in the county, but who rarely visited them. As a young man, he was conspicuous for the generosity of his disposition, a nice sense of honour, and the mildness and affability of his manners. His classical and intellectual attainments were of a high order; and his wit, like Yorick's, was wont to "set the table in a roar." He formed an attachment to a young lady, who, a month before the day fixed for their union, suddenly, and without assigning a reason for the alteration in her sentiments, married a nobleman of higher rank. He received the intelligence of her faithlessness without uttering a syllable, or betraying an indication of anger or sorrow; nor was he ever known to allude to the subject: but from that hour he was a changed man. He withdrew entirely from female society, and became a member of a fashionable club, where a great portion of his time was passed. He engaged for a season in play; but although his losses were insignificant, he soon grew disgusted with the pursuit and his companions. He then plunged deeply into politics, and was constant in his attendance at the House; but the vacuum in his mind was too vast to be filled by such expedients. He then quitted England, and travelled rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany, but could not outstrip the phantom that pursued him. At length he took up his residence entirely on the Continent, and thus his talents were lost to his country, whose senate he had so often charmed by his eloquence and enlightened by his wisdom.

The management of his estates, in the meantime, was confided to his steward, Mr. Giles Jenkins; a man who, although he would have made a grenadier among Lilliputians, was but a Lilliputian among grenadiers, being in stature exactly five feet two inches. His sallow complexion and forbidding aspect were by no means improved by an obliquity of vision and a red nose, which latter decoration was obtained at the expense of his temperance. He had been originally bred to the law, to the tortuosities of which his mind was admirably adapted. Diminutive as was his person, there was room enough in his bosom for the operation of some of the fiercest passions that deform humanity. His indomitable arrogance, grasping avarice, and insatiable revenge, made him the terror of all who were subjected to his influence, particularly of the tenants, among whom he exercised the most tyrannical sway. He was, moreover, a consummate hypocrite, and, as far as regarded his master, a successful one.

The farm, at the period of which I am writing, was tenanted by Andrew Hodson, whose ancestors had cultivated the same soil for more than a century.

Andrew had passed his fiftieth year; but the temperance of his habits, and the healthful nature of his employment, had protected him, in a great degree, from the inroads of time, and gave him the appearance of being much younger. His complexion exhibited the ruddy hue of health; and, although naturally fair, was imbrowned by the sun of many summers. His hair, as I have often remarked in persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, was somewhat scanty; a circumstance which, as it imparted a semblance of greater expansiveness to his forehead, improved rather than detracted from the general effect of his fine countenance. He was tall and well formed, although, probably from having in his early days taken an active share in the labours of the field, he had contracted a slight stoop in his shoulders. His eye, though of a light blue, which is generally considered indicative rather of vivacity than sense, was not deficient in intelligence; while it added to the expression of that benevolence

which had its home in his heart. His usual dress was a gaberdine or linen frock, which was, however, laid aside on a Sunday for more befitting habiliments.

Andrew's wife, who had been pretty, and was then a very comely dame, was somewhat younger than himself. Her domestic virtues and acquirements were admirably adapted for a farmer's wife; and although a shrewd, she was a very kind-hearted woman. They had two children, a son and a daughter; the former about one-and-twenty, and the latter two years younger.

Frank Hodson, very like his father in person, was an industrious, good-humoured lad; and, when dressed in a smart green riding-frock, light corduroy breeches, and long leather gaiters, or leggings, as they are called, was a very likely object to draw a second look from the village maidens, or even from dames of higher degree, as, mounted on his rough-coated forester, he passed on his way to the market town.

Of Amy Hodson, I fear I shall be able to give but an inadequate description. I am, at best, but a sorry hand at depicting female beauty, and I know I shall fail in the portraiture of hers. Although I have not a larger share of modesty than my neighbours, I know not how it is, but I never could look a lady long enough in the face to catch such an idea of her beauty as to bring a description of it within anything like an approximation to the original. I am not, it would seem, altogether singular in this particular, with regard to Amy Hodson; for even the sun, who, by his heathen *alias*, was not conspicuous for the unobtrusive quality I have named, had not turned his glances with sufficient pertinacity on her countenance, to sully the delicacy of the lily which nature had there planted by the rose.

Those who, in their estimate of a rustic belle, are unable to separate the idea of vulgarity from the character, would do gross injustice to Amy Hodson, both as regards the style of her beauty, and the gentleness of manner by which it was graced. Nature is no respecter of persons, and in the formation of our race has little reference to the stations we are destined to fill; since she as often bestows the fair heritage of beauty on the child of a peasant as on the heiress of a peer. Nor am I aware of anything in the habits or occupation of a farmer's daughter which has not a tendency rather to improve than to impair the symmetry of the form. Amy rose with the lark, breathing as sweet a hymn to the portals of heaven, and returning the first glance of Aurora with an eye as bright and a smile as rosy as her own. Nor is nature always aristocratic in dispensing understanding, and Amy's was an excellent one, on which the few advantages she had derived in point of education had not been thrown away.

The family, parents and children, were bound together, not only by links of the strongest affection, but by the firmer bands of religion, of which they had all a deep and influential sense. The voice of contention was never heard in their dwelling.

Andrew Hodson for many years had prospered in the world, but on the expiration of the lease, which had descended to him from his father, a reluctance to quit a spot which so many recollections had endeared to him, induced him to take the farm at a rent above its value; so that, instead of saving money every year as he was wont to do, he began to find it a losing concern. At length, however, the failure of a provincial banker deprived him of the few hundreds he had laid by, and placed him in circumstances of much difficulty. Thus it happened, that, in lieu of having his homestead surrounded by wheat-stacks, the growth of former years, his sheaves were transferred directly from the harvest-field to the thrashing-floor, and the produce was sent to market, under all the disadvantages of a forced sale, to meet his Michaelmas rent. Again, if a horse died, or was worn out, he was unable, for want of money, to supply its place; and thus the strength on his farm became gradually so much reduced, that many acres of his land, which might have been made productive, remained uncultivated.

Andrew and his family met this reverse of fortune as became them, by the sacrifice of very many comforts, in which, under more prosperous circumstances, they were warranted in indulging. The old man exchanged his favourite hackney for a cart-horse, and superintended the operations on his farm on foot. Frank gave up his forest galloway to the harrow and light plough; and poor Amy's pony was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had taken a fancy to it for his daughter. The privation, however, which they most lamented was the necessity of contracting, not only the scale of their hospitality, but the sphere of their charity. It is true the wayfaring man never passed their door unrefreshed, nor the houseless wanderer unrelieved; and their hearth still shed its genial warmth upon the poor dependant, whom they had not the heart to displace from his seat in the chimney-corner; but there were many who were left bitterly

to regret that the liberal hand should ever be closed by the pressure of calamity.

Under the influence of all these inauspicious events, they had sources of comfort of which the world could not deprive them. The sound of the dance and the voice of innocent hilarity were no longer heard in their hall, but the still small voice of an approving conscience consoled them for the loss. Where a family are thus united, their home, although it were a hovel, cannot be desolate. Instead of sitting down in despair under their misfortune, each strove to cheer and support the other beneath its weight. They had all been early taught to look up to their God, and to put their trust in his mercy and wisdom under every dispensation; nor, at the morning and evening sacrifice, were their hearts less fervent in their thanksgivings for the blessings which were left to them, than when they were showered down with a profuser hand. Another source of consolation was supplied to them in the uniform respect of those around them, who regarded their calamity with that silent sympathy which is worth all the condolence that proud prosperity ever dinged into the ears of the unfortunate. Often would the neighbouring farmers, aware of the difficulties he laboured under for want of strength upon his land, club together, each contributing a horse, and thus furnish him with the use of a team for several days, in the busy seasons of seed-time and harvest.

One evening, towards the close of the summer, as Andrew Hodson and his family were sitting at the window, they observed a horseman riding along the road which lay within a few yards of the house. Frank, whose admiration of a fine horse was in no degree diminished by the circumstance of his no longer possessing one, exclaimed to his sister, "Look, Amy! is not that a fine creature? what action he has! and see how he throws his feet out: a little ewe-necked, to be sure, but that is a sign of blood."

In the meantime, the traveller had arrived nearly opposite to the house. He was rather tall, somewhat in years, but sat very erect on his horse, whose appearance justified the encomiums which Frank had bestowed on it. The gentleman's dress consisted of a blue coat, not remarkable for its lustre, and of a fashion almost coeval with the wearer; it was buttoned close up to his throat. His legs were encased in riding-boots, and his intermediate habiliment was of buckskin, which however did not fit its present proprietor quite so tightly as it did its deceased one.

"I wish, Frank," said the farmer, "you would keep that dog tied up," alluding to a small terrier which ran out at the gate, and barked at the heels of the traveller's horse. The animal reared in consequence, and then, in plunging, one of its feet alighted on a rolling-stone; it stumbled and fell, throwing its rider to the ground with considerable violence. The steed was soon on its legs again; its master rose more slowly, approached his horse, passed his hand over its knees, and then attempted to remount, but in vain, and he was compelled to lean against the saddle for support.

By this time all the family were at his side, expressing much regret for the occasion of the accident, and apprehensions for the consequences. The stranger was with difficulty conducted into the house, and placed upon a sort of couch, where he remained for some minutes without uttering a word, although his countenance was sufficiently indicative of his feelings, in which vexation appeared to predominate over pain. On his making a movement, which those around him interpreted into an attempt to rise, he was earnestly entreated not to think of quitting the house until the following day. He replied, in no very conciliatory tone: "No, no, you have me safe enough; I shall be your guest for some time to come, to my comfort, and no doubt to yours: and if that abominable cur be not hanged or shot, I think your house stands a fair chance of becoming an hospital." Frank expressed himself deeply concerned for the accident, but alleged that the dog had been tied up, and had broken its chain. He added, however, that the animal should not commit a similar offence, and, taking a gun from over the chimney-piece, declared his intention of destroying the culprit immediately. "I pray you, young gentleman, forbear," said the stranger; "what warrant have I that the animal is not mad? He may have bitten my horse, and my horse may go mad also, and bite me. No, no, sir, tie the brute up again, securely, if you please, and when he foams at the mouth, you may shoot him and the horse together." Perceiving that the gentleman was in great pain, the farmer inquired if he would prefer being conducted to bed to remaining on the couch. He replied, "Yes; and the sooner you take me there the better, if you wish to have the assistance of my legs in transporting me, for they are growing confoundedly stiff, I can tell you."

As soon as the difficulty of conveying him to bed was surmounted, Frank, borrowing a neighbour's horse, rode off to the village for

the assistance of Mr. Blandford, the only surgeon within some miles. He unfortunately being from home, Frank applied to me, supposing that a physician would answer the same purpose. It was a case scarcely within my province, but conceiving I might be of some use, I put a lancet in my pocket, and accompanied the messenger on his way back to the farm. I ascended to the apartment which the stranger occupied, and found him stretched upon the bed, apparently suffering very much from the effects of his accident. He regarded me for some seconds with a most acrimonious expression of countenance, and answered the questions which I found it necessary to put to him, at the least possible expense of words; differing very much, in this particular, from the generality of patients who have come under my notice. Every allowance, however, was to be made for his temper, the equilibrium of which, it must be confessed, such a tumble as he had met with was very likely to derange. I bled him, as a precautionary measure, and ordered some simple applications to his ankle, which had been severely sprained, and was much swollen. After assuring him that he need not entertain any apprehensions for the result of his accident, for that a few days' confinement would be the extent of the inconvenience, I promised to call on him again in a few days, and took my leave.

On descending to the hall I found the family assembled at their frugal supper, mingling their expressions of regret for the unpleasant occurrence with conjectures as to the quality of the guest it had so unexpectedly procured them. Frank, who valued himself upon the knowledge he had acquired in his visits to the neighbouring market towns, and an excursion he had once made to the metropolis, pronounced him to be a *bagman*, the provincial appellation for a character which the language of modern refinement has dignified by the more imposing title of a "commercial gentleman." They all, however, concurred in allowing that it mattered very little to them who or what he was; through their remissness, in not having had the dog better secured, the accident had occurred, and therefore it behoved them to see that he did not want for any attention or comfort while in their house, of which it was more his misfortune than theirs that he was an inmate.

Agreeably to my promise I called again at the farm, and found the stranger much improved, both in health and temper, although he was then very lame. He entered into conversation upon indifferent topics, in the course of which he dropped, as if incidentally, some questions regarding the character and circumstances of his host; in answering which, I bore testimony to the high respectability and worth of the one, and expressed my regret at the change which had occurred in the other.

The unremitting assiduity with which he was waited on by the family, combined perhaps with the improvement in his health, appeared to have wrought a material change in his behaviour towards them. His manner was more conciliating, particularly to Amy, who was frequently in attendance upon him. He never made the remotest allusion to his accident, until, one day when the unlucky cur whose freak had occasioned it happened to intrude into his apartment, he smiled, and remarked in reference to his own danger and the sentence which had so nearly been executed on the dog, that their acquaintance had nearly proved fatal to both of them. He never mentioned his name, or dropped the slightest hint as to his quality, although there were some points in his conduct which did not altogether accord with the rank assigned to him by Frank. As soon as he could walk about without pain he mingled freely with the family, and apparently took an interest in their concerns, and the business of the farm. The only suspicious circumstance connected with him was his uniformly retiring on the approach of strangers, so that, in fact, he was never seen by any but the family and their domestics.

The reader will not be surprised on learning that Amy had a lover; nay, he would rather marvel, perhaps, that she had not half a dozen, which by the way she might have had, for aught that I know to the contrary. Certain it is, however, she had but one favoured lover, and he was Robert Hawkhurst, the only son of an opulent freeholder in the neighbourhood, who farmed his own land. Robert was a tall, good-looking young man—Amy thought him handsome—and his general bearing and habits of life were adapted to the wealth, rather than to the occupation, of his father, who had bestowed on him a fair education, kept him a horse, and extended to him other indulgences, which, it is but justice to add, were well merited by his son. His father, who did not at first oppose the intimacy between Robert and Amy, had no wish, when he saw how matters were going with the Hodsons, that his son should involve himself in their misfortunes, and therefore had of late discountenanced, although he did not altogether forbid, his visits. But the prudent caution of age and the generous devotion of youth are somewhat opposite counsellors; and Robert, if he had not been too

affectionately attached to Amy, possessed too honourable a mind to desert her when the tide of her family's prosperity was turning. On the contrary, it was his pride and pleasure to show to those around him that the change in her circumstances had produced no alteration in his love. He always called for her on his way to church, and left her at the farm on his return. He would frequently put a side-saddle on his horse, a high-couraged but temperate animal, and take her for a ride; and he often observed, that he loved his bonny bay the better for carrying his Amy so safely. In fact, it was remarked that his attentions increased as the fortunes of the family were verging towards the crisis of ruin.

It was within a few days of the period which the stranger had fixed for his departure, and while he was sitting with Andrew Hodson and his family, that the steward was observed approaching, on horseback; when their guest, as was his custom, retired to his room, and, by accident or design, left the door communicating with the apartment he had quitted partially open. The visit of the steward was on no very agreeable errand, as may be imagined, its object being to demand payment of the rent due at the preceding quarter-day, the amount of which Andrew had used every exertion to raise, but in vain. The steward became pressing, and affected to lament the necessity imposed on him by the orders of his lordship, to distrain for the money, if it were not immediately forthcoming. The farmer, on the other hand, pleaded for a delay of a few weeks, alleging the hardness of the times for agriculturists, the very high rent at which he stood, and finally the severe loss he had sustained by the failure of the banker. The other, in reply, merely stated that the instructions of his master were imperative, and admitted neither of modification nor delay. "Alas!" said the distressed Andrew, "is there no method by which the sacrifice of my farming stock and furniture can be prevented?" "There is one way, Master Hodson," rejoined the steward, "at which I have hinted pretty strongly upon more than one occasion, but you either could not or would not understand me. You know I have long loved your daughter Amy, and if you will effectually favour my suit, I need scarcely tell you that I would strain a point rather than that my father-in-law should be degraded in the eyes of the world by an execution being served upon his premises, and himself ejected from the farm." "What, Master Jenkins, you marry my daughter Amy!" said the honest farmer. "Ay, that I will!" responded the condescending steward, evidently mistaking an exclamation of surprise for an interrogatory. "Stop, stop, Master Jenkins," rejoined Andrew, "not quite so fast. Have you ever said anything to Amy about the matter?" "Why, yes," said the other, hesitatingly, "I have, but it is some time since." "Well, and what did she say?" "Nothing very favourable, I must confess," continued the steward, "or I should have had but to ask your sanction instead of the exercise of your interest, and, if necessary, your authority, on the occasion." "What! I persuade Amy to marry a man she does not like! Are you mad, Master Jenkins?" "Not quite," was the reply; "but I think you are, or you would not so hastily reject my offer. Come, come, Andrew, see your own interest, and favour my views, and I will not only at once advance the money for the arrears of rent, but use my influence with my lord to cancel the present lease, and grant you a new one on more easy terms." "No!" said the farmer, "not if you were to offer me the freehold instead of a new lease. I will not sell my daughter to you, or any man; no, not if he was the king." "Then take the consequences, obstinate fool!" exclaimed the steward, throwing off the mask; "before you are three days older you shall be left without a wisp of straw that you can call your own:" and he quitted the house breathing vengeance upon the devoted farmer and his family.

It occurred that on the same evening, the stranger, pleading increased lameness, kept his apartment, into which Amy carried his tea. He remarked that her air was that of deep dejection, and that she had recently been in tears. On one occasion their eyes met, and she beheld him gazing upon her with an expression of kindness and sympathy, of which she had scarcely believed his rigid countenance susceptible. "What has happened, my pretty maid, that you look so sorrowful?" said he, in a tone of almost paternal tenderness. "Alas, sir!" said the afflicted girl, "my poor father has long been struggling with hard times and a heavy rent, and being unable to raise the sum due at the last quarter, they are going to put an execution, I think they call it, on the premises, and turn him out of the house. I do not care so much for myself, but for my poor father and mother to be cast upon the wide world, in their old age, without a shilling, and, it may be, without a friend to help them —oh, sir! it is hard, it is very hard!" and she burst into tears.

The stranger drew out his handkerchief, and,

passing it over his face, complained of the closeness of the evening, and walked to the window for air; then, returning to Amy, he took her hand. "Nay, my poor girl," continued he, "be comforted; things may not come to so bad a pass as you anticipate; your landlord, from all that I know and have heard of his character, is not a man to push matters to extremities with so old and honest a tenant as your father." "Alas, sir!" rejoined Amy, "the landlord, though they say he is far from being a bad-hearted man, lives abroad, and cannot, at that distance, know an honest tenant from a dishonest one. Besides, he leaves everything to his steward, and he is a very wicked man, sir."

She was proceeding unreservedly to describe to him the situation of her father, and the motives and conduct of the steward, when the door was opened, and Robert Hawkhurst entered the room. He started on perceiving the stranger seated by the side of his Amy, holding her hand, and wiping the tears from her cheeks with his handkerchief. "I beg pardon, I intrude," said the young man, as his brow became flushed, and he was precipitately quitting the room, when the stranger exclaimed, "Stop, sir!" in a tone of voice which startled Amy, while it arrested Robert in his progress towards the door.

The stranger walked across the room with a firmness of step which did not quite agree with his recent plea of increased lameness, and, taking the young man by the arm, he drew, or rather dragged him towards the window, and said, "I pray you, sir, to take the benefit of the little daylight that is left, and tell me if you do not think me a very likely personage to inspire the tender passion in the heart of a pretty damsel of nineteen. No, no, sir, my limbs are too old and too stiff, to lead so young a partner down the dance of life." Then, perceiving that the young gentleman was somewhat ashamed of the unfounded, though very natural suspicion that had crossed his mind, the senior added, "Go to, thou jealous-pated boy! surely an old man may offer consolation to a fair maiden in her distress, although he may not be so successful in the attempt as a young one whom I could name. Come, come, I know all about it: the next time you make love under my window, do not talk quite so loudly as you did the other night."

The stranger then quitted the room, pleading a desire to breathe a little fresh air before he retired to bed. On his return, in passing through the hall, he saw Andrew Hodson upon his knees, with an open book before him, and his fine countenance lifted towards heaven in the act of prayer, while his family and domestics were kneeling around him. Unwilling to disturb them, the stranger did not advance into the room so as to be seen; but as he contemplated the group, he could not help thinking that there must surely be something more in religion than his philosophy had ascribed to it, since it could inspire with calmness, and even thankfulness and resignation, a family who were upon the brink of ruin, and who might on the morrow, like the Saviour in whom they trusted, have not where to lay their heads. "And these," thought he, "are they whom, under circumstances in which I should rather have been grateful to Providence for the preservation of my life, I stung with reproaches for what they could neither foresee nor prevent."

As he was passing on towards his bed-room, at the conclusion of the prayers, the farmer came up to him, and informed him of the calamity which was impending, intimating that it would be advisable for the stranger to depart early in the morning, as his horse would be included in the seizure which was expected to be made, under the execution, about noon. "I thank you, Mr. Hodson," was the reply, "for your friendly caution, but never mind the horse. You sheltered me in my misfortune, and I will not desert you in yours. I cannot help you out in the payment of your rent, for my purse, you see," continued he, producing it, "is somewhat of the lightest; but I will wait the event, and if I cannot avert the storm, I will try to comfort you under it. By the way, farmer, a word with you: these retainers of the law will make clean work of it when they come. That steward, if report belie him not, has the eye and the rapacity of a hawk. They will not leave you so much as a wooden ladle. Now I see you have some valuable articles of plate;—that vase, for instance." "Sir!" exclaimed Andrew inquiringly, having never before heard of such a thing. "I mean the cup and cover there," explained the other. "Ay," replied Andrew, "it was won by my grandfather at a ploughing match: it will grieve me to part from it." "No doubt it would," said the stranger; "there are those tankards, too,—that ladle,—those massive old-fashioned spoons: they are all very portable." "Well, sir?" said the farmer, not understanding the stranger's drift. "How dull you are!" rejoined the other, touching him with his elbow. "How easy would it be to get these things out of the way. You could confide them to some friend, or relative—your mother earth, for instance—until the sweeping hurricane of

the law has blown over. You understand me now, do you not?" "Sir," replied the farmer, "you mean well enough, I dare say, but you do not know old Andrew Hodson, or you would not have made such a proposal to him." "Tush, man! the thing is done every day." "I am sorry for it, sir, because the world must be much worse than I took it to be. The debt is just, though my creditor is a hard one, and I will pay him as far as the things will go." "But I maintain that the debt is not a just one. Is not the rent much higher than is warranted by the value of the land?" said the stranger. "No matter, I agreed to pay it." "You are too scrupulous by half." "Now, what do you suppose, sir, my neighbours would think of me, if I were to follow your advice?" "Tut, tut, who will know anything of the matter but you and I?" "God Almighty, sir!" said the farmer. "But consider, my good man," continued the stranger, "there may be enough to pay your rent without these articles, the value of which would set you up in the world again; for remember, these harpies will take everything away from you." "No, they won't: they can't take my wife, nor my children, nor my good name; and I would not part with one of them for all the gold that was ever coined." "You will not be guided by my counsel, then, and remove the plate?" said the stranger. "No, not a teaspoon of it," was the positive reply. "Then I can only say," added the other, snatching up his candle, and hastening to bed, "that you are, without exception, the most obstinate, impracticable, honest old man I ever met with, and I must forswear your company."

The morning arrived on which the storm, which had been so long gathering, was to break over the heads of the devoted farmer and his family, who were stirring unusually early. In fact, the expectation of the catastrophe had allowed them to sleep but little, as their looks, when they assembled at the breakfast-table, plainly indicated. The stranger also had quitted his bed an hour before his wont, and betrayed great restlessness in his manner, for he walked to the window, which commanded the road, every five minutes, as if watching for the arrival of the expected but unwelcome visitors.

Giles Jenkins was in advance of his myrmidons a quarter of an hour's march, and, taking the farmer apart, said to him, "Master Hodson, I did not threaten you without the power to execute. The officers will be here in a few minutes, which you will do well to use in reconsidering my proposal. Give me your daughter, and not only shall everything about you remain as it is, but the possession of it shall be secured to you for many years." The farmer, losing his patience at the repetition of the insulting proposal, shook off the tempter (who in his earnestness had taken him by the arm), and said, "Villain, do your worst, for not for all you are going to take away from me—no, not for all your master's money, twice told, will I sell my lamb to the wolf." "Dotard," rejoined the steward, "you have pronounced your doom, and I go to fulfil it;" and, quitting the farmer, he conferred with his followers, who by this time had joined him, and they proceeded in their duty by taking an inventory of the farming stock, before they began upon the household furniture.

Robert Hawkhurst arrived shortly afterwards, and assisted the stranger in his endeavours to console the afflicted family. One of the domestics at length informed them that the officers were coming into the house to finish their task, when the stranger betrayed some little agitation, and retired to that part of the room in which he was least likely to attract observation. He had scarcely time to effect this before the steward and his retainers entered, and proceeded in their ungracious office without the slightest respect to the feelings of the sufferers. Giles Jenkins, in particular, appeared to exult in the exercise of his authority, and to take a pleasure in witnessing the distress which his cruelty had occasioned. The silver vase, before alluded to, was standing on a kind of sideboard in the apartment. The steward, who was about to remove it, had no sooner laid his fingers on it, than the voice of the stranger was heard exclaiming, "Mr. Jenkins, I'll thank you to let that cup alone, for I like it very well where it is."

The steward withdrew his hand from the vessel, as if it had been of heated iron. He turned as pale as death, his red nose, like a live ember on a heap of ashes, adding to the ghastliness of his countenance. In the language of the poet,

"Steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit;"

and he looked about in all directions, as if he thought the person from whom the voice proceeded was as likely to drop from the clouds, or start out of the earth, as to make his appearance from any other quarter. The stranger at last arose from his seat, and with a dignity which none of the family had before observed him to assume, he advanced into the middle of the room and confronted the steward; who, somewhat recovering from his surprise, and glancing at the other's bandaged leg, said, with

an affectation of great concern, "My lord, I grieve to see your lordship so lame." "You mistake, you abominable old hypocrite and measureless liar," said the earl; "a fortnight's residence in this house has cured me of my lameness, and my blindness too, and having recovered the use of my own eyes, I shall have no further occasion for yours." "My lord!" stammered the steward. "Your lord no longer," said the earl, interrupting him: "how dared you, sir, for the gratification of your diabolical passions, abuse the powers with which I intrusted you, and oppress this worthy man, in direct contravention of my injunction that you should, on no account, distrain upon a tenant, unless he were a fraudulent one. Now, be pleased to relieve me of your presence, taking with you these two worthy associates; and, do you hear me, sir, let your accounts be made up with all despatch, for I shall shortly reckon with you." Then, addressing himself to the farmer, he continued: "Mr. Hodson, I am very sorry for the trouble which this unfortunate affair has occasioned you. It was necessary, however, that I should have such evidence of that man's baseness. For yourself, I can only say, that your arrear is remitted, your present lease shall be cancelled, and substituted by another, at such a rent that it shall not be my fault if you do not thrive again. I owe you thus much for the lesson you have taught me of resignation under unmerited calamity, as well as for the instance you have given me of uncompromising integrity, under circumstances of temptation that very few would have withstood. I pray you to forgive me for the experiment I made on your honour in the matter of the plate. It is refreshing to me, in my old age, to meet with such examples in a world which I fear I have hitherto regarded on the darker side. Your kindness, Mrs. Hodson, and yours, Amy, to a petulant old man, I shall not forget; nor your honourable adherence to your mistress and her family in their adversity, Mr. Robert. Of you, Frank, I have a favour to beg; you must give me that terrier of yours, to which I am primarily indebted for my introduction to this house, and for the advantages which have resulted to me from it."

The earl, after taking a kind leave of the circle he had thus made happy, mounted his horse and departed to his mansion, from which he had been so long absent, and to which he was returning when he met with the accident already related. The occurrences which followed so inauspicious an event produced a most beneficial effect upon his mind: he became a better, and consequently a happier man. His lordship took up his permanent residence on the estate, to the great joy of the tenantry, and to the discomfiture of Mr. Jenkins, who, it is almost needless to add, was dismissed in disgrace.

I know it will be considered a somewhat trite termination if I finish my story with a marriage; and yet, should any of my readers be curious upon the subject, I cannot deny that such an event took place, and that Amy forgot all her past sorrows in the *nepenthe* of her Robert's affections.

W. H. Harrison.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

[An old writer[1] mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the saide rocke there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God."—Stoddart's *Remarks on Scotland.*]

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea;
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

[1] See a *Brief Description of Scotland*, &c., by J. M., 1633.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape Float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich, with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

STATE OF THE WORLD AT THE COMING OF CHRIST.[1]

Augustus was emperor.

From the Atlantic to the Euphrates—from where the legions were arrested by the snows of Sarmatia northward, and the sands of Lybia southward, the world was a Roman farm; and, with all its lovely islands and fruitful shores, the Mediterranean was a Roman lake. Mauritania and Numidia, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, —the countries now known as Turkey, Germany, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Britain—all received their laws from the Italian capital, and all sent it their tribute. With its hundred and twenty millions of subjects, this region included the whole of the old world's intelligence, and nearly all its wealth; and though many of the conquered nations were fierce and strong, they had been effectually subdued, and were now overawed by an army of 300,000 men. With its beak of brass and its talons of steel, the great eagle had grappled and overcome the human race; and the whole earth trembled, when, from his seven-hilled eyrie, he flapped his wings of thunder.

There was nearly universal peace. By the courage and consummate generalship of Julius Cæsar the most formidable nations had already been vanquished; and since the death of Pompey, and the conclusion of the civil war, the empire, undivided and undisputed, was swayed by a single autocrat.

The pagan culture had culminated. The exquisite temples of Greece had begun to go to ruin, and in that land of sages there arose no new Pythagoras—no second Socrates. But the genius of Rome had scarcely passed the zenith. Seneca was born in the same year with John Baptist. Thousands still lived in whose ears the musical wisdom of Cicero lingered, and who had read, when newly published, the sublime speculations of Lucretius. It was but the other day that the sweet voice of Virgil had fallen mute, and only eight years since the tomb of Mæcenas had opened to admit the urn of Horace. Under its sumptuous ruler Rome was rapidly becoming a mountain-pile of marble palaces—baths, temples, theatres —the proudest on which sunbeams ever sparkled; and, with his enormous wealth and all-commanding absolutism, the Roman citizen was the lordliest mortal whom luxury ever pampered—the most supercilious demi-god who ever exacted the adulation of his fellows.

[1] From *Lessons from the Great Biography.*

Yet, amidst all this civilization, it was a time of fearful depravity. In regions so remote as Britain and Germany, it was scarcely surprising that dark superstitions should prevail, and that hecatombs of little children should be immolated by the fiends of the forest. But in Rome itself, under all the outward refinement, coarse tastes and fierce passions reigned; and the same patrician who, at a false note in music, would writhe with graceful agony, could preside imperturbable over the tortures of a slave or a prisoner; and, to see him overnight shedding tears at one of Ovid's epistles, you would not guess that he had all the morning been gloating on the convulsions of dying gladiators. Busts of Cato adorned the vestibule, but brutality and excess ran riot through the halls; and it was hard to say which was the most abandoned—the multitude who still adored divinities the patrons of every crime, or the scholars who laughed at superstition and perpetrated crimes worthy of a Mars or Jupiter.

This was the time which the Most High selected for the greatest event of human history. On the one hand, it was a time of tranquillity. The wars of long centuries had ceased. Men's minds were not absorbed in the contests of dynasties, nor agitated by the burning of their capitals and the desolation of their homes. And a lull like this was favourable for the commencement of a moral movement which concerned the whole of Adam's family. On the other hand, the world was old enough. For four thousand years the great experiment had been going on, and man had been permitted to do his best to retrieve the ruin of the Fall. It seemed, however, as if every struggle were only a deeper plunge; and betwixt the exploded nostrums of philosophy, and the corruption of the times, the world had grown weary of itself. A dry-rot had got into the ancient faith, and idolatry and hero-worship tottered on their crumbling pillars. Satiety or disgust was the prevailing mood of the wealthy; revenge and despair gnawed the heart of the down-trampled millions. For tribes which had lost their nationality, and for citizens who had sold their hereditary freedom, there was no spell in the past; and amongst a people who had lost faith in one another, there remained nothing which could inspire the fervour of patriotism. It was felt, that if extrication ever came, it must come from above; and even in heathen lands, hints gathered from the Hebrew Scriptures, or prophetic particles floated down on the muddy tide of pagan mythology, began to be carefully collected and exhibited in settings of the richest poetry, till the bard of Mantua sang of a virgin, and an unprecedented offspring descended from high Heaven, who should efface the traces of our crimes, and free from its perpetual fears the world—in whose days the lion would be no terror to the ox, and the deadly serpent should die. Betwixt the general peace which prevailed, the hopeless wickedness, and the general wearying for a change, "the road was ready, and the path made straight." "The fulness of time was come, and GOD SENT FORTH HIS SON."

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

MARY LEE'S LAMENT.

A GALLOWAY BALLAD.

I dinna like the Meg-o'-mony-feet,
  Nor the brawnet Conochworm,
Quoth Mary Lee, as she sat and did greet,
  A-dadding wi' the storm.
Nowther like I the yellow-wymed ask,
  'Neath the root o' yon aik-tree;
Nor the hairy adders on the fog that bask;
  But waur I like Robin-a-Ree.

Hatefu' it is to hear the whut-throat chark
  Frae out the auld taff-dike;
And wha likes the e'ening singing lark,
  Or the auld moon-bowing tyke?
I hate them—and the ghaist at e'en
  That points at me, puir Mary Lee!
But ten times waur hate I, I ween,
  That vile chield, Robin-a-Ree.

Sourer than the green bullister
  Is a kiss o' Robin-a-Ree,
And the milk on the taed's back I wad prefer
  To the poison on his lips that be.
Oh! ance I lived happily by yon bonny burn—
  The warld was in love wi' me;
But now I maun sit 'neath the cauld drift and mourn,
  And curse black Robin-a-Ree.

Then whudder awa, thou bitter-biting blast,
  And sough thro' the scrunty tree,
And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,
  And ne'er let the sun me see!
Oh! never melt awa, thou wreath o' snaw,
  That's sae kind in graving me;
But hide me aye frae the scorn and guffaw
  O' villains like Robin-a-Ree![1]

[1] From the *Gallovidian Dictionary*, by T. M'Taggart.

NED M'KEOWN.

Who within the parish, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl, did not know Ned M'Keown and his wife Nancy, joint proprietors of the tobacco-shop and public-house at the cross-roads of Kilrudden? Honest, blustering, good-humoured Ned was the indefatigable merchant of the village; ever engaged in some ten or twenty pound speculation, the capital of which he was sure to extort, perhaps for the twelfth time, from the savings of Nancy's frugality, by the equivocal test of a month or six weeks' consecutive sobriety; and which said speculation he never failed to wind up by the total loss of the capital for Nancy, and the capital loss of a broken head for himself. Ned had eternally some bargain on his hands: at one time you might find him a yarn-merchant, planted upon the upper step of Mr. Birnie's hall-door, where the yarn-market was held, surrounded by a crowd of eager country-women, anxious to give Ned the preference—first, because he was a well-wisher; secondly, because he hadn't his heart in the penny; and thirdly, because he gave sixpence a spangle more than any other man in the market. There might Ned be found, with his twenty pounds of hard silver jingling in the bottom of a green bag, as a decoy to the customers, laughing loud as he piled the yarn in an ostentatious heap, which, in the pride of his commercial sagacity, he had purchased at a dead loss. Again you might see him at a horse-fair, cantering about on the back of some sleek but broken-winded jade, with spavined legs, imposed on him as "a great bargain entirely," by the superior cunning of some rustic sharper;—or standing over a hogshead of damaged flax-seed, in the purchase of which he shrewdly suspected himself of having overreached the seller, by allowing him for it a greater price than the prime seed of the market would have cost him. In short, Ned was never out of a speculation, and whatever he undertook was sure to prove a complete failure. But he had one mode of consolation, which consisted in sitting down with the fag-end of Nancy's capital in his pocket, and drinking night and day with this neighbour and that whilst a shilling remained; and when he found himself at the end of his tether, he was sure to fasten a quarrel on some friend or acquaintance, and to get his head broken for his pains. None of all this blustering, however, happened within the range of Nancy's jurisdiction. Ned, indeed, might drink and sing, and swagger and fight—and he contrived to do so; but notwithstanding all his apparent courage, there was *one* eye which made him quail, and before which he never put on the Hector;—there was *one*, in whose presence the loudness of his song would fall away into a very awkward and unmusical quaver, and his laughing face assume the visage of a man who is disposed to anything but mirth. The fact was this: whenever Ned found that his speculation was *gone a shaughran*, as he termed it, he fixed himself in some favourite public-house, from whence he seldom stirred while his money lasted, except when dislodged by Nancy, who usually, upon learning where he had taken cover, paid him an unceremonious visit, to which Ned's indefensible delinquency gave the colour of legitimate authority. Upon these occasions Nancy, accompanied by two sturdy servant-men, would sally forth to the next market-town, for the purpose of bringing home "graceless Ned," as she called him. And then you might see Ned between the two servants, a few paces in advance of Nancy, having very much the appearance of a man performing a pilgrimage to the gallows, or of a deserter guarded back to his barrack, in order to become a target for the muskets of his comrades. Ned's compulsory return always became a matter of some notoriety; for Nancy's excursion in quest of the "graceless" was not made without frequent denunciations of wrath against him, and many melancholy apologies to the neighbours for entering upon the task of personally securing him. By this means her enterprise was sure to get wind, and a mob of all the idle young men and barefooted urchins of the village, with Bob M'Cann, "*a three-quarther clift*," or mischievous fellow, half-knave, half-fool, was to be found a little below the village, upon an elevation of the road, that commanded a level stretch of half a mile or so, in anxious expectation of the procession. No sooner had this arrived at the point of observation, than the little squadron would fall rearward of the principal group, for the purpose of extracting from Nancy a full and particular account of the capture.

"Indeed, childher, id's no wondher for ye to enquire! Where did I get 'im, Dick?—musha, an' where wud I get 'im but in the ould place, a-hagur; wid the ould set: don't yees know that a dacent place or dacent com-

[1] From *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. Dublin, 2 vols. 12mo.

pany wudn't sarve Ned?—nobody bud Shane Martin, an' Jimmy Tague, an' the other blackguards."

"An' what will ye do wid 'm, Nancy?"

"Och! thin, Dick, avourneen, id's myself that's jist tired thinkin' iv that; at any rate, consumin' to the loose foot he'll get this blessed month to come, Dick, agra!"

"Troth, Nancy," another mischievous monkey would exclaim, "if ye hadn't great patience entirely, ye cudn't put up wid such thratement at all at all."

"Why thin, God knows, id's thrue for ye, Barney. D'ye hear that, 'graceless'—the very childher makin' a laughin'-stock an' a may-game iv ye?—bud wait till we get undher the roof, any how."

"Ned," a third would say, "isn't id a burnin' shame for ye to brake the poor crathur's heart this a-way? Throth, but ye ought to hould down yer head, sure enough—a dacent woman! that only for her wudn't have a house over ye, so ye wudn't."

"An' throth an' id's goin', Tim," Nancy would exclaim, "an' whin id goes, let 'im see thin who'll do for 'm: let 'im thry if his blackguards 'ill stan' to 'im, whin he won't have poor foolish Nancy at his back."

During these conversations Ned would walk on between his two guards with a dogged-looking and condemned face, Nancy behind him, with his own cudgel, ready to administer the restorative of an occasional bang whenever he attempted to slacken his pace, or throw over his shoulder a growl of dissent or justification.

On getting near home the neighbours would occasionally pop out their heads, with a smile of good-humoured satire on their faces, which Nancy was very capable of translating.

"Ay," she would say, "I've caught 'im—here he is to the fore. Indeed ye may well laugh, Katty Rafferty; not a wan iv myself blames ye for id. Ah, ye mane crathur," turning to Ned, "iv ye had the blood iv a hen in ye, ye wudn't have the neighbours brakin' their hearts laughin' at ye in sich a way;—an' above all the people in the world, them Rafferty's, that got the decree agin iz at the last sessions, although I offered to pay within fifteen shillins of the differ—the grubs!"

Having seen her hopeful charge safely deposited on the hob, Nancy would throw her cloak into this corner, and her bonnet into that, with the air of a woman absorbed by the consideration of some vexatious trial; she would then sit down, and, lighting her *doodeen*, exclaim,

"Wurrah, wurrah! id's me that's the heart-scalded crathur wid that man's four quarthers! The Lord may help me, an' grant me patience wid him, any way!—to have my little, honest, hard-arned penny spint among a pack o' vagabonds, that dizn't care him an' me war both down the river, so they cud get their bellyful iv dhrink out iv 'im. No matther, agra! things can't long be this a-way;—but what diz Ned care?—give him dhrink an' fightin', an' his blackguards about 'im, an' that's his glory. There now's the lan'lord comin' down upon us for the rint, an' 'cept he takes the cows out iv the byre, or the bed from anundher iz, what in the wide arth is there for 'im?"

The current of this lecture was never interrupted by a single observation from Ned, who usually employed himself in silently playing with "Bunty," a little black cur, without a tail, and a great favourite with Nancy; or, if he noticed anything out of its place in the house, he would arrange it with great apparent care. In the meantime Nancy's wrath generally evaporated with the smoke of the pipe—a circumstance which Ned well knew;—for, after she had sucked it until it emitted a shrill-bubbling sound, like that from a reed, her brows, which wore at other times a habitual frown, would gradually relax into a more benevolent expression—the parenthetical curves on each side of her mouth, formed by the irascible pursing of her lips, would become less marked—the dog or cat, or whatever else came in her way, instead of being kicked aside, or pursued in an underfit of digressional peevishness, would be put out of her path with a gentler force—so that it was, in such circumstances, a matter of little difficulty to perceive that conciliation would soon be the order of the day. Ned's conduct on these critical occasions was very prudent and commendable; he still gave Nancy her own way, never "jawed back to her," but took shelter, as it were, under his own patience, until the storm had passed, and the sun of her good humour began to shine again. Nancy herself, now softened by the fumes of her own pigtail, usually made the first overtures to a compromise, but without departing from the practice and principles of higher negotiators—always in an indirect manner; as, "Judy, avourneen, maybe that crathur ate nothing to-day; ye had betther, agra, get 'm the could bacon that's in the cubboard, and warm for 'im, upon the greeshaugh, them yallow-legs[1] that's in the colindher, though God he knows it's ill my common—bud no

[1] A kind of potato.

matther, a hagur, there's enough sed, I'm thinkin'—give 'em to 'im."

On Ned seating himself to his bacon and potatoes, Nancy would light another pipe, and plant herself on the opposite hob, putting some interrogatory to him, in the way of business—always concerning a third person, and still in a tone of dry ironical indifference; as,

"Did ye see Jimmy Connolly on yer thravels?"

"No."

"Humph! Can ye tell iz if Andy Morrow sowld his cowlt?"

"He did."

"Maybe ye have gumption enough to know what he got for 'im?"

"Fifteen ginneys."

"In troth, an' id's more nor a poor body would get; bud, any way, Andy Morrow desarves to get a good price: he's a man that takes care of his own bizness, an' minds nothin' else. I wish that filley of ours was dockt; ye ought to spake to Jim M'Quade about id: id's time to make her up—ye know we'll want to sell her for the rint."

This was an assertion, by the way, which Ned knew to have everything but truth in it.

"Never heed the filley," Ned would reply, "I'll get Charley Lawdher to dock her—bud id's not her I'm thinkin' iv: did ye hear the news about the tobacky?"

"No, but I hope we won't be long so."

"Well, any how, we war in look to buy in them three last rowls."

"Eh? in look! death-alive, how, Ned?"

"Sure there was three ships iv id lost last week on their way from the kingdom of Swuzzerland, in the Aste Indians, where id grows: we can rise id thruppence a-pound now."

"No, Ned! you're not in arnest?"

"Faith, bud ye may say I am; an' as soon as Tom Loan comes home from Dublin he'll tell iz all about id; an' for that matther, maybe, id may rise sixpence a-pound: faith, we'll gain a lob by id, I'm thinkin'."

"May I never stir! bud that's look: well, Ned, ye may thank me for that, any way, or not a rowl we'd have in the four corners iv the house—an' ye wanted to persuade me agin buyin' thim; bud I knew betther—for the tobacky's always sure to get a bit iv a hitch at this time a year."

"Bedad, you can do id, Nancy; I'll say that for ye—that's an' give ye yer own way."

"Eh! can't I, Ned?—an' what was betther, I bate down Pether M'Entee three-ha'pence a-pound afther I bought them."

"Ha! ha! ha! by my sannies, Nancy, as to market-makin' they may all throw their caps at ye; ye thief o' the world, ye can do them nately."

"Ha! ha! ha! Stop, Ned, don't dhrink that wather—id's not from the rock well; but I'll jist mix a sup iv this last stuff we got from the mountains till ye taste id: I think id's not worse nor the last—for Hugh Traynor's an ould hand at makin' id."

This was all Ned wanted; his point was now carried: but with respect to the rising of the tobacco, the less that is said about that the better for his veracity.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle back;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st not helm nor cuirass now,
Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound.

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild, widowed look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And sickened at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate;
And bid her home to thee at last;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard
Its lingering echoes fail.

T. K. HERVEY.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER

THE GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

In the end of the fifteenth century, when the cities of Italy were rendered rich by their trades to the Indies, Padua was one of the most flourishing of its towns, and possessed a body of merchants, and particularly goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in silk, with whom Venice itself could scarcely bear a comparison. Amongst these goldsmiths and jewellers there was one more eminent than his brethren. His dwelling was upon the bridge, and Padua was scarcely more universally known in Italy than Jeronimo Vincente was known for one of its citizens. "It never rains but it pours," says a northern proverb; "riches beget riches," says an Italian one. Jeronimo found the truth of both these sayings. He was already rich enough to satisfy a dozen merchants, and to make a score of German princes. Fortune, however, did not yet think that she had done enough for him; every day some traveller was arriving at Padua, in the exchange of whose foreign money for the coin of Padua he obtained some good bargains, and added to his overflowing coffers. Few died without relatives but that he was appointed their executor. Many paid tribute to his wealth and reputation by leaving him their heir. The city of Padua gave him all their public contracts; and he almost sunk under the weight of trusts, offices, &c., not merely offered, but obtruded and imposed on him.

Who could be more happy than Jeronimo Vincente? So he thought himself as he walked on the bridge of Padua one beautiful summer's evening. A coach of one of the nobles passed at the same moment: no one noticed it. On the other hand, every one who passed him saluted him.—"Such have been the effects of my industry, my dexterity of business, and my assiduous application. Yes, Jeronimo, others have to thank their ancestors; you have to thank only yourself. It is all your own merit."

And with these reflections his stature, as it were, increased some inches higher, and assuming a peculiar port, and a self-satisfied step, he walked in vanity, and almost in defiance of everything and every one to his own house. He fell asleep in the same mood, and dreamed that the ancient fable of Jupiter was repeated in his house, and that the heavens opened, and descended upon him in a shower of ducats and pistoles. In all this soliloquy of Jeronimo, the reader will observe, there was not a word or thought of any one but himself; he did not attribute his plenty to the blessing of God: he felt no gratitude to him who had showered down upon him his abundance; his mind, his spirit, and his vanity were that of Nebuchadnezzar; and the fate of Nebuchadnezzar was nearer to him than he imagined. It is a part of the wise economy of Providence to vindicate the honour and duty which belong to him; it is a part of his mercy to humble those who in forgetting him are about to lose themselves. He sends them prosperity as a blessing; they abuse it, and convert it to a curse. He recalls the abused gift, and sends them adversity to bring them to their duty. Such was the course of divine government in the early ages of the world, such it is to the present day, and such did Jeronimo find it much sooner than he expected.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he saw, to his astonishment, the universal respect to his wealth and reputation on a manifest decrease. Some who had before nearly kissed the ground on his presence, now looked erectly in his face, and kept their straightforward course, without giving him the honourable side of the path; others kept their bonnets as if they were nailed to their heads; two or three recalled their trusts; others happening to call for accounts of such trusts, when he was not at home or busy, spoke in a peremptory tone, dropped hints of the laws of the country, and the duty of guardians. In plain words, he gradually discovered himself to be as much avoided as he had heretofore been sought. No one was punctual in their attendance but those to whom he paid their weekly or monthly pensions. If there could be any doubt that something extraordinary had happened, Jeronimo had at length sufficient proof; for having put himself in nomination for one of the offices of parochial intendant, and of the great church and treasury of Padua, a competitor was preferred, less wealthy than himself by some thousands.

Jeronimo returned home much confounded at this unexpected defeat. In vain he examined himself and his situation for the cause.

"Am I not as rich as ever?" said he. "Have I defrauded any one?—No. Have I suffered any one to demand their payment of me twice?—No. What then can be the cause of all this?

This was a question he could not answer, but the fact became daily and hourly so much more evident, that he shortly found himself as much avoided, and apparently condemned in every respectable company, as he had formerly been courted and honoured.

It is time, however, to give the reader some

information as to the actual cause. A whisper was suddenly circulated that Jeronimo had not acquired his wealth by honest means. It was reported, and gradually universally believed, that he was an utterer, if not a coiner, of base money. He had the reputation, as has been before said, of being the most able workman in Padua, in gold, silver, and lace; "And surely," said the gossips of Padua, "he does not wear his talent in a napkin. He employs his dexterity to some purpose."—"Are you not speaking too fast," said another neighbour; "I have always held Jeronimo to be an honest man."—"And so have I hitherto," said the other. "But do you see this ducat?"—"Yes; and a very good one it is."—"So I thought," said the other; "till I assayed it: this ducat I received from Jeronimo; let us prove it at your assay, and you will allow that I did not speak without some good foundation." The proposal was accepted, the trial made, and the ducat found to be base in the proportion of one-third copper, to two-thirds silver.

The name of this neighbour of Jeronimo, who had defended him, was Guiseppe Cognigero, a very worthy and honest man; not one of those who found a triumph in the downfall of another, though above him in wealth and honour. Guiseppe, as he had said, had always held Jeronimo to be a respectable worthy citizen. He had many dealings with him, and had always found him just and punctual to the lowest coin. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "that after such a long course of honesty and reputation, he has so far forgotten himself as to become a common cheat? I will not believe it. But this fact of the base ducat? Well; but my friend may be mistaken, he might not have received this ducat from Jeronimo. I am resolved I will make a trial of him myself, before I give in to the belief of these reports in the teeth of so fair a character for so many years. Guiseppe was a shrewd man, and never fixed on a purpose but when he had the ingenuity to find the means of executing it. He went immediately to his home, and taking a hundred ducats from his private store, went with them to the house of Jeronimo.

"Signor Jeronimo," said he, "here are a hundred ducats which I wish to keep secret for a certain purpose. I have just embarked in a speculation of great extent, the result of which no one can foresee. I wish to keep this sum as a deposit, in the event of the failure of my hopes, if you will do me the favour to take the custody of it." Jeronimo, pleased at a confidence to which he was now not much accustomed, very willingly accepted the charge, and Guiseppe took his leave in the full persuasion that the trial would correspond with his expectations, and that report would be proved to be false and malicious.

In the course of a few days, Guiseppe, according to the plan concerted in his own mind, called suddenly on Jeronimo.—"My dear friend," said he, "I sincerely rejoice that I have found you at home; a sudden demand has fallen upon me, and I have an expected occasion for the hundred ducats which I deposited with you."—"My good friend," said Jeronimo, "do not preface such a trifle with such a serious apology. The money is yours." And at the same time opening a private drawer:—"You see here it is, just as I deposited it. Take your money, my friend, and you may always have the same or any other service from me." Saying this, he gave Guiseppe the same bag in which he had brought the ducats to him.

Guiseppe hastened home, counted and examined the ducats. Their number was right, their appearance seemed good; he sounded them singly. One sounded suspiciously, he assayed it, it was base.—"Well," said he, "this may be an accident; I could almost swear, indeed, that every ducat I gave him was good; but this I might perhaps have overlooked." He sounded another, his suspicions increased; another—he was now determined to assay them all. He did so; and to his confusion (for the honest man was truly grieved and confounded at the detection of his neighbour's dishonesty) he found thirty bad ducats out of the hundred.

He now hastened back to Jeronimo.—"These are not the ducats, sir, I deposited with you; here are thirty bad ducats out of the hundred."—"Bad or good," replied Jeronimo, indignantly, "they are the same which you deposited; I took them from your hands, put them in the drawer, and they were not moved from thence till you re-demanded them." Guiseppe insisted, and at length severely reproached Jeronimo. Jeronimo commanded him to leave his house. "Can you suspect me of such a pitiful fraud?" said he.—"Indeed, I never should," replied he, "unless upon this absolute evidence. But there must be a fraud somewhere. Either I am attempting to defraud you, or you to cheat me. It is incumbent upon both our reputations that this matter should be cleared up. I shall go to the magistrates."—"Go where you please," said Jeronimo; "but go without delay."

Guiseppe immediately hastened to the president of justice. He demanded a summons for Jeronimo. It was granted. He complained,

without reciting the particulars, that Jeronimo had paid him back a deposit, and, in a hundred ducats, had given him thirty bad. Jeronimo denied it.—"I gave him back the same which he deposited with me." There was a law at Padua termed the "law of wager." The substance of this was, that the party accused had it in his option to clear himself by an oath of his innocence. "Will you take your wager?" said Guiseppe. "Yes," replied Jeronimo. The holy evangelists were accordingly presented to him, and Jeronimo swore upon them that he had not touched, still less changed, the ducats, since they were deposited with him. The president accordingly gave judgment in his favour, being compelled thereto by the laws of Padua. And Guiseppe, with horror at the united fraud and perjury of the man whom he had hitherto deemed honest and respectable, left the court and withdrew to his own house.

This trial excited a universal interest and rumour in Padua. The president of the law had acquitted Jeronimo; not so, however, public reputation. Guiseppe was a man of established character, Jeronimo's fame had been long blemished. The previous reports, therefore, were now considered as fully confirmed into certainty. The magistrates accordingly deemed it necessary to point the attention of the police to him and to his future dealings; and Jeronimo thereafter became a marked character. The police of Padua was administered with that discreet cunning for which the Italians are celebrated. Some of its officers very shortly contrived, in the disguise of foreign merchants, to make a deposit of good and marked money with Jeronimo, and shortly after redeemed it back. The money was restored as required. It was immediately carried, as before, in the case of Guiseppe, to the public assay, and the result was, that the greatest part of the number of the coins was found to be base.

Jeronimo was next day arrested and thrown into prison. His house was searched in the same instant. The search most fully confirmed what indeed now required but little confirmation. In the secret drawers were found all the instruments of coining, as well as all the materials of adulteration. An immense quantity of base coin was likewise found in different parts of the house. All Padua was now in arms. They clamorously demanded justice on a man who had not the temptation of poverty to commit crimes; here is a man, said they, who has raised his head above all of us, and lived in luxury and splendour, year after year, upon the fruit of his crimes. He has even sat on the public bench of magistrates, and administered the laws of Padua; if justice be not made for the rich, if its object be the defence of all, let him now be brought to trial, and meet with the punishment which he so well merits. The magistrates, in obedience to this popular clamour, and at the same time acknowledging its justice, somewhat hastened the trial of Jeronimo. He was brought forward, accused, and the witnesses examined; he had nothing to allege which could weigh a single grain against the mass of evidence produced against him. He was accordingly unanimously condemned. The trial was holden on the Monday; he was found guilty the same day, and ordered for execution in the public square on Friday following; the interval being granted for religious preparations.

Who was now so unhappy as Jeronimo de Vincente, and what a vicissitude in his fortune and reputation had a very short time produced! Within those few months he had been the wealthiest and most respected man in Padua. The noblest families sought his only daughter in marriage; his wife was the pattern and exemplar of all the ladies of the city and neighbourhood; his house was full of the richest furniture and paintings in Italy. Now the officers of justice were in possession of it, and performed the vilest offices in the most magnificent chambers; whilst, with the ordinary insolence of such ruffians, they scarcely allowed a corner of the house to his unhappy wife and daughter. And where was Jeronimo himself? In the public prison of the city; in a cell not four feet square, and under orders for execution on the next following day. Was not this enough to reduce Jeronimo to his senses? It was; he humbled himself before God, and implored his pity; and it pleased the infinite Goodness to hear his prayers, and to send him relief where he least expected it.

Jeronimo had a confidential clerk, or managing man, of the name of Jacobo. On the day preceding that ordered for his master's execution, he was going upstairs to attend some message from his unhappy mistress, when his foot slipped, and he fell from the top to the bottom. His neck was dislocated by the fall, and he died without uttering a word. This miserable man had a wife in the last month of her pregnancy; the intelligence of this disaster being carried to her, occasioned an immediate labour, and she was pronounced to be in the most imminent danger. She repeatedly requested, during the night, that Jeronimo's wife might be sent for to her, as she had some-

thing very heavy at her heart to communicate to her. Jeronimo's wife accordingly came very early on the following morning. The unhappy woman, after having summoned up the small remnant of her strength, and requested Jeronimo's wife to hear what she had to say, but not to interrupt her till she had concluded, thus addressed her:—"Your husband is innocent, mine was guilty. Fly to the magistrates, inform them of this, and save my husband's soul from adding to his other crimes the guilt of innocent blood. Thy husband——." She was about to proceed, but death arrested her words.

Jeronimo's wife, thinking that her husband was now effectually saved, flew to the president of the magistracy, and demanded immediate admission, and related the confession she had just received. The president shook his head. "Where is the woman that made the confession?" "She is dead."—"Then where is the party accused instead of Jeronimo?" "He is dead likewise."—"Have you any witnesses of the conversation of the dying woman?" "None; she requested every one to leave the chamber, that she might communicate to me alone."—"Then the confession, good woman, can avail you nothing; the law must have its course." Jeronimo's wife could make no reply; she was carried senseless out of the court, and the president, from a due sense of humanity, ordered her to be taken to the house of one of his officers, and kept there till after the execution of her husband.

The finishing of this catastrophe was now at hand. Already the great bell of the city was tolling. The hour at length arrived, and Jeronimo was led forth. He was desired to add anything which he had to say, without loss of time. He satisfied himself with the declaration of his innocence, and with recommending his soul to his Maker, then knelt down to receive the destined blow; but scarcely was he on his knees before the whole crowd was thrown into motion, by some of the marshals of justice rushing forward and exclaiming to stop the execution. The marshal at length made his way to the scaffold, and delivered a paper with which he was charged, to the presiding officer. The officer, upon reading it, immediately stayed the farther progress of the execution, and Jeronimo was led back to his prison. "What is all this?" exclaimed the crowd. "Have the friends of Jeronimo at length raised a sum of money which our just judges have required of them; and is his punishment thus bought off? Happy inhabitants of Padua, where to be rich is to be able to commit any crime with impunity."

It is time, however, to inform the reader of the true cause. Jeronimo was scarcely led to execution when the confessor of the prison demanded access to the president, and immediately laid before him the confession of a prisoner who had died under a fever the preceding night. The wretched malefactor hereupon acknowledged that he was one of a party of coiners, who had carried on the trade of making false money to a very great extent; that Jeronimo's clerk was at the head of the gang; that all the false money was delivered to this clerk, who immediately exchanged it for good money from his master's coffers, to all of which he had private keys, and in which coffers, on the apprehension of Jeronimo, he had deposited the instruments of coining, lest they should be found in his own possession. The confession terminated with enumerating such of the gang as were yet living, and pointing out their places of asylum and concealment.

The execution of Jeronimo, as has been related, was in its actual operation. The first step of the president, therefore, was to hurry one of the officers to stop its progress, and in the same moment to send off two or three detachments of the city guard to seize the accused parties before they should learn from public report the death of their comrade. The guards executed their purpose successfully; the malefactors were all taken and brought to the tribunal the same evening. The result was, that one of them became evidence against his comrades, and thus confirmed the truth of the confession, and the innocence of Jeronimo.

The president, in order to make all possible atonement, ordered a public meeting of all the citizens of Padua to be summoned on the following day. Jeronimo was then produced, upon which the president, descending from his tribunal, took him by the hand, and led him up to a seat by the side of him, on the bench of justice; the crier then proclaimed silence. Upon which the president rose, and read the confession of the malefactor who died in the prison, and the transactions of the others; concluding the whole by declaring the innocence of Jeronimo, and restoring him to his credit, his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Thus ended the misfortunes of a man who had provoked the chastisement of Heaven by his vanity and self-glory.—The course of Providence is uniform in all ages of the world; when blessings are contemned, they are withdrawn—when the man unduly elevates himself, the moment of his humiliation is at hand.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE

"FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

[Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow, 27th July, 1777; died at Boulogne, 15th June, 1844. He was little more than twenty-one when the *Pleasures of Hope* was first published. The success which attended the appearance of this poem determined Campbell to abandon the laborious profession of a tutor for the no less laborious one of letters. He proceeded to London, and in spite of indifferent health worked hard as journalist, critic, and historian; whilst at intervals he gave to the world new poems, which confirmed the reputation he had already won. In 1805 government awarded him a pension of £200 a year. He was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* for ten years (1810-20), and in 1830 he started the *Metropolitan Magazine*, which afterwards fell into the hands of Captain Marryat. Except his essays on English and Scottish poetry, and notes of the poets' lives, Campbell's prose works are not now extensively read, although on their first issue the *Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens*, the *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, the *Life and Times of Petrarch*, *Letters from the South* (Algiers), and *Frederick the Great*, were received with considerable favour. His poems, however, retain much of their popularity; and it will be interesting to general readers to know Lord Jeffrey's estimate of the poet:—"There are but two noble sorts of poetry—the pathetic and the sublime; and we think he (Campbell) has given us very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both."]

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail[1]
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.
Gone, from her hand and bosom gone,
The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.

[1] Ireland.

Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne[2]
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed 'midst the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling[3] door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassel'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! these are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you she is bless'd
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

"A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—'My love lies bleeding?'
This purple flower my tears have nursed:
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And bless'd, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;

[2] Kerne, the ancient Irish foot soldiery.
[3] Rude hut or cabin.

And every rock and every stone
Bare witness that he was my own.

"O'Connor's child! I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapp'd in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;[1]
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand;
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

"Ah, brothers! what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode,
Or beal-fires[2] for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glow'd?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North Sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No: let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun
That could not, would not be undone!

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love:—'Oh! come with me:
Our bark is on the lake; behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans:
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech[3] by thy side.
Then come, my love.' How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

"And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn[4]
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore,
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But oh! that midnight of despair,
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

"When all was hush'd, at eventide
I heard the baying of their beagle:
Be hush'd! my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up-list'ning starts our couchant hound—
And hark! again that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—Oh God! oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla[5] heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.

[1] The psalter of Tara was the great national register of the ancient Irish.

[2] Fires lighted on May-day on the hill tops by the Irish.

[3] The harp.

[4] Ancient fortification.

[5] The Irish lamentation for the dead.

Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave, that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

"And go! (I cried), the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;
But that a spirit o'er me stood
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given
To speak the malison of Heaven.

"They would have cross'd themselves, all mute;
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell!
And go to Athunree![1] (I cried),
High lift the banner of your pride:
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!

"A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom!

"Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
'The flower of love lies bleeding.'"

[1] Athunree, the battle fought in 1314, which decided the fate of Ireland.

THE LOST CHILD.[2]

Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led through no places of danger, nor are infants of themselves incautious, when alone in their pastimes. Lucy went singing into the coppice-woods, and singing she re-appeared on the open hill-side. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden-bridge, or lightly as the owzel tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet. The creature would be away for hours, and no fears be felt on her account by any one at home —whether she had gone with her basket under her arm to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbour, or merely for her own solitary delight wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands. With a bonnet of her own sewing to shade her pretty face from the sun, and across her shoulders a plaid in which she could sit dry during an hour of the heaviest rain beneath the smallest beild, Lucy passed many long hours in the daylight, and thus knew, without thinking of it, all the

[2] From *The Foresters*, by Professor Wilson (Christopher North). Blackwood and Sons.

topography of that pastoral solitude, and even something of the changeful appearances in the air and sky.

The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farm-house about two miles off), with her playmates, the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise. She was dressed for a holiday, and father and mother, and Aunt Isobel, all three kissed her sparkling face before she set off by herself, and stood listening to her singing, till her small voice was lost in the murmur of the rivulet. During her absence the house was silent but happy; and the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isobel went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed, till they reached Ladyside; and heard the cheerful din of the imps within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door—but on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

Agnes suddenly sat down, without speaking one word, on the stone seat beside the door, and Michael, supporting her, said,—'Jacob, our child left us this morning at six o'clock, and it is now near ten at night. God is merciful, but perhaps Lucy is dead.' Jacob Mayne was an ordinary, commonplace, and rather ignorant man, but his heart leaped within him at these words, and by this time his own children were standing about the door. 'Yes, Mr. Forrester—God is merciful—and your daughter, let us trust, is not dead. Let us trust that she yet liveth—and without delay let us go to seek the child.' Michael trembled from head to foot, and his voice was gone; he lifted up his eyes to heaven, but it seemed not as if he saw either the moon or the stars. "Run over to Raeshorn, some of you," said Jacob, "and tell what has happened. Do you Isaac, my good boy, cross over to a' the towns on the Inverlethen-side, and—oh! Mr. Forrester—Mr. Forrester, dinna let this trial overcome you sae sairly"—for Michael was leaning against the wall of the house, and the strong man was helpless as a child. "Keep up your heart, my dearest son," said Isobel, with a voice all unlike her usual, "keep up your heart, for the blessed bairn is beyond doubt somewhere in the keeping of the great God, yea, without a hair of her head being hurt. A hundred things may have happened her, and death not among the number.—Oh! no—no—surely not death—that would indeed be too dreadful a judgment." And Aunt Isobel, oppressed by the power of that word, now needed the very comfort that she had in vain tried to bestow.

Within two hours a hundred people were traversing the hills in all directions, even to a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs all night through searched every nook—every stony and rocky place—every little shaw—every piece of taller heather—every crevice that could conceal anything alive or dead,—but no Lucy was there. Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and with a quaking heart looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and hollo reverberating among the hills, if she could seize on some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank, and then all the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away, and then came the gray dawn of morning, and then the clear brightness of the day, and still Michael and Agnes were childless. "She has sunk into some mossy or miry place," said Michael to a man near him, into whose face he never looked. "A cruel, cruel death for one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!"

At last a man who had left the search and gone in a direction towards the high-road, came running with something in his arms towards the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay apparently exhausted almost to dying on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes, and plaid. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn round her neck. "Murdered—murdered—" was the one word whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not, for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was perhaps seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

Isobel took the clothes, and narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said with a fervent voice, that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No—Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent—no murderer's hand has been here. These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But oh! foolish

despair! What speak I of? For wicked as this world is—ay, desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in heaven that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gipsy-beggar, and that, before that sun has set, she will be saying her prayers in her father's house, with all of us upon our knees beside her, or with our faces prostrate upon the floor?"

Agnes opened her eyes and beheld Lucy's bonnet and plaid lying close beside her, and then a silent crowd. Her senses all at once returned to her, and she rose up—"Ay, sure enough drowned—drowned—drowned—but where have you laid her? Let me see our Lucy, Michael, for in my sleep I have already seen her laid out for burial. The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms. Agnes had been able to walk to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isobel sat by her bed-side. Lucy's empty little crib was just as the child had left it in the morning before, neatly made up with her own hands, and her small red Bible was lying on her pillow.

"Oh! my husband—this is being indeed kind to your Agnes, for much it must have cost you to stay here; but had you left me, my silly heart must have ceased to beat altogether, for it will not lie still even now that I am well nigh resigned to the will of God." Michael put his hand on his wife's bosom, and felt her heart beating as if it were a knell. Then ever and anon the tears came gushing, for all her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf or a shadow across the window. And thus hour after hour passed on till it was again twilight.

"I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door. It was no time for ceremony, and he advanced into the room where the family had been during all that trying and endless day. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring them no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. If he has heard nothing of my child, thought Michael, this man must care but little for his own fireside. "O speak, speak,"—said Agnes, "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."—"Something like a trace of her has been discovered—a woman with a child that did not look like a child of hers was last night at Clovenford—and left it by the daw'ing—"Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isobel, "she'll have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow, but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her, for these are quiet but not solitary glens, and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say ye, Mr. Mayne? there's the light o' hope on your face." "There's nae reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Everybody is sure o't. If it was my ain Rachel, I should ha'e nae fear o' seeing her this blessed nicht."

Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you, noo, that Watty Oliver kens it was your bairn, for he saw her limping after the limmer at Galla-Brigg, but ha'eing nae suspicion, he did na tak' a second leuk o' her—but ae leuk is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forrester." Aunt Isobel by this time had bread and cheese, and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine, on the table. "You have had a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne—tak' some refreshment,"—and Michael asked a blessing. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. "No—no—Mrs. Irvine, I'm ower happy to eat or to drink.—You are a' prepared for the blessing that awaits you—your bairn is no far aff—and I myself—for it was I mysel' that faund her,—will bring her by the han' and restore her to her parents." Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sunk gently back on her pillow. Aunt Isobel was rooted to her chair, and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet.

There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many joyful voices, which again by degrees subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look towards the door. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but, dressed again in her own bonnet, and her gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."[1]

[16—.]

[Robert Browning, born in Camberwell, London, 1812. His first important publication was *Paracelsus*, 1836. In the following year his tragedy of *Strafford* was performed at Drury Lane, and the *Blot in the 'Scutcheon* about six years later; *King Victor and King Charles* and *Colombe's Birth-day* were subsequently produced at the Haymarket Theatre; but none of them obtained much favour from general play-goers. Since the appearance of *Paracelsus* he has produced many poems of high value, and which—in spite of the quaint and often obscure, although always suggestive, mode of expression Mr. Browning has, it must be presumed deliberately, adopted—have won for him a large measure of popularity. The *Edinburgh Review* says Mr. Browning "is a man of rare accomplishments, with a singularly original mind capable of sympathizing with a multiplicity of tastes and characters very far removed from every-day experience." Another critic, in the *Examiner*, says: "He is equally a master of thought and emotion, and joins to a rare power of imaginative creation that which is still more rarely found in union with it—the subtlest power of mental reasoning and analysis. *Sordello; Bells and Pomegranates*; *Christmas Eve; Men and Women*; the *Ring and the Book*; and *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau* may be given as the titles of his principal works. *Balaustion's Adventure*, one of his latest, is also one of his most powerful productions, because it is one of his clearest. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1868 in six volumes; and a very admirable selection from his works has been issued under the care of J. Foster and B. W. Procter. He died in 1889.]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,

[1] From *Dramatic Lyrics*, by Robert Browning. London: Chapman & Hall.

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE FIRST AND LAST RUN.

Belay there, my hearties, and ease off your crack,
Come, heave up your anchor, make sail on your tack;
And tip us a yarn of peril and spree,
While the grog round the table in oceans flows free,
Brave boys!

"Och hone agra, Denis, mavourneen, is it kilt ye are? Spake to the poor ould mother that bore ye. Och, may the curse of the widy and the childless light on the villain that fetcht ye that wipe athwart yer brow; and if I catch the murtherin' thafe, I'll set my tin commands on 'im, by tare and ounty I will. Alas! alas! yer gon from me intirely now! Ye'll never more grasp the tiller, or rin out another reef in this world; but it's ye that shan't want a mass t' help ye in the next, tho' I should never whiff another caubeen for it: yer sowl to glory, amin. Dry your peepers, Rose, ma-colleen. Weepin' 'll do 'im no good, that lies there dead and gon."

"Oh, Nancy! I can't help it when I see him stretched so, and when I think that he'll never more smile on his poor Rose, never again; but hasn't Ned gone for the doctor?"

"True for ye, a cushla ma chree; he maybe's there by this, tho' I'm mightily 'fraid his life-lines are cut away, and he must be stowed under the boord like his father afore 'im. Och wirra sthrew my poor boy! Och the blessings on yer face, docther, avourneen, it's me that ain't glad to see ye mayhap," said the old woman to the doctor as he entered the room of the hut in which they were; and while he is doing his best to bring his patient to, we'll say a few words to our readers in explanation of the above.

The small town or fishing village of F——, on the south-east coast of England, was, at the time of our story, one of the chief and most noted haunts of the smugglers of that wild coast. The whole of the population, from their infancy up, were taught, both by precept and example, to consider the free trade as the chief and most glorious end of their lives. The house of each person was, in some manner, adapted for escape or concealment. Steps for the feet, and holds for the hands, were cut in several of the chimneys, and on the roofs several planks were always kept in readiness, to be placed from the ledge of one house to another, in order to facilitate escape, which was the more easily managed, as the streets were narrow, and the top story of each domicile jutted out in the old-fashioned style of the architecture of the time in which they were built. The floors likewise of the rooms could all be taken up, discovering large spaces capable of holding many a bale of silk and tobacco.

Among so many hardy and reckless men there was always some one who held a kind of tacit authority over the rest, won by many a deed of skill and daring. For many years Matthew, or Big Mat Smith, as he was generally called, had been their leader. To a frame of iron he added a mind fearless and unshrinking, and fertile in every expedient necessary to insure success in their undertakings. He was now sinking into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the only prop of his declining days was his fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter Rose. Of five stalwart sons not one now remained to him: two perished in the storm, the rest fell fighting by his side. Success full often awaited on the smuggler's undertakings, and many a whisper of hoarded shot in his locker was rife in the town. 'Twas no wonder that the doctor and the apothecary thrived, for hardly a Saturday night passed without numerous broken heads; for Rose, to no small share of beauty, added the more substantial charms of Plutus; and this, combined with the almost certainty that whoever was the favoured one would in all probability succeed to the skippership of the place, caused such a flow of blood to the fingers of the free-traders, that when not busy in breaking the pates of the sharks, they were fully employed in toasting the pretty Rose, and giving each other *striking* proofs of their admiration of the "pride of F——." After much drinking, dancing, and fighting, Denis M'Carthy at last opened a pretty clear road for

himself by beating all his opponents, and lighting a little bit of a spark in Rose's breast, which he was not the boy to let go out for want of fanning; and old Mat himself saw with pleasure his child fixing on Denis for her future pilot through life—for the young Irishman had always borne himself spiritedly and well, both afloat and ashore, and had once even saved the old man's life by flinging himself before him, and receiving the stroke of a man-of-war's cutlass intended for Mat. Denis, being young and of a hardy constitution, soon recovered, and became prime favourite with his Rose's father.

"'Tis mighty odd intirely," said his mother to him one night as they sat croonin' over their bright fire and clean-wiped hearth, "what confidence that same thafe, love, puts into the most fearful little colleen of us all. Faix, not more nor a month agon', there was that same Rose couldn't lift up her peepers from the grund and ax a crathur, 'How d'ye do?' but now she'll go hangin' on yer oxter the whole day, an' look into your face too as bold as brass. The blessin's on her! Och, but ye're the boy for 'em, Deny alanna! Luff up to that port, ma bouchal, for it's it that's a warm un."

Nancy and her husband had left Ireland soon after they were married, and after being tossed here and there, at last came to anchor for good at F——. M'Carthy soon joined the smugglers, and plied his vocation with the greatest assiduity, having, as he himself said, "not the laste bit of objection in the world at all at all agen it." Working away thus, he managed to get on pretty well for about three years, when, one fine moonlight night, as he was pacing the deck of the *Speed*, which was going at a glorious rate before the wind, with the spray dashing like falling snow over her bows, he was most unluckily met by a leaden messenger from a cruiser, which ran across their bows, and which just gave him time to exclaim, "D—d unjintlemanly behaver this, by the big piper of Leinst—" when death stepped in, and cut his soliloquy short. Nancy was now left "a poor lone widy on the wide world, wid a poor faderless bit of a gossoon to provide for:" and nobly she did her duty towards her orphan boy. Many a cruise did Nancy take "wid the boys," and many a run did she lend a by no means useless hand in, till at last "ould Nancy was well to do, plase God, and thrivin'." Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the day on which our "veritable historie" commences.

The pier, the harbour, the town, and all the manifold objects therein, had just begun to emerge from the dim obscurity of night, and to stand broad out in the rays of the rising moon, which, kissing the crests of the dancing waves, glanced on and illumined with one blaze of purple light the "eternal cliffs," and gradually faded away into the distant sea, showing, in one *coup d'œil*, the grand superiority of nature over the works of the sojourners of earth. From every house, street, and alley the people now began to issue, hurrying fast to the pier. Mat Smith's beautiful new schooner, the *Rose*, was that morning to make her first trip. All was ready on board for sailing, and nought delayed her but the absence of Denis and the skipper. On all sides cries of approbation and delight arose. "What a tight little hooker! What a clean run along the bends; and then her yards and spars so all a tauto! If she don't take the conceit out o' the sharks, why, I'm blowed, that's all. Here they come! here they come! Good luck attend you, Mat, 'tis you that's the glory of us! Ah, Denis! I give you joy; here's success to you, my lad."

Many more uproarious congratulations of the same sort followed the *Rose*, even till she was far out of the harbour. Night came on, and found her about eleven knots to the southward of F——. The opposite coast had been made, and the run as yet had been quite successful. Mass after mass of fleecy clouds flitted across the moon, their edges rendered luminous as they came within the influence of her rays. The wind was fast lulling; and the gentle undulating motion of the water scarce rippled against the sides of the schooner as she lay in the bight of a small bay about three hundred yards from the shore, casting her huge shadow to the foot of the hoary cliffs themselves. The stillness of the scene added greatly to its beauty. On her starboard side stretched the sea in its broad expanse to the gay shores of France. One sheet of radiance tapering from the extreme verge of the horizon, and gradually extending itself into one broad mellow light, fell across it, till it was stopped by the schooner, looking as she lay, her sides all silvered with the glowing beams, "the forest queen of the deep." On the larboard rose a high range of cliffs, which girt in almost the whole of the coast. Here and there some twinkling lights shone in the distance, marking the place where stood some lowly hamlet or more lordly tower.

"I say, Denis, my hearty," began Mat, soon after the schooner took up the berth we have described, "I can't say as how I feel particularly pleasant this 'ere night, like as if somethin' had ta'en me quite aback, and

almost, as it were, cut my life-lines adrift. Some harm 'll lay us aboard, I'm thinkin'. I wish those lubberly shore-haulers would bear in sight, and we'd this cargo safe stowed, and us alongside o' Rose snug moored by a blazer, with a prime in our mauleys—eh, boy?"

"Can't say as how, Mat, but that 'ere prime wouldn't be after being mighty agraable, or I'm thunderstruck. But what is keeping them shore-goin' spalpeens? Thunder an' ouns, no one han't turned the snitch, an' peached—eh, Mat?"

"Hope not, boy; but may I go to Davy this moment if that ain't the signal! All hands ahoy, and stir about, every mother's son of ye! Stop your pipe, ye snivelin' powder-monkey, or I'll stop it with a rope, and be d—d to ye! Dost want to bring the lobsters on us?"

The signal had been made from the shore that the party there were ready for the cargo, and for starting; and in a few moments they were all standing on the edge of the shore prepared for their share of the business. A number of strong roadsters stood by, ready to be off to the interior as soon as they were loaded. Most of the group were armed with some weapon or another, chiefly of a rustic kind. "Here, Neptune, here," shouted one who acted as leader of the land party; and a fine large Newfoundland dog, with a rope attached to his collar, bounded into the water, and swam straight for the schooner. A number of kegs and bales, well fastened and tarred to prevent the water getting in, were fastened to it, and immediately drawn ashore. The dog made two or three trips, and a great quantity of goods were thus landed. The ship's boats in the meantime were not idle, and in an incredibly short time the whole of the cargo, and Mat and Denis, were safely landed, and the schooner then stood out to sea. Six of the best-armed men mounted, and took up their position in front, as the avant-guard. Mat, Denis, and four more, formed the rear. The rest, with the cargo, were in the centre. The word was given to advance, and the party were just in motion when the look-out, who was stationed up the glen, through which they had to pass, came running in at the top of his speed, roaring out, "The sharks are on us, and the lobsters with 'em!" No time was to be lost.

"Away with ye, every sowl!" thundered Mat and Denis together, "away!" And in a moment the whole were flying in every direction, still, however, retaining a hold of their loads, with the exception of our two friends, and the ten men with them, all bold and resolute fellows, and determined to the last to cover the retreat of their goods. In cases like this, when the free-traders were met by the bloodhounds of the law, they were accustomed to separate, and by the thousand cross-roads and hill-paths, to make the appointed place of rendezvous, which was always previously agreed upon. Thus, though a few might be taken, still the greater part escaped with the share of the run assigned to them. As the flying party disappeared one by one, in different directions, the picked or head men moved steadily onward. On reaching the mouth of the glen they were stopped by about twenty man-of-war's men, ranged in line, and commanding the passage.

"On, my lads, on for your own sakes!" cried Mat, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping forward, followed close by his men. On they went, and the pistols of the king's men were discharged in a volley, but fortunately, owing to the moon that instant having veiled her light behind an obliging old gentleman in the shape of a dark cloud, the shots passed harmlessly over their heads, and before the smoke could clear away, horse and men were mixed together in the *mêlée*. Oaths, shouts, and execrations in every shape, from the simple d—n upwards, flew fast and furious. The free-traders seldom, if they could help it, used their fire-arms, and consequently they were always at it hand to hand, tooth and nail. The kicking and plunging of the horses soon bore fright and dismay among the sharks. They began to waver, and Denis, that moment rising in his stirrups to make a cut, sung out with the whole force of his stentorian lungs, "Give it 'em, my jewels! give 'em the laste taste in the world of the steel shillaly! At 'em, my Roses, asth—!" he said no more, for a back-handed stroke of one of his antagonists that instant brought him to the ground.

When the dawning light of sense and perception returned and resumed her wonted seat, Denis found himself in the house of Smith, with Rose holding one hand, and his mother kissing and crying over the other.

"Och hubbabo! mother, what's the row? What are you afther, keenin' over me that way for, agra?"

"Och, Denis, avourneen, hould yer tongue, and don't spake, for the docthur says ye'll kill yerself if ye do so. Aisy now, dear, and Rose, the darlin', 'll till ye all about it; eternal blassin's rest on her and hers, for it wasn't her maybe that watched ye all alongst!"

The free-traders had been triumphant, and had beat the sharks off. Denis was carefully

raised up, the cutlass-cut across his brow bound up, and he was then carried to Mat's house in a state of insensibility. The operation for trephine was performed upon him, and for a month he was delirious. He then recovered, and, to use his own expression, "bore up from the lee shore of sickness, with every sail he could crowd, for the port of health and spliceation." A short time after Rose and Denis became one, and two or three of the mayors of F.—— were the lineal descendants of the Irish smuggler and his pretty Rose. The intervention of the king's men was owing to a rejected rival of Denis having betrayed them. He was discovered, and met the fate of a traitor. One misty night, soon after the run, he fell from a cliff seven hundred feet high. Not one atom of his body was found in its original shape. Rose had influence enough over her commander and father to prevail on them not to tempt the peril of the free-trade again, and accordingly her namesake was sold. And thus ended the *Rose's* "First and Last Run:" and now the web of our yarn is wove, and, to conclude with the words of the oriental sage, kind and gentle reader, who hast followed us thus far, "may your shadow never be less."
—*East Lothian Journal.*

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Sweetest! if thy fairy hand
  Culls for me the latest flowers,
Smiling hear me thus demand
  Blessings for thy early hours:

Be thy promised spring as bright
  As its opening charms foretell;
Graced with beauty's lovely light,
  Modest virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy summer's matron bloom
  Bless'd with blossoms sweet like thee;
May no tempest's sudden doom
  Blast thy hope's fair nursery!

May thine autumn, calm, serene,
  Never want some lingering flower,
Which affection's hand may glean,
  Though the darkling mists may lower!

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
  Tranquil conscience, peace, and love;
And thy wintry nights display
  Streams of glorious light above.

MRS. TIGHE.

THE BURIED LIFE.

[Matthew Arnold, born at Laleham, near Staines, Middlesex, 24th December, 1822. He is a son of the late Dr. Thomas Arnold, the eminent head-master of Rugby School, and is the Inspector of Schools under the Council of Education. From 1857 till 1867 he was professor of poetry at the Oxford University. It is as an essayist that Mr. Arnold exercises most influence upon his age, although as a poet he has won many laurels. His poems are for the most part purely reflective, and are characterized by earnest thought and profound sympathy with the hopes and efforts of his fellows. The *Edinburgh Review* says: "For combined culture and fine natural feeling in the matter of versification, Mr. Arnold has no living superior." A complete edition of his poetical works in two volumes has been published by Macmillan, from the second volume of which the following extract is made. Amongst his prose works are: *Essays in Criticism; Schools and Universities on the Continent;* and *A French Eton, or Middle Class Education and the State.*] He died in 1888.]

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile!
But there's a something in this breast
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne;
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul!

Alas, is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men conceal'd
Their thoughts, for fear that if reveal'd
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved;
I knew they lived and moved
Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves!—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.

But we, my love—doth a like spell benumb
Our hearts?—our voices?—must we too be dumb?

Ah! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchain'd;
For that which seals them hath been deep ordain'd!

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,
By what distractions he would be possess'd,
How he would pour himself in every strife,

And well-nigh change his own identity;
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey
Even in his own despite his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us,—to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines!
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves!
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd!

And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only, but this is rare!
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know!

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

ENGLISH MARRIAGES.

BY A PARISH CLERK.

It would not, perhaps, be unamusing to describe the vast changes in fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal robes, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends, to our church. She was richly and elegantly attired in white lace and white satin; but no one who looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again. Her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of such deep and touching melancholy, that the heart melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless, and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age, and her own mistress, therefore there could be no constraint employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help overhearing a part of this lady's conversation with her bride's-maid as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said, in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath, so sacred as that which I have sworn, ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glance my eyes towards those dark and distant corners lest I should encounter his reproaching shade: it seems as though he *must* rise from the grave to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted lightly in accepting the addresses of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who now receives my vows will repent those solicitations which have induced me to break that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead."

Pulling down her veil, she passed her hand across her eyes, and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry-room; and shortly afterwards the bridegroom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's-man had been suddenly taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend newly arrived from the Continent. He then inquired for the bride, entered the church, and led her to the altar. The clergyman opened his book, the ceremony commenced, and the lady, raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and uttering a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground. We carried her immediately into the vestry, and, after many applications of hartshorn and water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead. The bridegroom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony; and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired, looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards the same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump; a sweet flush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise was great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bridegroom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who came before. I thought, to be sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first love; but no such thing: and I was told afterwards that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

There was something very remarkable about the next couple who came to be married. The lady was old, and the gentleman young—a mere boy of one-and-twenty going to link himself with sixty-five. And such a vinegar aspect as the bride possessed was surely never before exhibited at a wedding. She seemed conscious that she was about to do a foolish thing, and was angry that the world thought so too; the bridegroom looked sheepish, and kept his eyes on the ground, while he rapped his shoe with his cane, much to the discomfiture of the lady, who was compelled to put herself forward as he hung back, and to take his arm instead of waiting to be led to the altar. She could not conceal her mortification at the neglect she experienced, but she bridled, and tossed, and cast such bitter glances upon those who seemed disposed to smile, that all the party stood awe-struck; and when the ceremony commenced, it was rather curious to hear the bridegroom whispering his part of the service, while the sharp shrill voice of the bride was actually startling in the solemn silence of a large and nearly empty church. The contrast between this antiquated belle's yellow parchment visage and her snowy drapery was so striking that it increased her ugliness. I could think of nothing but an Egyptian mummy tricked out in white satin; and there were some sly looks amid the company when her restless fiery eyes were for a moment withdrawn, which seemed to say that some such idea was gliding through their heads. I suppose that she had a good deal of money, for by the poor lad's manner I should think that nothing else would have induced so young a man to link himself with such a withered, and, I may say, pestilent creature.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time. One, I remember, was evidently brought to church through fear of the brothers of his bride: they came, three of them, to escort the lady, as fierce as dragoon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustaches on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men,

with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom, who was strong enough to have coped with any one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking especial care to show that the slight civility which he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl, for she met nothing but stern glances. The rising tears were checked by a frown from some of her three brothers, who watched her narrowly; and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband; if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed too great a probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and, altogether, I never saw more evil augury, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed upon a nearly similar occasion.

The lady, according to custom, came first. She had many of her friends about her; and the whole company showed more joy than is generally exhibited by the polite world, even on these happy events. There appeared to be a sort of congratulation amongst them, as though they had brought some fortunate circumstance to pass of which they had despaired; and amid them also was a tall, bluff-looking brother, who seemed very well pleased with the success of his exertions. The bride, too, was in high spirits, and talked and smiled with her bride's-maid, arranged her dress at the glass, and carried her head with an air. So much were the party occupied with their own satisfied feelings, that they did not appear to observe the wild and haggard look of the bridegroom. I was shocked and alarmed at the pale and ghastly countenance which he presented: he was dressed in black, and though somebody took notice of this circumstance, it was only to joke about it. To me he seemed under the influence of brandy or of laudanum, for he talked strangely, and laughed in such a manner that I shuddered at the sound. Nobody, however, appeared to regard it; and the wedding party entered the church as gaily as possible. During the ceremony the bridegroom's mood changed; as if struck by its solemnity, he became grave; a shade of inexpressible sadness passed over his wan, cold brow; and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. The nuptial rite ended, he stooped forward to kiss the bride, and just as the clergyman turned to leave the altar, drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart before an arm could be raised to prevent him. Down dropped the new-married couple together, for this unhappy gentleman entangled himself in his wife's drapery, and dragged her with him as he fell. It was a horrid sight to see the dead and the living stretched in this fearful embrace upon the ground. Paralyzed by the report of the pistol, we stood aghast, and a minute elapsed before even I could stretch out my hand to extricate the bride from her shocking situation. She had not fainted, and she could not weep; but her eyes were glazed, her features rigid, and her skin changed to a deep leaden hue. Her satin robe was in several places stained with blood; and surely never was any spectacle half so ghastly. Her friends repressed their tears and sobs, and, gathering round her, attempted to convey her away. She submitted as if unwittingly; but when her foot was on the threshold of the portal, she burst into long and continued shrieks. The whole church rang with the appalling cry; and it was not until she had completely exhausted herself by her screams, and had sunk into a sort of torpor, interrupted only by low moans, that she could be taken from the fatal spot. A coroner's inquest sat in the vestry, and a sad tale of female levity, and of the weakness and libertinism of man, came out. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon, and I gladly turn to pleasanter recollections.

We had a very fine party shortly afterwards, who arrived in two or three carriages. The bride was young and fair, but she held her head down, and seemed greatly agitated. It was very easy to perceive that her heart had not been consulted in the choice of a husband. The father, a tall, heavy-browed man, cast severe and threatening glances upon his trembling daughter; but the mother, though she seemed equally bent upon the match, interceded for a little cessation of hostilities, and when the shrinking girl asked to be allowed to walk for a moment with one friend in the church, in order to collect her scattered thoughts, leave was granted. As she passed out of the door she dropped her white satin reticule, and it clanked heavily against the steps—a sound not at all like that of a smelling-bottle, and I must confess that my curiosity was strongly excited. I endeavoured to pick it up; but before I could bend my arm, which is a little stiff with the rheumatism, she had whipped it off the ground, and down the side-aisle she went, leaning upon her companion's arm. This aisle is long, and rather dark, terminating in a heavy oaken screen, which conceals

the green baize door leading to the front portal. She passed behind this screen and was seen no more. I thought it very odd, but it was not my place to speak, so I returned into the vestry-room, that I might not be questioned. Presently the bridegroom arrived, and an ill-favoured gentleman he was, with a fretful discontented countenance; and he began complaining of having been detained at home by some fool's message. After he had grumbled for a few minutes the bride was called for; she was not to be found. The father stormed. "Is this a time," he exclaimed, "to play such childish tricks? she has hidden herself in some corner." And away we all hastened in search of her. The church-doors were shut and locked, but as I passed up the gallery stairs I observed that the bolts were withdrawn from that which led from the side-aisle. I did not, however, feel myself compelled to publish this discovery, though I shrewdly suspected that the reticule which had rung so loudly as it fell contained a key; and so it proved. Some time was wasted in examining the organ-loft, and indeed every place in which a mouse might have been concealed. At last somebody hit upon the truth, and a little inquiry placed the elopement beyond a doubt. We learned that a carriage had been in waiting at a corner of the street opposite to the church, and that a gentleman had been seen loitering under the portico, who, the instant that two ladies popped out, conducted them to his equipage, which moved leisurely away, while we were engaged in our unsuccessful search. Upon strict examination it came out that a pew-opener had furnished the means of obtaining a false key. It would be impossible to describe the rage and dismay of the disappointed parties: the mother went off in hysterics, the bridegroom looked sourer than ever, the father raved and swore bitterly; and the clergyman, after vainly attempting to pacify him, read him a lecture upon intemperate conduct. All those who were not related to the parties slunk away, perhaps to have their laugh out; and I take shame to myself to say that I could not help enjoying the scene, so thoroughly unamiable did those persons appear with whom the fair bride was unfortunately connected. I was anxious about the young couple, and heard with great pleasure that they got safe to Scotland.

Another young lady, forced by her parents to the altar, did not manage matters quite so cleverly. They had dressed her out, poor thing! in a ball-room attire; her beautiful hair fell in ringlets from the crown of her head down a swan-like neck as white as snow, and these glossy tresses were wreathed with long knots of pearl, which crossed her forehead twice, and mingled in rich loops with the clustering curls. Her white arms were bare, for her gloves had been lost in the coach, and the veil had slipped from her head and hung in disorder over her shoulders. Before the carriage reached the church I saw her fair face thrust out of one of the windows as if in expectation of seeing somebody. She paused for an instant on the steps, and, unmindful of the gazing crowd, cast hurried glances up and down the street; and even in the vestry-room, and in the church, she searched every corner narrowly with her eyes, turning round quickly at the slightest sound. Hope did not forsake her until the very last moment, when the bridegroom appeared—a tall, prim personage, who drew on his gloves very deliberately, not seeing or heeding the agonizing perturbation of his intended bride. Her movements became more hurried as her expectation of a rescue decreased. She suffered herself, as if bewildered, to be led to the communion-table, her head all the time turned over her shoulder, still watching for the arrival of some too tardy friend. But when she stood by the rails, and the actual commencement of the ceremony struck upon her ear, she seemed to awaken to a full sense of her dangerous situation; and throwing up her beautiful white arms, and tearing away the long curls from her brow, she exclaimed, with much vehemence, "No! no! no!" Her bosom heaved as though it would have burst through the satin and lace which confined it; her dark flashing eyes seemed starting from her head; her cheek was now flushed with the hue of crimson, and now pale as death, and every feature was swelled and convulsed by the tumultuous emotions which shook her frame. The tall, prim gentleman looked astounded: there was a gathering together of friends, but the bride was not to be appeased—she still continued her half-frenzied exclamation, "No! no! no!" A slight scuffle was heard outside the church, and in the next moment a fine-looking young man dashed in through the vestry-room, scarcely making two steps to the afflicted fair, who, uttering a piercing cry of joy, rushed into his outstretched arms.

The clergyman shut his book, astounded by the indecorum of these proceedings; the tall, prim gentleman opened his eyes, and seemed fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for a card; and the lovers, careless of everything but each other, clasped in a fervent embrace, had sunk down upon one of the free seats in the middle

aisle, the youth swearing by heaven and earth that his beloved should not be torn from his grasp, and the lady sobbing on his shoulder. The parents of the bride, confounded and amazed at this unexpected catastrophe, had nothing to say. They at length attempted to soothe the bridegroom; but he had elevated his eyebrows, and, looking unutterable things, was evidently preparing to walk off; and, this resolution taken, he was not to be stayed. He seized his hat, placed it solemnly under his arm, faced about, and, perceiving that his rival was wholly engrossed in wiping away the tears from the loveliest pair of eyes in the world, he pursed up his mouth to its original formality, and marched straight out of the church. An arrangement now took place between the intruder and the crest-fallen papa and mamma. The latter was left with her daughter, while the two gentlemen went in quest of a new license. The young lady, a little too wilful, it must be owned, pouted and coaxed till the old lady's brow relaxed, and all was harmony. Again the curate was called upon to perform his office, and now radiant smiles played upon the lips of the bride; a soft confusion stole over her cheek, and scarcely waiting until the conclusion of the ceremony, as if she feared a second separation, she clung to her husband's arm, not quitting it even while signing her name in the book.

There was nothing extraordinary about the next couple who joined their hands in our church, excepting their surpassing beauty. It seemed a question which could be styled the handsomer, the lady or the gentleman: both were tall, and both had that noble aspect which one is apt to fancy the exclusive gift of high birth. The bridegroom was a man of rank, and the bride little inferior in family connection. The friends of each party, magnificently arrayed, graced the ceremony: altogether it seemed a most suitable match, and was one of the grandest weddings that had taken place for a long time. The whole affair was conducted with the greatest propriety; hearts, as well as hands, appeared to be joined, the lady smiling through the few tears which she seemed to shed only because her mother and her sisters wept at parting from her, and the rapturous delight of the gentleman breaking the cold and guarded forms prescribed by fashion.

I was much amazed to see the same lady only five years afterwards come again to our church to be married. The same she certainly was, but still how different! Wrapped in a plain dishabille; attended by a cringing female, who bore the stamp of vulgarity in face, dress, and demeanour; her cheeks highly rouged, and the elegant modesty of her manners changed into a bold recklessness, which seemed to struggle with a sense of shame. I could scarcely believe my eyes; the widow of a nobleman would not surely have been in this degraded state. I was soon convinced of the truth of the surmise which flashed across my mind: she answered to the responses in her maiden name—she had been divorced—and the man to whom she now plighted the vow so lately broken, was he worthy of the sacrifice? I should say, No! He was, I understand, one of the wits of the day; but in person, bearing, and breeding, sadly, wretchedly beneath her former lord. She seemed to feel her situation, notwithstanding all her efforts to shake off the painful recollections that would arise. I saw her press her hand once or twice upon her heart; and when her eyes glanced around, and caught those well-known objects which she had gazed upon in happier days, she heaved deep and frequent sighs. There was less of solemn earnestness than usual about the clergyman who officiated, and he seemed to hurry over the service as though the holy rite were profaned in joining guilt and shame together. But though the marriage ceremony was cut short, it had already detained this dishonoured pair too long: as they were leaving the altar the vestry-door opened, and a gay bridal party descended the steps. It was the divorced lady's deserted husband leading a beautiful young creature, the emblem of innocence and purity, by the hand, and surrounded by a host of friends splendidly attired. A start, and almost a scream of recognition, betrayed the emotion which the wretched woman, who had forfeited her rank in society, sustained at this unexpected and most unwished-for meeting. She had many mortifications to undergo before she could get away. During the ceremony of signing her name several individuals made excuse to enter the vestry in order to stare at her; while the ladies, in passing by, shrunk away as though they feared contamination; and she was obliged to walk half-way down the street, amid a line of gaping menials, before she could reach her shabby carriage, which had drawn off to make room for the coroneted coaches of the noble company in the church.

There was something I thought exceedingly strange about another wedding which took place nearly at the same period. One chariot contained the whole party, which consisted of an elderly and a young gentleman, and the bride, a very pretty girl, not more than seven-

teen or eighteen at the utmost. She was handsomely dressed, but in colours, and not with the precision and neatness of a bride; her clothes, though fashionable and expensive, were certainly not entirely new, bearing slight tokens of having been worn before. Neither did she show anything like timidity or bashfulness; asking a hundred questions, as if totally ignorant of the forms and ceremonies usually observed at weddings, laughing heartily at the idea of a set of demure bridemaids, and exclaiming continually, "La, how ridiculous!" The bridegroom lounged upon the chair and benches, and said it would be a fine addition to a parson's income if he could unmarry the fools who were silly enough to slip into his noose; and the old gentleman listened to this idle conversation with a grieved and mortified air. The young couple, it seems, had not very long returned from a journey to Scotland, and were now reunited, to satisfy the scruples of the bride's father, although both appeared as if they would have been as well pleased to have been left at liberty to seize the facilities offered in the north for the annulling, as well as the celebrating, of contracts, too often hastily performed and speedily repented.

There was a gentleman, a sort of Blue-beard I must call him, who, having his town-house in our parish, came five times to be married; and I observed that in all his five wives he seemed to make a pretty good choice, at least as far as beauty went. The first was a blooming country nymph, who, except that her hair was powdered, and she wore high-heeled shoes, might have passed, with her large curls pinned stiffly in a row, immense hat, and spreading furbelows, for a belle of the present day: and a mighty comely pair she and the 'squire made. The second wife was a languishing lady of quality, who, annoyed at the bridegroom's old-fashioned prejudice against a special license, kept her salts in her hand, said that the church smelled of dead bodies, and that she should catch some disease and die: and so she did. Then came the third, buttoned up in a riding-habit, which was an ugly fashion adopted at weddings some fifteen or twenty years ago, with a man's hat upon her head, and a green gauze veil: her partner, then a little inclining to the shady side of life, affected the fooleries of the times, and was dressed in the very tip of the mode. She looked as though she would see him out; but he came again. And the fourth—a pale, pensive, lady-like woman, apparently far gone in a consumption, who seemed, poor thing! as though she had been crossed in love, and now married only for a maintenance, did not last long. The fifth time we had three weddings: the old gentleman and his son espoused two sisters; the former taking care to choose the younger lady, and his daughter married the uncle of her father's bride. It was a droll exhibition; and I think that the elder Benedict would have done well to remain in his widowed state, for he appeared to have caught a Tartar at last, and would have some difficulty in carrying things with the high hand which he had done with his former wives. I have not heard of his death, but I still retain the expectation of seeing his widow.

LINES.

In the thick city's smoke, can beauty find
A charm,—a solace for the charms resign'd?
When at soft noon, the river,—that had glowed
A flood of sunshine, dazzling as it flowed,
Bent, where the wood-hung rocks its course forbid,
Sinks into sweeter shade, oft seen, oft hid;
And airs so fresh are flowing, that on high
Their very breath would tell of waters nigh;
While through the air a thousand warblings run,
And many a wing is glittering to the sun;
And on some shelter'd slope, where hillocks meet,
Glad echo answers to the lamb's fond bleat;
O! loves she rather then such gloom, as falls
Where the same windows front the same dull walls,
To see new weary idlers tread once more
The mud or dust which crowds had trod before,—
Or the gay chariot loiter, as it waits
Some fool she scorns, or envious flirt she hates,—
Or in the park, where slow-drawn coaches pass,
And all is worsted-lace, and trees, and grass,
Of dusty verdure 'twixt bright liveries green,
Just snatch enough to know that groves are green.

Yet sometimes, not forgetful of the shade,
She calls my blooms her feeble pomps to aid.
Then from the hall, gay bowers the myrtle weaves,
And powder'd lackeys half are lost in leaves;
Through full saloons, or where the dancer flies,
And a fair world of chalk in chaos dies.
The towering orange flames, with roses mix'd,
And gems and nodding feathers flash betwixt.
Vain artifice! can hues and colours pour'd
'Mid essenced crowds, or on the steamy board,
Recal the simple vale, where violets drink
Sweet dews, and glisten o'er the runnel's brink?

DR. THOMAS BROWNE.[1]

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[1] From the *Bower of Spring*, with other poems, by the author of the *Paradise of Coquettes*.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.[1]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I.

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side,
And through the cabin-windows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends—
Old skippers brown and hale—
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm, and storm, and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a sprite
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew;
Them to torment is his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold;
It is a certain sign of death!—
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

The jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began:
"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,
"A Ship of the Dead, that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.

"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempests she appears;
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers.

"She haunts the Atlantic north and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare,
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys Three.

"And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.
"I should like to see this ship," said he;
"I should like to find these Chimneys Three,
That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,
"With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear—
You can follow my course by these pinholes here—
And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
That should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he ran
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all with greedy ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind;
"O, it must be like heaven," thought he
"Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find!"

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[1] We take pleasure in drawing special attention to this poem, which is, in many respects, the best of his recent productions. Longfellow is as great a favourite in England as he can be in his native land, and this acknowledgment of his power, from *Blackwood*, will be interesting: "We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr. Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishment, and research, and devotion to his high calling can scarcely be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention, for in them we are certain to meet with great beauty of thought and very elegant diction."

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of God,
And his mother under the churchyard sod,
And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he;
'Twas the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

The cabin-windows have grown blank
As eyeballs of the dead;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain,
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

"It is the tide," those skippers cried,
"That swings the vessel so;
It is the tide; it rises fast,
'Tis time to say farewell at last,
'Tis time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand,
"Good luck! good luck!" they cried;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,
The tide was at its flood;
And all the winding creeks and bays
And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,
The sky was red as blood.

The south-west wind blew fresh and fair,
As fair as wind could be;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn;
And now uplifted high in air
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack,
She flitteth like a ghost:
By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

Cape Finistere is drawing near,
Cape Finistere is past;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black, as with forests, underneath,
Above, their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight,
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky, all black, all black;
The clouds were everywhere;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro;
Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And tore the dark in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced his eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
The captain saw a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck,
Or clambering up the shrouds;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone;
They were the Chimneys Three!

And onward dashed the Valdemar,
And leaped into the dark;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom Barque!

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
But cleft it unaware;
As when, careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar;
But now on board of the Valdemar
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed;
They knew that death was near;
Some prayed who never prayed before;
And some they wept, and some they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light
To streak the east began;
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan.[1]

THE MILLER OF CALDER.

[The Misses Corbett were the joint authors of the *Cabinet for Youth*—a series of sketches and anecdotes; *Lessons for the Heart*—a selection of the best examples for the improvement of the young; and of *Elucidations of Interesting Passages in the Sacred Volume*, drawn from the works of the most eminent commentators and travellers. Miss M. Corbett produced in 1841 the *New Happy Week, or Holidays at Beechwood*, which, at the time of publication, obtained considerable attention from parents desirous of placing in the hands of their children a book that was at once amusing and instructive.]

One fine evening towards the end of harvest, as Robin Baillie, the miller of Calder, was sitting at his cheerful fireside, a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Rise, my bairn," said the miller, "and see wha that is." Peggy, who was busy at her wheel, put it aside, and went to the door.

The miller continued to pore over an old almanac, till roused by his wife saying she wondered what had become of Peggy,—that the porridge was ready to be dished—and the milk was not brought from the milk-house.

"Is Peggy no come back?" said the miller. "I dinna like outgangings at night. If it's ony decent acquaintance Peggy kens she's welcome to bring them in."

"Hout, gudeman," said his wife, "ye maunna be sae strict. Mind ye were ance young yoursell; besides, Peggy is sae douce, we may maist leave her to her ain guidance."

Their conference was here interrupted by the appearance of the subject of it. "Wha was that at the door?" said the miller.

"It was Willie Stewart," said Peggy, in a hesitating voice.

"My certie," said Robin, "but he's no blate to come rapping at my door, after the ill turn he did me no sae lang ago! What did he want?"

"Oh, father!" said Peggy, "will ye never learn no to be sae hasty? Ye ken Willie threeps he never did such a thing, and that somebody

[1] From the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*.

that wanted to make mischief between you and him made ye believe that story. But I will shut the door, and tell ye what brought him here."

So saying, Peggy fastened the door, and sat down beside her father. "Willie bids me tell ye that the Laird of Calder has got word that ye hae smuggled whisky hid in the corn-stack, and that twa gaugers will be here soon the morn to look for it, and that, if any be found, ye'll be what they ca' exchequered, and hae to pay a dreadfu' fine, and maybe hae the tack o' the mill ta'en frae ye."

"And wha," cried the wife, "could tell such an evendown lie? Your father, Peggy, has mair sense than to do such a thing."

"Whisht, gudewife," said the miller; "it's ower true."

"Preserve us a'!" said Janet; "I canna believe it. Robin, it's no like you."

"Indeed," said Robin, "I did it out o' nae ill: but twa puir deevils came to me the other night, just as I was locking up the mill, and asked me to let them hide four bit kegs o' whisky, as the gaugers had got scent o't; and that, if I wouldna agree to it, they would be ruined, and they had sma' families. To make a lang story short, they wrought upon me to let them put it into the corn-stack; but it was no to benefit me. Wha could tell surprises me, for Andrew was in the stable."

"He was nae such thing," said Peggy. "He was nearer than ye thought, and heard every word; and to be revenged on you for no letting him to the last fair, he gave information to the laird's grieve, Saunders M'Ilhose, and he to the excisemen. Now, father," continued Peggy, "William is waiting at the back of the laigh dike, to see what ye mean to do. He says he kens a cozie place to hide it in; but he advises you to get Andrew out of the way first."

Andrew, having given the miller's horse his supper, now came in for his own; and the miller having reverently asked a blessing, they all sat down to their evening meal. When they had finished, the miller drew out his large silver watch, which had descended for many generations from father to son, and said, "Andrew, I quite forgot to send poor Nelly Morrison her twa pecks o' meal, and she will be ill aff for a pickle to mak her bairns' parritch in the morning. It's no very late, and the night's fine, so ye may just step down with it."

"She wasna to get her meal till Monday," said Andrew, not very well pleased at the thought of being sent out at night, to which he had a great aversion, unless it were on his own errands.

"Will ye tell me," cried the miller, "that ye ken my affairs better than I do mysell? I wonder how ye would like to want your parritch in the morning? No very weel, I'm thinking."

"I saw Nelly," said Andrew, "twa days since, and she told me she wadna want the meal till Monday, and I'll stand to it."

"Dinna gang to argle-bargle wi' me," said the miller, in a rage. "If ye refuse to obey your master's lawfu' commands, I'll bring ye before the justices the first court-day."

"Ither folks as weel as me may be there before they reckon on't."

"Do you mean to threaten me?" cried the miller, raising his voice.

Andrew, now finding that he had gone quite far enough, thought it prudent to draw in a little, and said he did not absolutely refuse to take the meal, but that it was very hard to be sent out at night after working all day. He then threw the bag across his shoulder, and set off in a very bad humour, consigning Nelly, the meal, and the miller, to the bottom of the Clyde.

As soon as Andrew was out of sight, the miller desired Peggy to bring in William, that he might consult with him as to what was best to be done before Andrew's return,—an order which Peggy obeyed with the greatest alacrity. "Come awa, Willie," said the miller, "you hae been a true friend to me this night, and ye shall find that Robin Baillie is no the man to forget a good turn."

"You are welcome, miller," said William mildly, "to ony good turn I can do ye. I will tell ye some other time how I found out what was brewing against ye; but let us work first, and get the whisky out o' the way."

The miller having assented, they each took a large sack, and having made an equal division of the kegs, they pursued their way silently and cautiously to the magnificent ruins of Calder Castle. As they approached it the moon shone forth in unclouded majesty, giving to their view a scene of desolate sublimity.

William, having asked the miller whether he would enter the ruins with him or wait without till he had deposited the whisky, on finding he greatly preferred the last proposal, went in alone, and having concealed the kegs, returned to the miller, and they both rapidly retraced their steps.

Early next morning the family was roused by a loud knocking at the door. "Wha's there?" cried the miller; in reply to which question a voice was heard demanding admittance on the authority of a warrant—"It's a strange thing," said the miller, "to hear speak

o' a warrant at this door; but take time, and it shall be opened to you."—The miller and his family being now dressed, Robin set the door wide open, and civilly asked his visitors to walk in.

Two excisemen now entered, one a tall, grim-looking personage, the other a little, good-humoured, smiling body, who took upon himself the office of spokesman.—"He was sorry," he said, "to disturb Mr. Baillie and his family; but having received instructions to search his premises for smuggled whisky, they were under the necessity of doing their duty."—The miller, feeling very much at his ease, accompanied them through his house, opened every door and every press; and when they were satisfied all was right within, they proceeded to the mill, the stable, and the byre; but nothing like a keg was to be seen.

"Miller," said the tall man, "giving a glance at his little companion, "we have seen nothing here but what an honest man should have; but you'll no be angry if we look into your stack. We heard some clavers that there was more than corn there;—not," continued he, with a look of ill-concealed triumph, "that we believe the half of the stories we hear, but we must neglect nothing."

"Wi' a' my heart," cried Robin. "I'll help you to tak it down."

The excisemen did not understand this; but to work they went. Great was the astonishment of Andrew, when, on looking out of the stable-window, he saw the miller laughing away with the two excisemen. Greater still was his dismay on finding the stack strictly examined, but no whisky found. The excisemen, seeing there was no hope of a seizure here, now offered to take their departure; but the miller invited them in to take their breakfast; to which proposal, on consulting their appetites, they willingly assented.

On entering the kitchen the little man seated himself near the fire, and amused himself by watching Peggy's motions, who twirled the spurtle in the porridge-pan in a most dexterous manner. He could not resist complimenting her upon her comely face and neat figure, and we must do Peggy the justice to say that she accepted his homage with all the *nonchalance* of a thorough-bred beauty.

"Miller," said the little man, "your daughter is a blythe creature, and bonnie too." "She's well enough," said Robin; "but dinna be putting nonsense in her head." "My head will carry it a' brawly. Do you think, father, I dinna ken already that I'm bonnie, when every ane says I'm your very picture?" "Weel done, lassie," said her little admirer. "I see you hae aye your answer ready." "Peggy," said her mother, gravely, "dish the parritch, and bring ben the milk."

Peggy, having first covered the table with a snow-white table-cloth, began to set out the breakfast, of which a sweet-milk cheese, scones and bannocks, and excellent oatmeal porridge, formed the principal part. "We have not got into the fashion of taking tea yet," said the miller: "so ye must just do without it for a morning." Both these important personages declared that, although they generally breakfasted on tea, the more substantial articles now before them would be a pleasant change.

The miller now desired Peggy to call in Andrew,—a summons he obeyed very rapidly, being extremely anxious to know how matters stood with their new visitors. He drew in his stool to the table, but kept a profound silence, and lifted his eyes as seldom as possible. When breakfast was finished, and the miller had returned thanks, the excisemen prepared to depart; but the miller forbid them to stir till they had tasted his whisky, which he assured them, with a hearty laugh, was not smuggled. The miller took a bumper himself, and, after drinking to their better acquaintance, he handed the bottle to his guests, who pledged him with great good-will.

The miller, understanding that they were going to the other side of the river, offered to take them across the ford in his cart, as he was going that way for coals, and it would save them going round by the bridge. His offer was most gratefully accepted, and Andrew was sent to put plenty of straw in the cart, and to harness the horse; which being done, the miller and his companions took their way to the ford.

On coming to the edge of the water the miller jumped down, saying his horse was not very fond of the water, and that he would lead him; and desiring the men to sit well down in the bottom of the cart, they proceeded very smoothly till they reached the deepest part of the stream, when Robin quietly took out the pin which held down his vehicle. Up went the cart into the air—down went the excisemen into the water! The tall gentleman caught hold of the wheel of the cart;—the little one was not so fortunate: the current hurried him rapidly down; and if the miller had not seized his coat, there is no saying how this exploit might have terminated. He drew him to the bank, and laid him on the grass, to give him an opportunity of refunding the liquid he had swallowed.

Many were the exclamations of the miller at this mishap. He abused his horse for an auld, doited, stumbling brute, no worth ca'ing out o' a kail-yard. The tall exciseman, who had now joined them, cut his compliments of condolence short, by roundly charging him with an intent to drown them. "Drown you!" said Robin; "I wonder what good that would do to me? There would aye be plenty of sic like to the fore. Drown you! Indeed, I am like to get sma' thanks for my civility."

The little man took no part in the debate; but, rising, he told his companion he was now able to walk; and after favouring the miller with some threatening glances, they departed.

Robin allowed them to be at a considerable distance before he replaced his pin; and then, giving way to his mirth, he laughed till the woods resounded. As he drove along he met his old cronie, Jamie Barnes. "How are ye, miller? Ye look as gleg as if ye had got a prize in the lottery."

"No, no," said Robin; "I hae na been sae lucky; but I hae come frae maist drowning a bit gauger body. O man! if ye had seen him,—how he gaped and bocked up the water,—ye would hae laughed as muckle as I hae done. I dare say he'll no be able to bide the sight o' water for a twalmonth. Somebody," continued Robin, "sent them on a gowk's errand, to look for smuggled whisky in my house; but the chiels gaed aff as wise as they cam." "I can believe that," said Jamie; "ye're no the man, Robin, to meddle wi' ony sic thing." "Good day to ye," said the miller, "for I'm gaun to the hill for coals;" and the miller having given his horse a gentle hint with his whip to make haste, they were both soon out of sight.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Baillie to her daughter, "that Robin didna tell me about the whisky. He might been sure I wadna hae spoken about it." "He maybe forgot," said Peggy. "I dinna think that is very likely," rejoined her mother. "However, we are muckle obliged to Willie Stewart; for if the whisky had been found, it would hae raised an awfu' sough in the country side. But I'll stap down to Annie Colquhoun's, and see if the yarn is ready." "There's a dozen o' fresh eggs, mother," said Peggy; "you may leave them at Mrs. Stewart's as ye pass her door." "Do ye keep count, Peggy, how mony she gets?" "I'll see to that," replied her daughter. "Tak care o' the doors," said Mrs. Baillie; "for there are a wheen randy tinklers gaun about the country."

As soon as Mrs. Baillie had left her, Peggy set to work, and made the kitchen like a new pin, washed her own handsome face, smoothed down her flaxen curls, and, as she surveyed herself in the small looking-glass which hung above her chest of drawers, she seemed to be pretty well satisfied with her appearance. These operations happily completed, she was just beginning to prepare materials for the broth, when a well-known voice asked for admittance. "Is that you, Willie?" "Yes," was the reply; "will you let me in?" "You are welcome," said Peggy; "but my father's no at hame; he's awa for coals." "Weel," said Willie, "I maun just pit up wi' you till he comes back." "Nae doubt," said Peggy, "but that's a great hardship." "Peggy," said Willie, "I hae heard bad news the day." "What's that?" "Saunders M'Ilhose, the laird's grieve, has given my mother and me notice that we must quit our house at the term; and to leave that bonnie place will break my mother's heart, to say naething o' my ain."

"Dear me," said Peggy, while a pretty blush coloured her cheek, "I am very sorry to hear this; but maybe ye'll hear o' anither house by the term that will suit you." "That's no likely," replied William, "for the laird intends to take down the haill raw, as he does na like to see them frae the Hall windows." "There are queer folk in this world, I wonder what ill it does his een to look at a raw o' bonnie cottages, wi' gardens afore the doors? But," said she, after a pause, "if you think our wee bit cottage down at the mill-dam would suit your mother and you, I am sure my father would make you heartily welcome. Nobody has lived in it since Janet Macfarlane left it. Her laddies were very mischievous, and my father was glad to get quit of them." "I think it would suit us finely," said William; "there's no a place in the country I would like half sae weel." "Leave the management o' the business to me, then," said Peggy; "and as you seem to be idle, there's a knife, you may divert yoursell mincing the carrots and turnips till I bring in some greens."

Peggy had been gone but a few minutes, when she came running back, saying,—"That glowring body, Saunders M'Ilhose, is coming up the road. I wonder what brings him here? But he will be a clever man if he gets his nose in here the day." So saying, she bolted the door, and closed the window-shutters—"Now, William," said she, "dinna speak a word for your life." "Do you recollect," said William, "that there is a back-door as well as a front?" "That's weel minded. Run, Willie, and turn the key;" which being done, the lovers sat down, and awaited in silence the attack.

In a few minutes Saunders gave a loud knock. He waited a little while, and then knocked louder. "Rap away," said Peggy softly. "Mrs. Baillie," cried Saunders in a loud key, "are you in?" Still no reply. He then tried the back-door, but was just as unsuccessful. Saunders thought this very odd, as he was sure that he had seen a female figure in the garden at the back of the house, as he came up. On returning to the front Saunders observed the mill-door open, and he proceeded to see who was there.

He found only Andrew, who appeared to be extremely busy. "What's come o' a' the family?" said Saunders; "I hae been rapping at the door this half hour, and nobody has answered." "I ken naething about them," replied Andrew; "I have enough to do here, without putting off my time glowring after them." "There's nae need, man," cried Saunders, "to be sae short. I asked but a civil question. Heard ye if the excisemen were here this morning?" "Yes, they were here," said Andrew, in a sulky tone. "And did they get the whisky?" "Deil a drap, but wha took it away is a wonder to me; for I can gie my aith it was in the stack twa days ago." "I hope, friend," said Saunders, in a cajoling tone, "ye'll no tell the miller that I had ony hand in gieing information to the laird? I wadna like to get his ill-will." "As little wud I," said Andrew. "Did you ever see him in a real passion?" "No," replied Saunders. "A rampaging bear is naething to him."

The sound of Robin's cart now broke off the conference, and Saunders went out to meet the miller. "Preserve us a'!" cried Peggy, "if there's no my father, and Saunders wi' him! I must open the door now."

Before doing so, however, she let William out at the back-door, and then putting on her bonnet, as if she had just come in, she opened the door to her father. "What for is the door bolted at this time o' day?" said the miller. "My mother bid me; she said there were sae mony idle folk going about." (Here Peggy cast a glum look at Saunders.) "I fancy," said Saunders, "ye were out, for I rappit a lang while baith at the fore and the back door."

To this observation Peggy did not deign the least reply; but deliberately taking off her bonnet, she laid it aside, and began to prepare the dinner. "Is the broth ready?" said Robin. "No," answered Peggy; "it's hardly time yet." "Sit down, Saunders, at the fireside," said the miller; "ye maun stay and tak your kail wi' us. When I hae put the horse in the stable I will come back to you."

Peggy, pretending to be busy in the spence, left Saunders to his own meditations. To provoke him she struck up the old song of "The Carle he came o'er the Craft;" and he observed, with no very pleasant feelings, that she laid a particular emphasis on the words, "Hout awa, I winna hae him." This would have daunted most lovers; but Saunders, having great faith in the effects of patience and perseverance, still continued his suit, for Peggy was worth the winning. She was the bonniest lassie in the parish,—lively, active, and good-humoured,—an excellent housewife, excelled by none in the management of the dairy;—and, to sum up all, she was the miller's only child, and would have a good tocher. Possessed of so many attractions, it will easily be believed that pretty Peggy had many lovers. Saunders, seeing that Peggy was inclined to favour William Stewart, had contrived to set him and the miller at variance; and after having accomplished this point, he spoke to the miller of his great love for Peggy,—promised to ask no tocher down, and to keep two servants for her, that she might sit like a lady, and never wet her finger; and he would dress her as fine as any woman in the parish. To all these proffers of preferment Peggy turned a deaf ear. She balanced for a moment—a cotton gown with William Stewart, or a silk one with Saunders M'Ilhose. On these occasians Saunders, in spite of his superior weight, invariably kicked the beam.

As the laird of Calder Hall was rather a fractious personage, and as Saunders had a good deal of influence with him, Robin thought it as well to be on good terms with the grieve, and he had positively enjoined Peggy to be civil to him; and Peggy, not wishing to irritate her father, had avoided everything like open war; but, woman-like, she contrived to give him much uneasiness, whilst she was apparently treating him with the respect due to so great a personage.

The miller, having returned to the kitchen, now called on Peggy to come and give them their dinner; and just as all was ready, Mrs. Baillie entered. "How are ye, Mr. M'Ilhose?" said she. "There has been a fine day for getting in the corn." "No that ill, no that ill, Mrs. Baillie; but ye've been out; it's no often that you tak the road." "I hae ower muckle to do at hame. Our servant Annie has gane to see her friends, and we didna think it worth while to get ony body in her place for a' the time."

Peggy having summoned Andrew, they all drew their seats to the table, Peggy taking

care to keep on the opposite side from Saunders.

"Have ye heard," said the miller, addressing Saunders, "o' the folk that were here this morning?" Saunders adroitly evaded a direct reply by asking who they were. "Nae less than twa excisemen, wi' a warrant frae your maister." "Preserve me!" said Saunders, "I never heard the like o' that." "Puir bodies," said Robin, with a grin of delight, "they got nae whisky, but they got plenty o' water. I gied them a cast across the ford, and some way the cart gaed agee, and they baith fell into the water; twa puir drookit-like bodies they were when they came out. It's a wonder to me," continued the miller, "that the laird maks a fool o' himsell, believing a' the clashes that gowks carry through the country. I am sure, Saunders, if ye had kent o't, ye could hae telt him that Robin Baillie's no the man that would cheat the king, honest man, o' a brass farthing."

"The laird does na aye consult me," replied Saunders.

"I'll lay my lugs," said Robin, "that before a week gang ower, I'll find out wha this tale-pyet is."

Andrew, finding his seat rather uneasy, hastily finished his dinner; and before going out he told Robin he wanted to go down to the village in the evening to see a friend. "Ye may gang," said Robin; "but see that ye come hame in timeous hours; for if ye dinna, ye'll no get into my house;—mind I have warned you."

The miller, having desired his wife to set down the whisky-bottle and leave them to their own cracks, Peggy put on her bonnet, and telling her mother she was going out, and would bring home the cows, she took the key of the house at the mill-dam, and went down to examine it. There was but little accommodation—two small rooms, and a kitchen; but it was in good repair, and she knew that William would spare no trouble to render it comfortable for his mother.

Having satisfied herself as to the house, she next proceeded to the little garden. All here was desolate and forlorn; the paling was broken down, and the few flowers that were left were choked up with weeds. A few sticks, thought Peggy, will mend the paling, and I'll make Saunders ask the gardener at the Hall to give me some cuttings of white and red roses; and the little plot must be edged with daisies. Both Mrs. Stewart and William are fond of flowers. As she ascended the slope Peggy looked back upon the cottage, and was perfectly satisfied that it was well suited to the friends she hoped soon to see established there.

On her return to the house she found Saunders about to take his departure. "Mr. M'Ilhose," said she, in a soft tone, as she stood at the door, "I have a small favour to ask of you." Saunders, quite enchanted at this unexpected change in her manner, answered quickly, "Say what it is, my jo; and if it is in the compass of my power you shall have it." "I would be much obliged to you," replied Peggy, "if you would ask the gardener at the Hall for some white and red rose-bushes." "That I will," said Saunders, delighted at being able to oblige Peggy, particularly as it was to cost him nothing. "Is there anything else you have a notion of? Would you like some slips of apple-ringy, or tansy, or thyme, or gardener's garters, or bachelor's buttons?" "Thank you," said Peggy; "anything the gardener can spare:" and on saying this she gave Saunders a most winning smile, and wished him good-night. Saunders now walked off in high spirits, little dreaming that the flowers he was so anxious to procure were intended by Peggy to ornament the garden of his detested rival.

From the combined effects of whisky and a good fire Robin had fallen fast asleep. His wife mended his stockings, and Peggy sat down to her wheel. By-and-by Mrs. Baillie said, "Peggy, have you put on the potatoes?" "No, mother," replied she, "only white and red roses." "What's that ye are saying, lassie, about roses? I was asking if ye had put on the potatoes." "No," said Peggy, "but I will do it in a moment."

Peggy put the potatoes into the pan, filled it with water, and was carrying it hastily towards the fire, when, coming in contact with the miller's foot, down went the pan, with all its contents, upon Robin's legs.

"The deil's in the lassie," said the miller, wakened suddenly out of a sound sleep (under which provocation we have seen more placid men than the miller was lose their temper);—"can ye no tak better care? It's a mercy," continued he, "that the water was cauld instead of warm, or I wudna hae been able to walk this month." "I ken," said Peggy, "you would rather hae the cauld water on your legs than in your stamach."

The miller was diverted with this remark; but he checked a smile, and said, "My certies, but ye speak up to your father crousely! It's a pity," said Robin, with a sigh, "that ye werena a laddie! What's to come o' the tack o' the mill?" "A son-in-law is next best,"

replied his daughter. "Nae doubt," said Robin; "but ye ken, Peggy, ye hae been very dour to Saunders, and look like the far end o' a fiddle at him." "Is there no anither man in the world but Saunders? I wudna tak him if he were the laird o' Calder Hall, far less the grieve." "But, Peggy, ye ken Saunders has a great regard for me." "He gied a bonnie proof o' that last night, when he informed upon you to the laird." "I dinna believe a word o' that. He telt me, no half an hour ago, that he would do a' he could to mak his maister gie me a lease o' the Moss Flat farm." "Aweel, father, you'll maybe find out some day wha are your friends, and wha no; but nane o' us should forget what Willie Stewart did for us last night. If it hadna been for him, whare would ye hae been by this time? no sitting sae blithely at your ain fireside, I'm thinking. Poor Mrs. Stewart! my heart's wae for her."

"What's the matter wi' her?" cried the miller.

"Matter!" said Peggy; "hae ye no heard that she and Willie are to be turned out o' their house at the term? And Willie says he thinks it will break his mother's heart to be obliged to leave this part o' the country."

"Maybe," said Janet, "anither house may cast up by that time."

"There is sma' prospect o' that," replied Peggy; "the laird seems to like better to pu' houses down than to big them up."

"We maun see," said Robin, "what's to be done in this business. Andrew Thomson is leaving his house."

"That will never do for them, for the rent is far ower high. Maybe," said Peggy, as if the thought had that moment struck her, "maybe our ain bit cottage doun at the milldam would do for them. They would be quiet neebours, and you would be sure o' your rent. Besides," continued she, seeing her father hesitate, "ye ken ae good turn deserves anither."

"That's true, so I hae nae objections to their getting the house; but mind, Peggy, I'll mak it a bargain that they are neither to keep ducks nor hens to be coming scarting up my seeds, and fleeing into the mill. I'm thinking, Peggy, ye hae ower mony o' thae gentry yoursell; ye maun either sell some o' them, or thraw their necks."

"Ony thing to please you," said Peggy, delighted at having carried her point. "I promise you a fine dish o' cockyleekie to your dinner on Sabbath."

"I think," said Janet, "less might sair. I daresay ye would get eighteenpence for the cock." "Hout, mother, what's eighteenpence in comparison of pleasuring my father?" "Ye hae an unco tongue, lassie," said her mother. "Ye can maist persuade folk that black's white." "I hope," replied Peggy, "that you are persuaded that naebody likes you half sae weel as I do. But I see the potatoes are ready." So saying, she dished them neatly, and then ran out for the milk. "I think, Janet," said Robin, "that that lassie's cast glamour in our een."

After their supper was finished, the miller took down the large Bible, and read a chapter; after which they all joined in the hundredth psalm, and the goodman ended with a short prayer.

"What ails ye, Robin?" said Janet, next day; "ye look fashed like." "Andrew and I," said Robin, "hae had some words, and he's gane aff the night, and I'm vexed at it, as I'm sae thrang, the folk crying for new meal before I can get it ready. I maun gang down to some o' the neebours, and see if they ken o' onybody that will do till the term, for I canna do without some ane—the thing's impossible." Peggy, seeing her father ready to stumble over her plants, hastily snatched them up, and carried them into a corner o' the byre. "Cry me in," said Robin, "when the dinner's ready."

"It's an unco pity," said Janet, "that Andrew's gane awa', and Robin sae thrang." "Hout," said Peggy, "men are no sae scarce; nae fear but he will get somebody or other. Mother, I am going down to Mary Murdoch's for some thread. I'll no stay lang." Her mother answered that there was plenty of thread in her upper drawer; but Peggy took care not to hear her.

"That's a new road to Mary Murdoch's," thought Janet, as she saw Peggy with a light and rapid step proceed in a contrary direction. "Is William in?" said Peggy to the little girl who opened the door of Mrs. Stewart's cottage. "No," answered Annie: "he got a letter last night, and he was aff this morning to Carnside before daylight; but will ye no gang ben? Mrs. Stewart will be blythe to see ye." "I havena time to stop just now; but take in these eggs to Mrs. Stewart, and say I'll call some day soon."

Peggy now hastily retraced her steps homewards, wondering who this letter could be from, and so deeply was she absorbed in these meditations, that the subject of them was close to her before she observed him. "Where are you going in such a hurry, Peggy?" said Willie. "Were you really going to pass me without speaking?" "Who expected to see you?" said

Peggy. "I was up at the house, wanting to see you, and Annie said you were away to Carnside." "Well, but, now we are met, tell me your errand." "It was naething worth speaking about;" for it now struck Peggy that William might not like to take Andrew's place. "Well," said William, "though you have nothing to say to me, I have something to say to you; so let us turn down the burn here."

Peggy permitted herself to be led into the sheltered walk which bordered the little stream, but all the while protesting that she could not stay, as her father was fashed about Andrew's going away. "Never let your honest father vex himself about that, as long as I have strength and health. Tell him I will be at the mill by daylight. Much would I do for Robin Baillie as an honest man and a good neighbour; but far more for him as the father of my Peggy, now my bonnie bride, but soon, I hope, my wedded wife."

"Preserve us! Willie," said Peggy, disengaging herself from the arms of her lover, "are you daft a'thegither? You must not think, far less speak, of such a thing." "Did you no promise me, Peggy, that you would marry me as soon as I could stock a farm, and give you a comfortable home?" "That I did, Willie. Ye ken weel that I would rather wait for you, than marry the richest carl in the parish."

Her lover gazed upon her for a few moments with sparkling eyes, and then proceeded to inform her that he had, the night before, received a letter from a writer in Carnside, telling him that he had recovered for him the sum of £700, which had been a debt due to his father, but which all his family had long ceased to hope would ever be paid. But paid it was; and it is difficult to say which of the youthful lovers rejoiced most in the unexpected circumstance.

"That lassie's daft," said Janet. "I canna think what's come ower her. She said she would be no time, and the dinner's done. The broth's as cauld as lead, and her father's away to the mill again. What, in a' the world has come ower ye, Peggy?" said her mother, in a displeased tone. "Does Mary Murdoch's shop lie up the burn? I dinna like this kind o' hiddling wark." "Oh! mother," said Peggy, "dinna be angry. I just gaed up to Mrs. Stewart's to see Willie, and he is to come and help my father till he gets somebody else in Andrew's place." "Weel, my bairn, could ye no hae said sae? But I'm no angry," added she, as she saw Peggy's eyes fill with tears. "Sit down, and take your dinner wise-like." "I'm no hungry," faltered Peggy. "Nonsense! sit down and eat something. I hae put on the broth, and they will be warm in a moment."

To please her mother, Peggy tried to eat, but she made little progress in her occupation. After forcing down a few mouthfuls, she began to put the kitchen in order. Willie Stewart came up in the evening to offer his services in the mill, which put Robin into such glee, that he desired Janet to put down the whisky-bottle.

"I hae some nice new-kirned milk," said Janet; "it's far mair wholesome, and no sae heating in this warm weather." "Take away your watery trash," said the indignant miller. "Kirned milk may do very weel for women and bairns, but men that work frae daylight till e'en need something stronger to keep up their hearts."

Janet found it would be as well to comply with a good grace; so, setting the bottle on the table, she retired to count some yarn she had just got from Annie Colquhoun,—a precaution extremely necessary to be observed, as it is no uncommon circumstance for the reels of country wives to check too soon. Finding her mother deeply engaged in hanks, heers, and spindles, Peggy also retired, leaving William to open the important business, which he did in the following words:—

"I have no doubt, Mr. Baillie, but ye must have observed that Peggy and I have long had a great regard for one another; but I could not think of speaking to you till I had some prospect of maintaining a wife. I have just heard that I am seven hundred pounds richer the day than I was yesterday. I have recovered a debt that was owing to my father: I can now give your daughter a proper home; and I hope ye will let her share my lot—I wish it was ten times better for her sake. I think of taking a farm; and ye ken it's no in nature for a farmer to do without a wife."

"Aweel," said Robin, "I fancy I maunna say no, or I would get baith Peggy and you on my tap. I hae nae doubt, Willie, but you'll be kind to my bairn, for there's no a better in a' the parish; but I've just this to say,—I maun see you secured in a farm, wise-like, before Peggy and you come thegither. Hae ye ony farm in view?" William mentioned one of Mr. Berriedale's. "Weel," said Robin, "as I am mair up to the ways of the world than you are, leave the making o' the bargain to me."

William gratefully accepted the miller's offer. Robin then filled his glass to the brim, and

drank to the health of William and Peggy. "O man," said he to William, "I think my heart and my een are as ready to rin ower as this glass; but see that ye make a good husband to her, Willie; for though she has a daffing way with her, she could never bide a hard word a' her days." It will easily be believed that William made abundance of fine promises to the miller, and, what is perhaps a little singular, he actually intended to fulfil them.

As soon as William could get away from Robin, he hastened into the West Park, where he found Peggy driving home the cows to be milked. "My dearest Peggy," cried William, "I am the happiest man in the world. Your father has given his consent to our marriage, as soon as I am settled in a farm. I am anxious to remain in this part of the country, among our own folk; so your father is to see and get me a lease of Cross Hill farm. There is a very poor house upon it, but Mr. Berriedale has agreed to build a new one when he lets the farm. But, Peggy, if it should be long of being ready, your father will surely no put off our marriage for that? I am sure there is plenty of room in your own house: we might stay there for a while."

"That's just the gate of you men," answered Peggy;—"give you an inch, and you'll take an ell; but never think, Willie, that I will consent to any such thing. One man is enough in a house, and whiles ower muckle. A bonnie kippage I would be in if my father and you had ony cast-out! Ye ken, Willie, I would hae to take part with you; for right or wrong, a woman must aye side with her gudeman."

"I hope, Peggy," said William, "you do not think I have a quarrelsome temper?"

"I have seen waur," said Peggy, gaily; "but let us take time, and look about us. I dinna care how wee our house is; but I would aye like a place I could ca' my ain; for, though we are a' very couthy the now, naebody can tell how long it will last. But dinna think, dear Willie," said she, observing his disappointed look,—"dinna think I want to draw back of my word, for 'there's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.'"

"You must," said William, "have everything your own way now; but mind, Peggy, my time's coming."

"I ken that brawly," said his fair companion; "but there's nae need to brag o't."

Their conversation was here interrupted by Janet, who had come to the head of the brae, and now demanded why the cows were not brought home. Hawky had given many audible hints that it was past milking time; but the lovers were too much occupied with their own concerns to pay the least attention to her. Her loud lowing had at last reached the careful ears of Mrs. Baillie, who, almost as fond of her cow as of her daughter, was not pleased at finding her neglected in this manner. Mrs. Baillie's summons quickened Peggy's steps homewards, and Willie also walked off to his mother's cottage, half a convert to Peggy's opinion that it would be better to have a house of their own.

"What taigled ye sae lang, Peggy?" asked her mother. "Did ye no hear Hawky making a routing enough to deave a body? I wonder ye could stand and hear her." "I wonder at that too," answered Peggy; "but she is a camsteery brute, and maun hae her ain gate." "Dinna gang to abuse Hawky," said Janet; "there's no such another cow in the parish." "For routing," answered the incorrigible Peggy. "No, for butter," said her mother; "but ye dinna think sae muckle o' her as ye should do." "Aweel, mother, ye make up for it; I think ye like Hawky better than me." "Gude preserve us, lassie! what's that ye are saying? Do ye think I would prefer a dumb brute to my ain bairn? Na, na, that's no to be thought o'; but bring the milking pail, for ye ken a cow should aye be milked at the same hour."

William Stewart having gained the miller's consent to his marriage with Peggy, hastened to communicate to his mother the joyful intelligence. Mrs. Stewart was calmly knitting a stocking, when, accidentally looking up, she saw Willie hastening rapidly to the house. She was at first alarmed; but one glance at his face, beaming with joy, quieted her fears. "Come away, my dear bairn, it makes me young again to see you so blythe. Have you got a prize?" "Yes, dear mother, a prize for life. I am sure you will rejoice in my happiness. What will ye say when I tell you I am thinking of marrying?" "I will say it is a wise step, if you have made a proper choice." "Do not doubt that," said William; "there will not be a better wife in Scotland; and for temper, mother, I never saw her equal, and she is so clever and active." "And so pretty?" said his mother, smiling. "Peggy Baillie, my dear William, makes an excellent daughter, and there can be no better security that she will make a good wife." "How did you find out, dear mother, that it was Peggy that I meant?" "Oh, my dear son, what feeling of your heart can escape a mother's anxious eye? Who have I to think of, to watch over, to guide, but you, my dear William?—my

support, my best earthly comfort. But take my blessing, my son, and I pray that your filial kindness to me may be repaid, even in earthly happiness, tenfold."

William now spent most part of his time at the mill. He assisted Robin very materially in his labours for the good of the public; in short he was his right-hand man, and a great favourite; and there never had been a hasty word between them, except once, when William was flirting a little with Peggy, while Robin was in a great hurry to get some meal sent off, and which he could not manage by himself. "Come awa, come awa, Willie," said Robin in a hasty tone; "there's a time for a' thing, and there's to be nae daffing when there's such a thrang." "Peggy is right again," thought William; "we maun hae a hame o' our ain."

One evening Robin could not help remarking Peggy's unusual gravity. "Nae wonder," said Janet; "I'm wae to see her." "What's the matter?" cried Robin hastily. "Willie hasna been ower discreet to her." "What's that I hear?" replied the miller, in great wrath, and reaching down his blue bonnet. "No discreet to my bairn?" Peggy, who was in the garden, hearing her father speaking in an angry tone, came running in, and seeing him preparing to go out, asked him where he was going; to which the miller gave no answer. "Mother," said Peggy, "will ye no tell me where my father's going?" "He is going to Willie," said Janet, "to ken the meaning o' his behaviour." "Stand out my road, and let me past, my bairn."

Robin spoke with tenderness on observing the tears flowing fast from Peggy's eyes, who had placed herself between her father and the door. "Ye maunna gang, dear father," said she, taking hold of his hand. "I'm in the faut, and Willie's no to blame. I was very saucy to him, and nae wonder he was angry. So sit down," said she, trying to smile through her tears; and, taking off her father's bonnet, she hung it on its accustomed pin. "Ye are an unco lassie," said the miller; "ye mak us a' do just what ye like; but are ye sure that ye were in the faut?" "Quite sure," replied Peggy. "Now Peggy," said Janet, "ye ken that——" "Hout, mother, what's the use o' coming ower auld clatters the now? Do you hear Hawky routing to be milked, poor beast?" The necessity of milking Hawky put an end to the conversation, to the great relief of Peggy.

Next morning the miller went about his usual occupations, and Peggy was sent by her mother down to the village. William's anger having almost evaporated, he determined to go to the mill and see in what kind of humour his fair Peggy now was. Mrs. Baillie only was in.

"Gude day to ye, Maister William," said she in a dry tone. "Ye hae been a great stranger at the mill."

"Indeed, Mrs. Baillie," replied he, "I have been much to blame; and I cannot rest till I have made it up with Peggy."

"Aweel," said Janet, "it's better that you and her should red this quarrel, than that Robin should meddle with it; for, as he heard ye had no been civil to Peggy, he was on his road down to ye last night; but the silly lassie held him by the coat, and wouldna let him, and telt him that she had provoked ye, and that ye had gude reason to be angry wi' her; and she took a' the wyte on hersell." "Did she indeed?" cried William. "Troth did she," replied Janet; "and maybe it was as weel; for if Robin had gane down in ane o' his camsteery fits, there's nae saying what might hae happened." "Weel, Mrs. Baillie, I can only say, I wish my tongue had been cut out before I vexed her." "Vexed her!" replied Janet; "there's little doubt that she was vexed. She hasna eat as muckle these three days as would hae served a sparrow. She has nae heart even to lift the kirn-staff. I sent her down to Mary Murdoch's for a pennyworth o' needles, just to divert her."

On receiving this intelligence William immediately took leave of Mrs. Baillie, and stationed himself at a part of the road which he knew Peggy must pass in her way home. He waited till, his patience being almost exhausted, he thought of going down to the village to meet her, when a sudden scream startled him. He looked round, and saw his beloved Peggy flying across a field, pursued by an enraged bull. William leaped over the wall, and in another moment he was at her side. He then, tearing a branch from a tree, kept the animal at bay till Peggy had scrambled over the wall; and as soon as he saw her in safety he vaulted over also. She then said, "Dear William, are you hurt?" "Not in the least; but why did you go through the park, in place of coming by the road?" "Just because I saw you there." "I did not think that I was sae fearsome." "I hae seen uglier men," said Peggy, with one of her heartsome smiles.

As might be expected, they parted at the foot of the brae, more in love than ever.

"I kent," said Janet, "that ye would be the better o' the caller air. Your cheeks are like twa roses; but where's the needles?"

Peggy was confounded at the demand, and paused to consider where she could have lost them. "Indeed, mother, I am thinking that I drappit them in the East Park." "And what took ye there? Did ye want that rampaging brute to kill ye?" "I thought," said Peggy, "that he wouldna notice me, for he was feeding at the other end of the park; but if it hadna been for Willie Stewart, I daresay he would hae sticket me." "Never," said Janet, "gang in there again. Mind I forbid ye. And to think o' a' the gude needles wasted, and there's no one in the house that will let in worsted—and sae mony o' your father's stockings needing mending!" Peggy rummaged her repositories, and happily succeeded in finding a needle of the proper dimensions.

"Dear me!" cried Janet, some days afterwards, "what's making Willie Stewart flee up the brae that gate? I think he'll break his neck." Peggy ran out to meet him. In a moment he was at her side, and taking her in his arms, he gave her a hearty kiss.

"If ever I saw the match o' that impudence!" said Peggy angrily. "Gie me joy, Peggy," said William. "Gie ye joy! It would set me better to gie ye a gude threshing." "If ye scold me again, Peggy, I'll hae anither. Do ye no ken, woman, that ye're speaking to the new grieve o' Calder Hall?" "It's no possible!" said Peggy. "It's true," said William, "and I ran here directly to claim my bride." "Here, then, dear William, take my hand—ye ken weel ye hae lang had my heart."

After a little farther parley the happy lovers returned to the house.

"I am come, Mrs. Baillie," said William, "to claim Peggy and Hawky's calf." "Ye had better take the calf, Willie," said Peggy, laughing; "for ye ken, if ye should ever be angry, it canna speak back like some folk." "Baith's best," said William, gaily, and then proceeded to narrate to Mrs. Baillie that the laird of Calder Hall had appointed him grieve, in the room of Saunders M'Ilhose, who had been detected in several peculations.

"My word, but ye are a lucky lad! I think, Peggy, ye will be weel lodged." William, after making them promise that they would come down in the evening to his mother's, now departed to gladden her maternal heart with this delightful news.

As soon as Robin returned from the village Mrs. Baillie made him acquainted with William's good fortune, and his haste to claim Peggy. "We shall miss her sair," replied honest Robin, "for she's a bit gude lassie; but I maun see and gie them something out o' my pock-neuk to begin wi'." "Dinna gie them ower muckle at first," cried Janet. "Young creatures like them are unco thoughtless." "Wha would I gie to, if I didna gie to my ain bairn? Willie's no greedy, but that's nae reason why I shouldna gie her some tocher. Come ben, my bairn," cried the miller, "and take my blessing."

Peggy, with tears in her eyes, threw her arms round the neck of her worthy father, who tried to pass off the tear on his cheek for one of Peggy's pearly drops.

They proceeded, in the evening, to Mrs. Stewart's, where they met a most hearty welcome. "Aweel, Mrs. Stewart," said Robin, "our bairns are wishing to leave us, and get a house o' their ain. I maun gie them something wise-like to begin wi'." "I dare say, Mr. Baillie," said Mrs. Stewart, "there will be naething wanting on your part to make them comfortable." "I hope sae," replied Robin; "and we maun gie them a grand wedding." "I dinna want ony sough about it," rejoined Peggy. "Hout, lassie," said Robin, "do ye think that I will let ye be married in ony hiddling way, as if ye were some sma' cottar's dochter? It happens but ance in a life, and I maun hae my ain way; so say nae mair about it. The Baillies had aye grand hobbleshows at their weddings, and I like to keep up gude auld fashions." "Indeed," said Janet, in a low voice, to Mrs. Stewart, "I am something o' Peggy's mind, to put it ower in a quiet, orderly manner; for such a heap o' folk as Robin is speaking o' asking will raise an unco rippet, besides making a great waste o' meat and drink." Mrs. Stewart evaded giving any opinion on this debated point by asking Mrs. Baillie to take another cup of tea.

The whole country side rang with the preparations which were making at the mill for Peggy's marriage. Robin had ordered half a cow to be salted, and had sent in a boll of his best meal to be baked into cakes. All this waste gave great annoyance to poor Mrs. Baillie, who thought she was doing no more than her duty when she subtracted a few pecks from the appointed quantity.

"I am sure," said Janet to Peggy, "I wish that you and Willie had put ower your wedding soberly and quietly, without a' this stramash. Robin's clean gane aff at the nail about it." "I am as vexed as ye can be about it, mother; but ye ken I canna help it. My father would

hae it sae." "I'm no blaming you, my bairn; but I wish it was weel ower, and that nane o' the daft callants may get broken banes riding the broose. That glaiket gomeril, Jamie Cargill, wants Robin to lend him the gray mare; and Robin thinks he canna weel refuse him. I wouldna wonder if the beast got some mischance." "Dear mother," said Peggy, her patience quite exhausted by her continued moans, "what for will ye gie yoursell sae muckle vexation? Just leave it a' to me, and sit down and rest yoursell; and as ye dinna like to be idle, ye may pook the feathers out o' that hen." "Hech, sirs!" said Janet, "to think how many eggs this puir burdie has laid! But your father will be pleased now, for there's no a hen left about the house but auld Daidly, and she has gi'en ower laying. Wiser-like to hae drawn her neck." "And choked the folk!" said Peggy. "Nae fear o' them. I'll answer for them, their throats are no sae strait."

William's arrival was a happy relief to Peggy. She gave him a hint to divert her mother, and he good-naturedly drew in his chair beside her, and began to speak on her favourite topics of butter and cheese, and what profit a good milk cow should yield, &c. &c.; so that Janet, pleased with his sensible discourse, gradually recovered her good humour.

The day before Peggy's marriage Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell arrived at the mill in a neat plain gig, or, as Janet denominated it, a whisky. Mr. Caldwell was the son of a neighbour of Robin Baillie, and had lived long near the mill. He married Jeanie Johnston, a cousin of Mrs. Baillie, who accompanied her husband to Nottingham, where he became a stocking-weaver, and, being an industrious, frugal man, he had gradually amassed a moderate fortune. He had lately come to a neighbouring town on business, where, hearing of the rising importance of the Baillies, and of Peggy's intended marriage, they proffered a visit to Robin, which was kindly accepted.

"Come awa, Jeanie," said Mrs. Baillie, as she went out to welcome her cousin; "'pon my troth, but ye are fat and fair; and Thomas, too, is no ill to mean."

"Just the auld thing, Mrs. Baillie," replied Thomas. "I have not forgot the jinking we used to have about the mill; and your father was whiles very angry at our leaving the door open." "Nothing," said Mrs. Caldwell with an air of dignity, "can make Thomas forget his early days. I do not mind it amongst his old friends, but our English acquaintances are real genteel, and Thomas and I like their ways, and have come into all their fashions."

Honest Robin, not approving of the air with which this was spoken, answered bluntly, "Aweel, I ken every country has its ain fashions, and Thomas and you may be very genteel, for ony thing I ken to the contrary; but I think, like my namesake, Robin Burns, that it's better to be at the head o' the commonality, than at the tail o' the gentry."

This rebuff silenced Mrs. Caldwell before Robin; but she determined to have ample amends when she got Mrs. Baillie and Peggy to herself. After dinner the female part of the company adjourned to Mrs. Caldwell's room, whence Peggy was called out to speak with an errand-boy. "What do ye want wi' me, my wee man?" said Peggy, kindly. "There's something for ye frae Mrs. Elphinstone of Calder Hall. She was gaun to send up Menie, but I asked her to let me bring it, and I promised to gie it into your ain hand." "But stop a minute, Donald, and tak a bit dinner." "I haena time the now," said Donald. "I maun be thrang the night, for ye ken I'm to be ower here the morn to dance at your wedding; and John the coachman is to gie me the lend o' the wee black poney; and wha kens but I may win the broose." "Daft callant," said Peggy, as she returned to the room where her mother and Mrs. Caldwell were in close conversation.

"Upon my word," said the wife of the stocking-weaver, "you would be surprised to see how well the English live. They must have everything cooked to a nicety. They would no more eat lamb without mint, or a goose without apple-sauce, than I would eat salt-beef without mustard." "I dinna ken how ye do, Jeanie," said Mrs. Baillie, "but I couldna be fashed wi' sic fikery."

"Look, mother," said Peggy, interrupting this discussion, "only see what Mrs. Elphinstone has sent me in a present!" "I declare," said Janet, "if ever I saw the like o' that! A dozen o' bonnie real silver spoons."

She exhibited them to Mrs. Caldwell, and said, "Ye see, Jeanie, how muckle we are respeckit at the Ha'. Tak care, Peggy, that ye pit them by in a safe place." "I am sure," answered her daughter, "I wasna looking for ony present frae Mrs. Elphinstone, she has been sae kind to me already."

Mr. Caldwell now quickly opened a small trunk, from which he took out half a dozen pairs of fine cotton stockings, and, presenting them to Peggy, wished her health to wear them. Janet thought them much too fine ever to be

worn, and charged Peggy to lock them up beside the spoons.

As they were all to be up early next morning, the miller proposed that they should now retire to their apartments. After Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell had left them, the miller drew Peggy to him, and having kissed her, prayed for a blessing on her.

"Now that it's come to the bit," said Robin, "I am even mair loath to part wi' ye than I thought I would hae been."

Peggy wiped away her tears and tried to smile. "Hout, father," said she, "think how often Willie and I will be up to see ye. We mean to come maist every night and crack wi' ye."

"Aweel, gude night, my dear bairn, and gang away to your bed, for your mother is wearied, and so am I. Is a' thing ready, Janet?" asked Robin. "Are ye sure ye hae plenty o' meat and drink for the morn?"

"Ay, and ower muckle too. We'll hae mair cauld meat in the house than we will be able to eat in a month."

"Weel, Janet, dinna distress yoursell; we'll aye get plenty o' puir bodies that will be glad to help us: but where are ye gaun?"

"I forgot to wale out a skim-milk cheese. I hae put sweet-milk cheese on the principal table, but skim-milk is gude enough for the like o' Tibby and thae kind o' folk."

"I'll hae nae distinction o' persons," said Robin angrily. "Keep the skim-milk cheese for ordinary times. It shall ne'er be said that there was skim-milk cheese at Peggy Baillie's wedding. What makes ye sae grudging, woman? Ane wad think we had as mony dochters as there's days in the year."

"Weel, Robin," said his helpmate calmly, "ye needna put yoursell into ony carfuffle about the matter; ye shall hae it a' your ain gate." Contented with this assurance, Robin went to bed, and slept soundly.

Robin rose early, and proceeded to the barn to see that it was in readiness for the reception of his guests. Long boards, resting on blocks of wood, and covered with Mrs. Baillie's best table-cloths, were placed in the barn. All connected with the feast was in a state of forwardness. The very water in the boiler was poppling up at a great rate, impatient, no doubt, for the arrival of the beef which it was to have the pleasure of boiling. In short, much activity was manifested in every department; and even the great Mrs. Caldwell laid her dignity and her new pelisse aside, and tendered her assistance. She wished to be allowed to make a few custards, whipped cream, &c.; but Janet would by no means permit her. "I am sure," said Mrs. Caldwell, "it need not be for want of cream, for I saw your gudeman throwing the whole milk out of the boins, that he might fill them with whisky-punch." "The haill morning's milk!" said Janet, with an accent of despair. "Did ever ony mortal hear the like o' that? Could he no hae had the sense to put it into the kirn?"

William Stewart, accompanied by a number of his friends, now came up to the mill. He rode a stout, well-proportioned horse, and led by the bridle a pretty little brown pony, gaily caparisoned, which was his gift to Peggy. "It's a bonnie creature," said Janet, stroking down his long mane. "And a bonnie creature it has to carry," said wee Donald. "Hech, laddie," said Robin, "but ye are clever wi' your tongue. I hear you mean to win the broose." "If I can," replied Donald; "but, for ony sake, keep my mother out o' the road, for if she were to hear o' my riding, I would get nae peace night nor day."

The whole party now set forward to the minister's. Like a snowball, the cavalcade increased as it went along—horsemen and horsewomen joining them almost at every step. As they passed through the village, they found all the women at their doors, and the young fry were busy putting guns and pistols in order, to salute them on their return. They were joined near Calder Hall by Mr. Elphinstone, his lady having gone on before to the minister's, to wait for them. This mark of respect was highly prized by Robin, who sat upon his broad-backed nag with an air of greater pride than usual; and as he looked round him on his numerous friends, he was satisfied that the Baillies still kept up the character of having grand ploys at their weddings. Mr. Elphinstone rode beside Peggy, as the post of honour, and claimed the privilege of lifting her from her palfrey.

The worthy clergyman did not detain them long; the knot was soon tied; and the happy party turned their faces homewards. About a dozen of young men put spurs to their horses, and went off at the full gallop. Tom Anderson, in his haste to be of the advanced guard, run against honest Robin, and nearly dismounted him. Robin's horse, resenting the indignity offered both to him and his master, made such a curvet as astonished the whole party. "Doited deevil!" said Robin, "I had maist been coupit."

On their entrance into the village they were saluted with a discharge of fire-arms. A mischievous boy slyly advanced, and fired off an

old rusty gun under the very nose of Mr. Caldwell's horse, which frightened the Nottingham courser so much, that he cleared a space for himself, and set off full speed, and in a moment Mr. Caldwell, his wife, Janet, and the whisky disappeared from the sight of the whole group. Janet roared to be set down—Mr. Caldwell tugged at the reins—Mrs. Caldwell screamed—and to all appearance the whisky and its contents were in a fair way of running the broose much against their inclinations. Donald, however, kept ahead of the party. Three only had been dismounted—the rest kept whipping and spurring—but all in vain; for, much to the mortification of the beaux, wee Donald reached the house first, and was declared victor. Most fortunately, no bones were broken—even the gray mare had escaped all injury, and the company sat down in great glee to a plentiful dinner.

There was a tappie-tourie of hens in the middle, a hundredweight of black puddings graced one corner, and an enormous ham another. A mountain of beef, encircled with a forest of greens, smoked at the end of the board where Robin sat, and a whole salmon was placed under the jurisdiction of Mrs. Baillie. A roasted pig, with an orange in its mouth, and a boiled jigot of mutton, figured as small side-dishes; while a fat haggis and beef-brose served as *entremets*.

The knives and forks were plied with persevering assiduity, and although there was neither a goose nor lamb with mint-sauce, Mrs. Caldwell managed to dine tolerably well. Even Janet had got into the spirit of the thing, and saw her very best cheeses hewed down with great indifference. The punch was baled out of the milk boins in pewter ladles, and we have every reason to believe that Robin did not spare his whisky.

The barn was just cleared for dancing when Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone joined the party. The former immediately led out the bride, and desired William to stand up with Mrs. Elphinstone. Before setting off, Mr. Elphinstone, as in duty bound, kissed the bride, and the fiddles then striking up "The Merry Lads of Ayr," set them all in motion. The company all respectfully stood back, and when they had finished, a murmur of applause was heard.

The happy miller now drew Mrs. Caldwell into the middle of the barn, and desiring the fiddlers to strike up the "Cameronian's Rant," he boldly commenced an everlasting jig, which he carried on with such spirit that the very rafters shook. Every new fling the miller gave drew down thunders of applause. The firing off of pistols out of doors, and the snapping of fingers and shouts of commendation within, raised such a tempest of sound, as nearly drowned the efforts of the fiddlers to be heard. Disdaining to be kept in the background, they moved near the scene of action, and rained upon the ears of the delighted rustics a succession of feet-stirring sounds.

Our remembrance of the rest of the revels is very imperfect. We can only recollect hearing the fiddlers playing every one upon a key of his own choosing, "Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'."

ABJURATION.

There was a time—sweet time of youthful folly!—
  Fantastic woes I courted, feigned distress;
Wooing the veiled phantom, Melancholy,
  With passion born, like Love, "in idleness."

And like a lover, like a jealous lover,
  I hid mine idol with a miser's art
(Lest vulgar eyes her sweetness should discover)
  Close in the inmost chambers of mine heart.

And there I sought her—oft in secret sought her,
  From merry mates withdrawn, and mirthful play,
To wear away, by some deep stilly water,
  In greenwood lone, the livelong summer day:

Watching the flitting clouds, the fading flowers,
  The flying rack athwart the wavy grass;
And murmuring oft, "Alack! this life of ours—
  Such are its joys—so swiftly doth it pass!"

And then, mine idle tears (ah, silly maiden!)
  Bedropt the liquid glass, like summer rain;—
And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,
  Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain.

And then, I loved to haunt lone burial-places,
  Pacing the churchyard earth with noiseless tread;—
To pore in new-made graves for ghastly traces,
  Brown crumbling bones of the forgotten dead:

To think of passing bells - of death and dying—
  Methought 't were sweet in early youth to die,
So loved, lamented—in such sweet sleep lying,
  The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary

Strewed o'er by loving hands!—But then 't would grieve me
  Too sore, forsooth! the scene my fancy drew;—
I could not bear the thought, to die and leave ye;
  And I have lived, dear friends! to weep for you.

And I have lived to *prove* that fading flowers
Are life's best joys, and all we love and prize—
What chilling rains succeed the summer showers,
What bitter drops, wrung slow from elder eyes.

And I have lived to look on death and dying,
To count the sinking pulse—the shortening breath,—
To watch the last faint life-streak flying—flying,—
To stoop—to start—to be alone with—Death.

And I have lived to wear the smile of gladness,
When all within was cheerless, dark, and cold—
When all earth's joys seemed mockery and madness,
And life more tedious than "a tale twice told."

And now—and now, pale pining Melancholy!
No longer veil'd for me your haggard brow
In pensive sweetness—such as youthful folly
Fondly conceited—I abjure ye now!

Away—avaunt! No longer now I call ye
"Divinest Melancholy! mild, meek maid!"
No longer may your siren spells enthral me,
A willing captive in your baleful shade.

Give me the voice of mirth, the sound of laughter—
The sparkling glance of Pleasure's roving eye.
The past *is* past.—Avaunt, thou dark hereafter!
"Come, eat and drink—to-morrow we must die!"

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken—
The fool whose heart hath said "There is no God."
But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,
There's balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke descendeth,
Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart,
And "peace that passeth understanding" blendeth
With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation—
No longer feign'd distress—fantastic woe,—
I know my griefs,—but then my consolation—
My trust, and my immortal hopes, I know.

CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savour,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill—
Ah! the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depth by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung:—

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie;
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like a fluid light.

"For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play!
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass;
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle wind is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews,
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

"Away, away!—In our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

W. C. BRYANT.

BEN BLOWER'S STORY; OR HOW TO RELISH A JULEP.

[Charles Fenno Hoffman, born in New York, 1806. He is most favourably known in America as a lyrical poet, but his novels and shorter tales have also obtained a measure of popularity. *Greyslaer*, a romance of the Mohawk, was perhaps the most successful of his prose works. *Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie* and *A Winter in the West* were his first important productions. He had nearly completed another romance entitled the *Red Spur of Ramapo*, but was interrupted by illness. His servant, arranging the author's study, burned the manuscript and carefully put away the "clean" paper. Mr. Hoffman's chief poetical works are: *The Vigil of Faith, The Echo, Lays of the Hudson,* and *Love's Calendar*. He has been much occupied as the editor of various magazines and literary journals. Of his songs an American critic (H. T. Tuckerman) says, many of them, "from their graceful flow and tender feeling, are highly popular, although some of the metres are too like those of Moore not to provoke a comparison." Of his humour the following tale is an excellent example. He died in 1884.]

"Are you sure that's the *Flame* over by the shore?"

"Cer*ting*, manny! I could tell her pipes acrost the Mazoura."[1]

"And you will overhaul her?"

"Won't we though! I tell ye, strannger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that that last tar-bar'l I hove in the furnace has put jist the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off the *Flame* from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a by-stander who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler-room. "I've chosen a nice place to see the fun, near this infernal powder-barrel."

"Not so bad as if you were in it," coolly observed Ben as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! in what? in the boiler?"

"Cer*ting!* Don't folks sometimes go into bilers, manny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at once't: but wait till we get through this brush with the old *Flame* and I'll tell ye of a regular fixin scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it, as sure as my name's Ben Blower." . . .

"You have seen the *Flame* then afore, strannger? Six year ago, when new upon the river, she was a raal out and outer, I tell ye. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the *Go-liar*. You've heern, mahap, of the blow-up by which we lost it. They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fiz of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosened a biler-plate or two, and let out a thin spirting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the *Go-liar* took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages, and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenters' work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off jist as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we needn't do anything more jist now—we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airly, and we'd all come out *new*. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up everything, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet, and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'man-hole' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler), through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received

[1] The name "Missouri" is thus generally pronounced upon the western waters.

a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it the moment I recovered from this stunning effect, and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer I would have had all that man could desire; as it was, I slept, and slept soundly.

"I should mention though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farthest end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could bear to be shut up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather, much worse—men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to anything, yet so soft-like and contradictory in their natures that you might lead them anywhere so long as they didn't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world; and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out west. But I have seen folks upon this river—quiet-looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so teetotally *carankterankterous* that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, just out of spite, when told they *must* get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you and I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds, too, to tell that it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air in—why—why—he'd a *swounded* right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own it to no white man."

The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep. Yes, I slept; I know *that*, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap o' things afore I awoke: there is but one dream, however, that I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting-place through the night had been, as I have told you, at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open, and, what seems curious, rather than laughable, if you take it in connection with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening before that they now reached the whole length of the boiler, and extended through the opening.

"At first (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought, that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I felt the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbness gradually extended upward to other parts of my body. It seemed, however, that it was only the under side of my person that was thus strangely visited. I lay upon my back, and it must have been a species of nightmare that afflicted me, for I knew at last that I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse myself. A violent fit of coughing restored at last my powers of volition. The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed into my mouth; I awoke to hear the rapid strokes of the pump which was driving it into the boiler!

"My whole condition—no—not all of it—not yet—my *present* condition flashed with new horror upon me. But I did not again swoon. The choking sensation which had made me faint when I first discovered how I was entombed gave way to a livelier though less overpowering emotion. I shrieked even as I started from my slumber. The previous discovery of the closed aperture, with the instant oblivion that followed, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and

looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place—yes, looked for it, and felt for it, though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed—a second time brought home to me—which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have tenfold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shrieked again and again—imploringly—desperately—savagely. I filled the hollow chamber with my cries, till its iron walls seemed to tingle around me. The dull strokes of the accursed pump seemed only to mock at, while they deadened, my screams.

"At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave myself up, and then I grew calm!

"I was resigned to die—resigned even to my mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new after all, as to awaken unwonted horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels—beating themselves against the battened hatches—dragged down from the upper world shrieking, not for life, but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I *could* meet such a death. I said so—I thought so—I felt so—felt so, I mean, for a minute—or more; ten minutes it may have been—or but an instant of time. I know not, nor does it matter if I could compute it. There *was* a time, then, when I was resigned to my fate. But, Heaven! was I resigned to it in the shape in which next it came to appal? Stranger, I felt that water growing hot about my limbs, though it was yet mid-leg deep. I felt it, and in the same moment heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could get deep enough to drown one!

"You shudder. It was hideous. But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron floor, and lose my senses in that horrid agony of fear? No! though my brain swam and the life-blood that curdled at my heart seemed about to stagnate there for ever, still *I knew!* I was too hoarse—too hopeless—from my previous efforts, to cry out more. But I struck—feebly at first, and then strongly—frantically with my clenched fist against the sides of the boiler. There were people moving near who *must* hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustle of a rope—hear them all, within a few inches of me? I did; but the gurgling water that was growing hotter and hotter around my extremities made more noise within the steaming cauldron than did my frenzied blows against its sides.

"Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made me plash to and fro; lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something; it was a mallet!—a chance tool the smith had left there by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my first blows with it against the walls of my prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for a moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was fully crammed.

"Had I yet a hope? I had; but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death. Yes; when I thought of that furnace with its fresh-fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood—a more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet but a short time sooner—but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only expedient now left.

"It was this. I remembered having a marline-spike in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hinting at the consequences of thus using it, I had made an impression upon the sides of the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gushed through the aperture—would they see it? No; the jet could only play against a wooden partition which must hide the stream from view; it must trickle down upon the decks before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole to make that leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished, so hot had become that which remained; should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet? . . .

"Ah! there is a movement—voices—I hear them calling for a crowbar. The bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it! Good God! why do they not first dampen the fire? why do they call for the—the—

"Stranger, look at that finger: it can never

regain its natural size; but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member. *Sir, that hole would have been plugged up on the instant* unless *I had jammed my finger through!*

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it without—the shout to drown the fire—the first stroke of the cold-water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me out—but I—I remember nothing more till they brought a julep to my bedside arterwards, AND *that julep!*—"

"Cooling, was it?"

"STRANNGER!!!"

Ben turned away his head and wept—He could no more.

THE SHADOW.

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, on love's philosophy:
These three hours that we have spent
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produced;
But now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread,
And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows flow
From us and our cares; but now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree
Which is still diligent, lest others see;
Except our loves at this noon stay
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves and blind our eyes.
If your love's faint and westwardly decline,
To me, thou falsely thine,
And I to thee, mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day:
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

DR. JOHN DONNE.

A LOVER'S THOUGHT.

Thou wert the morning star amongst the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

PLATO, *translated by* SHELLEY.

"THESE THREE."[1]

[Isa Craig (Mrs. Knox), born in Edinburgh, 17th October, 1831. She obtained in 1859 the first prize for the best poem on the subject of Robert Burns. The poem was read by Mr. S. Phelps at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, to a vast audience collected to celebrate the centenary of the Scottish poet's birth. Since that date Mrs. Craig-Knox has produced various poems which have sustained the reputation she so suddenly achieved. *Duchess Agnes* is her chief poetical work. Much pathos and deep religious sentiment characterize many of her shorter poems. She has recently written an excellent *Little Folks' History of England.*]

No viewless angels by our side,
With wings, but women sweet and good;
"These Three," indeed, with us abide,
True types of womanhood.
Yea, I, in turn, have reached a hand
To each one of the blessed three,
In one fair group I've seen them stand—
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

My Faith hath misty hair,—and eyes,
You cannot fix their changing hue,
But all the world within them lies,
And all the soul looks through.
Her voice doth make divinely sweet
Each song of sorrow which she sings,
And saddest wisdom fills replete
With heavenly comfortings.

My Hope is ruddy with the flush
Of morning joy, that keeps its place,
Though day has darkened, and the rush
Of rain is on her face.
Her clear eyes look afar, as bent
On shining futures gathering in;
Nought seems too high for her intent,
Too hard for her to win.

My Love hath eyes as blue and clear
As clefts between the clouds of June,
A tender mouth whose smiles are near
To tears that gather soon.
Her best and loveliest she takes,
To light dark places;—wastes of life
She sows with precious seed that makes
All richest blessings rife.

Faith, when my soul in darkness dwells,
Shall sing her song throughout the night;
For each new effort life compels
Hope's clasp shall nerve with might.
Love shall divide each grief of mine,
Share every joy thus doubly given,
With each in turn life grows divine,
With all it tastes of heaven.

[1] From *Duchess Agnes*, &c. London: Strahan & Co.

THE CALTON HILL, EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh and its surrounding scenery have been celebrated by English and Scottish poets and prose writers; and their enthusiasm is acknowledged to be more than deserved by every one who gazes for the first time upon the site of the northern capital. The picturesque heights of Arthur Seat, the Castle Rock, and Calton Hill—which, according to Hugh Miller, once formed a group of islands covered by boreal vegetation—give the city a character that fully merits to-day as much as in Marmion's time the eulogy of Scott—

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When seated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston Bay, and Berwick Law;
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle-hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!'"

Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Thomas Campbell (in his fragment *The Queen of the North*) pay their tribute to the beauty and grandeur of the scene that may be witnessed from any of its eminences; and all appeal with pride to its historical associations.

At the beginning of the present century the Calton Hill was a solitary eminence distinguished only by the Observatory and the Bridewell. A walk, little frequented save by strangers, winded round the verge of the precipitous hill, and showed, in pleasing succession, a noble view of the Forth, with the mountains beyond it—of Leith and its shipping—of Musselburgh Bay and the fine eastern crescent of land, terminated so happily by North Berwick Law,—of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, with the towers of the old palace, and its huge quadrangular court, lying close under the eye of the spectator—of the massive and high-piled buildings of the Old Town, terminated by the castle, and backed by the blue range of the Pentland Hills,—and, finally, as the spectator returned towards the point from which he set out, he commanded a view of the New Town, with the turrets of the Register House and the grand arches of the North Bridge. The promenade was solitary, however, and little frequented until the daring spirit of modern improvement suggested the magnificent plan of leading the principal approach to Edinburgh from the eastward along the verge of this commanding eminence.

In 1815 the Calton Hill was rendered a thoroughfare by the formation of a road connecting the New Town directly with the eastern district of the country. A lofty bridge was thrown from the east end of Prince's Street to the western face of the hill; the corresponding road was cut, partly through primitive rocks, and partly through a burial-ground, which presented obstructions of a different, but not less difficult nature: there was also an immense hollow to be filled up. Nevertheless, the whole was in time perfected, so as to form one of the noblest approaches that any European city can boast of. Before this period the hill exhibited two solitary buildings of opposite enough character;—the Bridewell, which somebody compared to a Bastile, and a monument to Lord Nelson, for which there were more ungracious comparisons. But pure Grecian architecture was now beginning to be studied in its best models, and as this craggy hill seemed to offer sites equal to the Athenian Acropolis itself, various structures of that kind have been erected upon it. First appeared an Observatory, of simple but elegant design, situated towards the top on the north-west side of the hill. At the south-east angle of the court inclosing the Observatory, there has been erected a monument to Professor Playfair, who was chiefly instrumental in obtaining for Edinburgh the benefits of this scientific structure. The monument is a square mass surrounded with columns, and altogether formed in pure Grecian taste.

It was now suggested that a monument should be erected to the many Scottish officers who had fallen in the war of the French Revolution

—a monument alike worthy of those heroes, and of their grateful country. The design met at first with so much encouragement that its immediate promoters considered it as affording an opportunity of restoring, on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, the most beautiful of all the structures of Greece—the noble Parthenon itself. It was calculated that the work might be completed for £60,000, and for a time contributions were rendered with such liberality, not only in Scotland, but in every place where Scotsmen were to be found, that the strongest hopes were entertained of speedily obtaining the necessary sum. On the 27th of August, 1822, while King George the Fourth was in Edinburgh, the foundation-stone was laid, his majesty contributing, we believe, a thousand guineas towards the undertaking. Years passed on, and the design seemed in some danger of being neglected, when its managers unfortunately determined to commence the work with what money they had already collected, trusting that the appearance of the building, even in its first lineaments, would be the best means of drawing further contributions from the public. Twelve massive and beautiful columns, intended to form merely the support of the western pediment, were accordingly erected, at an expense of £13,000, and there the work stopped for want of funds. These twelve pillars of the National Monument form at least a noble ruin, situated on the crest of the hill.

The High School, erected on the lower part of the hill, is an institution of some antiquity (dating, we believe, from 1578); and its respectability as a seminary of classical instruction is coeval with the dignity of the city itself. When it is considered that many of the greatest men of the country have received the rudiments of their education at this school for the last two centuries, a sufficient idea must be formed of its pretensions to general consideration. The High School was formerly situated in an obscure and inconvenient part of the town. The present structure was commenced in 1825, and completed in 1829, part of the cost being contributed by individuals who had received their education at this seminary. The building was designed by Thomas Hamilton, architect, and is greatly admired as a work of art. Overlooking minor beauties, its charm decidedly lies in the bold mixture of light and shade produced in front. There is much also in the felicitous adaptation of the style to the situation, and something in the circumstance that the building is chiefly seen from a lower level than its base, which tends to give the advancing lines of the central pediment and wings a peculiarly airy effect. After the High School the Calton Hill was adorned further by the monuments of Dugald Stewart and his friend Robert Burns. The monument of Dugald Stewart is the elegant circular temple immediately above the western wing of the High School. It was erected in 1831, after a design by Mr. Playfair, and is somewhat after the manner of an Athenian building known as the Lantern of Demosthenes. In the open circle within the columns there is a simple cinerary vase. Burns' Monument was finished in 1832, being from a design by Mr. Hamilton. It occupies a capital situation on a lower shoulder of the hill, where it is strikingly conspicuous in all directions except towards the north. This monument is in the form of a circular Grecian temple. The building is lighted in an ingenious manner, and within it was placed for many years Flaxman's statue of the poet, which is now in the National Gallery.

Seen from almost any place around Edinburgh, the Observatory, the High School, the National and the other monuments, give the whole scenery a Grecian aspect, calculated to remind the spectator of the temple-crowned steeps of Achaia.

A POT OF GOOD ALE.[1]

AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the year eats neither partridge nor quaile,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast,
With a crust of brown bread and a pot of good ale.

And the good old clarke, whose sight waxeth dark,
And ever he thinks the print is too small,
He will see every letter, and say service better,
If he glaze but his eyes with a pot of good ale.

The poet divine that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times faile,
Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,
If he be but inspired with a pot of good ale.

[1] From *An Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661. Edited by Payne Collier.

THE ASTRONOMICAL ALDERMAN.

The pedant or scholastikos became
  The butt of all the Grecian jokes;—
With us, poor Paddy bears the blame
  Of blunders made by other folks;
Though we have certain civic sages
  Term'd Aldermen, who perpetrate
  Bulls as legitimate and great
As any that the classic pages
Of old Hierocles can show,
Or Mr. Miller's, commonly call'd Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
  When ridicule he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
  Meaning thereby, more *phool* than *nave*,
Though they who knew our cunning Thrase
Pronounced it flattery to say so.—
His civic brethren to express
  His "double double toil and trouble,"
And bustling noisy emptiness,
  Had christen'd him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining
Once at the Grocers' Hall, and lining
  With calipee and calipash
That tomb omnivorous—his paunch.
Then on the haunch
  Inflicting many a horrid gash,
When, having swallow'd six or seven
  Pounds, he fell into a mood
  Of such supreme beatitude,
That it reminded him of heaven,
And he began with mighty *bonhomie*
  To talk astronomy.
"Sir," he exclaim'd between his bumpers,
  "Copernicus and Tycho Brahe,
  And all those chaps have had their day;
They've written monstrous lies, sir,—thumpers!—
Move round the sun?—it's talking treason;
The earth stands still—it stands to reason.
Round as a globe?—stuff—humbug—fable!
It's a flat sphere, like this here table,
And the sun overhangs this sphere,
Ay—just like that there chandelier."

"But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun
From east to west his course has run,
How comes it that he shows his face
Next morning in his former place?"

"Ho! there's a pretty question truly!"
Replied our wight with an unruly
Burst of laughter and delight,
  So much his triumph seem'd to please him;
"Why, blockhead, he goes back at night,
  And that's the reason no one sees him."

HORACE SMITH.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

——For thee are spun
Around our heart such tender ties
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun. WORDSWORTH.

Come near to me, my gentle girl,
And share a father's parting sorrow,
And weep with me those tears to-day
Nor thou nor I may weep to-morrow.

Come lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing;
For another day and far away
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing:

The wind blows fairly for the sea;—
The white waves round thy bark are swelling,
Thy lover sighs for the moon to rise,
And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen.

Yet closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear
That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

Come gaze on me, thou darling child,
My fairest and my fondest cherished,
That I may trace in thy placid face
Thy mother's beauty ere she perished.

And let me hear thy mother's song
Yet once more from thy sweet lip swelling,
And none again shall sing that strain,
The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say that when between us lie
Wide lands and many a mountain billow,
Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,
And think in prayer of his aged pillow.

For my head is white with winter snow,
No earthly sun away may carry,
Until I come to my waiting home,—
The last home where the aged tarry.

Then lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing,
For another day and far away
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

Ay,—closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear
That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

MISS JEWSBURY.[1]

[1] "Phantasmagoria."

GETTING ON.[1]

[**Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd, D.D.,** born at Auchinleck, Ayrshire, November, 1825; educated at the university of Glasgow, and in 1851 appointed by the crown to the ministry of St. Andrews (Scotland) Although actively employed in parochial duties, he found time to contribute to *Fraser's Magazine*, under the signature A. K. H. B., a series of papers which have placed their author amongst the foremost of modern essayists. His essays are distinguished by a simple earnestness which is often eloquent, always attractive and impressive. He can "counsel and charm," as he says of the author of *Friends in Council;* and his works are deservedly popular here and in England. An excellent edition of his essays in thirteen volumes has been recently issued by Longmans. *Recreations of a Country Parson, The Commonplace Philosopher, The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson, Leisure Hours in Town, Lessons of Middle Age, Counsel and Comfort from a City Pulpit,* and *Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths* are the titles of his chief works.]

It is interesting to look at the various arts and devices by which men have Got On. Judicious puffing is a great thing. But it must be very judicious. Some people irritate one by their constant stories as to their own great doings. I have known people who had really done considerable things, yet who did not get the credit they deserved, just because they were given to vapouring of what they had done. It is much better to have friends and relatives to puff you, to record what a splendid fellow you are, and what wonderful events have befallen you. Even here, if you become known as one of a set who puff each other, your laudations will do harm instead of good. It is a grand thing to have relations and friends who have the power to actually confer material success. Who would not wish to be DOWB, that so he might be "taken care of?" You have known men at the bar, to whom some powerful relative gave a tremendous lift at starting in their profession. Of course this would in some cases only make their failure more apparent, unless they were really equal to the work to which they were set. There is a cry against Nepotism. It will not be shared in by the *Nepotes.* It must be a fine thing to be one of them. Unhappily, they must always be a very small minority; and thus the cry against them will be the voice of a great majority. I cannot but observe that the names of men who hold canonries at cathedrals, and other valuable preferments in the church, are frequently the same as the name of the bishop of the diocese. I do not complain of that. It is the plain intention of Providence that the children should suffer for their fathers' sins, and gain by their fathers' rise. It is utterly impossible to start all human beings for the race of life on equal terms. It is utterly impossible to bring all men up to a rope stretched across the course, and make all start fair. If a man be a drunken blackguard, or a heartless fool, his children *must* suffer for it, *must* start at a disadvantage. No human power can prevent *that.* And on the other hand, if a man be industrious and able, and rise to great eminence, his children gain by all this. Robert Stephenson had a splendid start, because old George his father got on so nobly. Lord Stanley entered political life at an immense advantage, because he was Lord Derby's son. And if any reader of this page had some valuable office to give away, and had a son, brother, or nephew who deserved it as well as anybody else, and who he could easily think deserved it a great deal better than anybody else, I have little doubt that the reader would give that valuable office to the son, brother, or nephew. I have known, indeed, magnanimous men who acted otherwise; who in exercising abundant patronage suffered no nepotism. It was a positive disadvantage to be related to these men; they would not give their relatives ordinary justice. The fact of your being connected with them made it tolerably sure that you would never get anything they had to give. All honour to such men! Yet they surpass average humanity so far, that I do not severely blame those who act on lower motives. I do not find much fault with a certain bishop who taught me theology in my youth, because I see that he has made his son a canon in his cathedral. I notice, without indignation, that the individual who holds the easy and lucrative office of associate in certain courts of law bears the same name with the chief-justice. You have heard how Lord Ellenborough was once out riding on horseback, when word was brought him of the death of a man who held a sinecure office with a revenue of some thousands a year. Lord Ellenborough had the right of appointment to that office. He instantly resolved to appoint his son. But the thought struck him that he might die before reaching home; he might fall from his horse, or the like. And so the eminent judge took from his pocket a piece of paper and a pencil, and then and there wrote upon his saddle a formal appointment of his son to that wealthy place. And as

[1] From *The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country.* By the author of *The Recreations of a Country Parson, &c.* London: Longmans & Co.

it was a place which notoriously was to be given, not to a man who should deserve it, but merely to a man who might be lucky enough to get it, I do not know that Lord Ellenborough deserved to be greatly blamed. In any case, his son, as he quarterly pocketed the large payment for doing nothing, would doubtless hold the blame of mankind as of very little account.

But whether you Get On by having friends who cry you up, or by having friends who can materially advance you, of course it is your luck to have such friends. We all know that it is "the accident of an accident" that makes a man succeed to a peerage or an estate. And though trumpeting be a great fact and power, still your luck comes in to say whether the trumpet shall in your case be successful. One man, by judicious puffing, gets a great name; another, equally deserving, and apparently in exactly the same circumstances, fails to get it. No doubt the dog who gets an ill name, even if he deserves the ill name, deserves it no more than various other sad dogs who pass scot free. Over all events, all means and ends in this world, there rules God's inscrutable sovereignty. And to our view, that direction appears quite arbitrary. "One shall be taken, and the other left." "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated." "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" A sarcastic London periodical lately declared that the way to attain eminence in a certain walk of life was to "combine mediocrity of talent with family affliction." And it is possible that instances might be indicated in which that combination led to very considerable position. But there are many more cases in which the two things co-existed in a very high degree without leading to any advancement whatsoever. It is all luck again.

A way in which small men sometimes Get On is by finding ways to be helpful to bigger men. Those bigger men have occasional opportunities of helping those who have been helpful to them. If you yourself, or some near relation of yours, yield effectual support to a candidate at a keenly contested county election, you may possibly be repaid by influence in your favour brought to bear upon the government of the day. From a bishopric down to a beadleship I have known such means serve valuable ends. It is a great thing to have any link, however humble, and however remote, that connects you with a secretary of state, or any member of the administration. Political tergiversation is a great thing. Judicious ratting, at a critical period, will generally secure some one considerable reward. In a conservative institution to stand almost alone in professing very liberal opinions, or in a liberal institution to stand almost alone in professing conservative opinions, will probably cause you to Get On. The leaders of parties are likely to reward those who among the faithless are faithful to them, and who hold by them under difficulties. Still, luck comes in here. While some will attain great rewards by professing opinions very inconsistent with their position, others by doing the same things merely bring themselves into universal ridicule and contempt. It is a powerful thing to have abundant impudence, to be quite ready to ask for whatever you want. Worthier men wait till their merits are found out: you don't. You may possibly get what you ask, and then you may snap your fingers in the face of the worthier man. By a skilful dodge A got something which ought to have come to B. Still A can drive in dignity past B, covering him with mud from his chariot-wheels. There was a man in the last century who was made a bishop by George III. for having published a poem on the death of George II. That poem declared that George II. was removed by Providence to heaven because he was too good for this world. You know what kind of man George II. was: you know whether even Bishop Porteus could possibly have thought he was speaking the truth in publishing that most despicable piece of toadyism. Yet Bishop Porteus was really a good man, and died in the odour of sanctity. He was merely a little yielding. Honesty would have stood in the way of his Getting On; and so honesty had to make way for the time. Many people know that a certain bishop was to have been made Archbishop of Canterbury, but that he threw away his chance by an act of injudicious honesty. On one occasion he opposed the court, under very strong conscientious convictions of duty. If he had just sat still, and refrained from bearing testimony to what he held for truth, he would have Got On much farther than he ever did. I am very sure the good man never regretted that he had acted honestly.

Judicious obscurity is often a reason for advancing a man. You know nothing to his prejudice. Eminent men have always some enemies: there are those who will secretly hate them just because they are eminent: and no one can say how or when the most insignificant enemy may have an opportunity to put a spoke in the wheel, and upset the coach in which an eminent man is advancing to what would have crowned his life. While nothing can be more

certain than that if you know nothing at all about a man you know no harm of him. There are many people who will oppose a man seeking for any end just because they know him. They don't care about a total stranger gaining the thing desired; but they cannot bear that any one they know should reach it. They cannot make up their mind to *that*. You remember a curious fact brought out by Cardinal Wiseman in his *Lives of the Last Four Popes*. There are certain European kings who have the right to veto a pope. Though the choice of the conclave fall on him, these kings can step in and say, No. They are called to give no reason. They merely say, Whoever is to be pope, it shall not be that man. And the cardinal shows us that as surely as any man seems likely to be elected pope who has ever been Papal ambassador at the court of any of those kings, so surely does the king at whose court he was veto him! In short, the king is a man; and he cannot bear that any one he knows should be raised to the mystical dignity of the Papacy. But the monarch has no objection to the election of a man whom he knows nothing about. And as the more eminent cardinals are sure to have become known, more or less intimately, to all the kings who have the right to veto, the man elected pope is generally a very obscure and insignificant cardinal. Then there is a pleasant feeling of superiority and patronage in advancing a small man, a man smaller than yourself. You may have known men who were a good deal consulted as to the filling up of vacant offices in their own profession who made it their rule strongly to recommend men whose talent was that of decent mediocrity, and never to mention men of really shining ability. And if you suggest to them the names of two or three persons of very high qualifications as suitable to fill the vacant place, you will find the most vigorous methods instantly employed to make sure that, whoever may be successful, it shall not be one of these. "Oh, *he* would never do!"

It is worth remembering, as further proof how little you can count on any means certainly conducing to the end of Getting On, that the most opposite courses of conduct have led men to great success. To be the toady of a great man is a familiar art of self-advancement: there once was a person who by doing extremely dirty work for a notorious peer attained a considerable place in the government of this country. But it is a question of luck after all. Sometimes it has been the making of a man to insult a duke, or to bully a chief-justice. It made him a popular favourite; it enlisted general sympathy on his side; it gained him credit for nerve and courage. But public feeling, and the feeling of the dispensers of patronage in all walks of life oscillates so much, that at different times the most contradictory qualities may commend a man for preferment. You may have known a man who was much favoured by those in power though he was an extremely outspoken, injudicious, and almost reckless person. It is only at rare intervals that such a man finds favour: a grave, steady, and reliable man, who will never say or do anything outrageous, is for the most part preferred. And now and then you may find a highly cultivated congregation, wearied by having had for its minister for many years a remarkably correct and judicious though tiresome preacher, making choice for his successor of a brilliant and startling orator, very deficient in taste and sense. A man's luck, in all these cases, will appear, if it bring him into notice just at the time when his special characteristics are held in most estimation. If for some specific purpose you desire to have a horse which has only three legs, it is plain that if two horses present themselves for your choice, one with three legs and the other with four, you will select and prefer the animal with three. It will be the best, so far as concerns you. And its good luck will appear in this, that it has come to your notice just when your liking happened to be a somewhat peculiar one. In like manner you may find people say, In filling up this place at the present time we don't want a clever man, or a well-informed man, or an accomplished and presentable man: we want a meek man, a humble man, a man who will take snubbing freely, a rough man, a man like ourselves. And I have known many cases, in which, of several competitors, one was selected just for the possession of qualities which testified his inferiority to the others. But then, in this case, that which was absolutely the worst was the best for the particular case. The people *wanted* a horse with three legs: and when such an animal presented itself, they very naturally preferred him to the other horses which had four legs. The horses with four legs naturally complained of the choice, and thought themselves badly used when the screw was taken in preference. They were wrong. There are places for which a rough man is better than a smooth one, a dirty man than a clean one, in the judgment (that is) of the people who have the filling up of the place. I certainly think their judgment

is wrong. But it *is* their judgment, and of course they act upon it.

As regards the attainment of very great and unusual wealth by business or the like, it is very plain how much there is of luck. A certain degree of business talent is of course necessary in the man who rises in a few years from nothing to enormous wealth: but it is Providence that says who shall draw the great prize; for other men with just as much ability and industry entirely fail. Talent and industry in business may make sure, unless in very extraordinary circumstances, of decent success: but Providence fixes who shall make four hundred thousand a year. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding—that is, their riches are not necessarily in proportion to their understanding. Trickery and cheating, not crossed by ill luck, may gain great wealth. I shall not name several instances which will occur to every one. But I suppose, my friend, that you and I would cut off our right hand before we should Get On in worldly wealth by such means as these. You must make up your mind, however, that you will not be envious when you see the fine house, and the horses and carriages of some successful trickster. All this indeed might have been had, but *you* would not have it at the price. That worldly success is a great deal too dear which is to be gained only by sullying your integrity. And I gladly believe that I know many men whom no material bribe would tempt to what is mean or dishonest.

There is something curious in the feeling which many people cherish towards an acquaintance who becomes a successful man. Getting On gives some people mortal offence. To them success is an unpardonable crime. They absolutely hate the man that Gets On. Timon, you remember, lost the affection of those who knew him when he was ruined: but depend upon it, there are those who would have hated Timon much worse had he suddenly met some great piece of good fortune. I have already said that these envious and malicious people can better bear the success of a man whom they do not know. They cannot stand it when an old school-companion shoots ahead. They cannot stand it when a man in their own profession attains to eminence. They diligently thwart such an one's plans, and then chuckle over their failure, saying, with looks of deadly malice, "Ah, this will do him a great deal of good!"

But now, my reader, I am about to stop. Let me briefly sum up my philosophy of Getting On. It is this: A wise man in this world will not set his heart on Getting On, and will not push very much to Get On. He will do his best, and humbly take, with thankfulness, what the hand above sends him. It is not worth while to push. The whole machinery that tends to earthly success is so capricious and uncertain in its action, that no man can count upon it, and no wise man will. A chance word, a look, the turning of a straw, may make your success or mar it. A man meets you on the street, and says, Who is the person for such a place, great or small: you suddenly think of somebody, and say, He is your man: and the thing is settled. A hundred poor fellows are disappointed. You did not know about them, or their names did not occur to you. You put your hand into a hat, and drew out a name. You stuck a hook into your memory, and this name came out. And *that* has made the man's fortune. And the upshot of the whole matter is, that such an infinitude of little fortuitous circumstances may either further or prevent our Getting On: the whole game is so complicated, that the right and happy course is humbly to do your duty and leave the issue with God. Let me say it again: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!" It is not worth while. All your seeking will not make you sure of getting them: the only things you will make sure of will be fever and toil and suspense. We shall not push, or scheme, or dodge for worldly success. We shall succeed exactly as well; and we shall save ourselves much that is wearisome and degrading. Let us trust in God, my friend, and do right, and we shall Get On as much as he thinks good for us. And it is not the greatest thing to Get On—I mean, to Get On in matters that begin and end upon this world. There is a progress in which we are sure of success if we earnestly aim at it, which is the best Getting On of all. Let us "grow in grace." Let us try, by God's aid, to grow better, kinder, humbler, more patient, more earnest to do good to all. If the germ of the better life be implanted in us by the blessed Spirit, and tended by him day by day; if we trust our Saviour and love our God, then our whole existence, here and hereafter, will be a glorious progress from good to better. We shall always be Getting On.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many:
But yet she never gave enough to any.

THE FATAL WHISPER.

A whisper stole upon the air,
  A vague, uncertain sound;
Loosely it floated here and there,
  Sailing and circling round,
Like those light spider-threads that stray
About on a calm summer's day.

Wherever two or three were met,
  It, eddying, near them drew;
And then, as if in motion set
  By their lips' breath, it flew
Away to others, that like these
Caught it, and sent it with the breeze.

And thus it sailed and circled on,
  A faint and formless thing;
Yet many felt when it was gone
  It left a trailing sting;
Such as the swimmer feels when he
Meets the medusa in the sea.

At length it lighted!—round the frame
  Of a strong man it coiled:
His eyes, they flashed into a flame,
  His bosom heaved and boiled;
His heart was seized with piercing pains,
His blood was poisoned in his veins.

Against this subtle foe he fought,
  But fought without avail;
Its nature and its source he sought,
  But only sought to fail:
Though many knew, yet none would speak,
To tell him where he was to seek.

Could he but trace from whence it came,
  He there might find its cure;
A breath, a hint, a word, a name,
  Might health and hope insure;
But name, or word, or hint, or breath
Comes not to shield his soul from death.

His spirits droop, his strength departs,
  His flesh falls off his bones;
Awake, he stammers and he starts,
  And in his sleep he moans:
He shuns the crowd; and, as he walks
Alone, unto himself he talks.

At last he sinks upon his bed,
  Never to rise again;
One thought runs through his weary head,
  And racks his wandering brain:
That Whisper faint, that vagrant sound,
Has brought the strong man to the ground!

The slander of a silly tongue
  Broke down a spirit brave;
Its poisoned folds around him clung,
  And dragged him to the grave:
While those who could have saved stood by,
And saw him perish by a lie!

Rev. Dr. M'Gillivray.

INSCRIPTION

IN A BEAUTIFUL RETREAT CALLED FAIRY BOWER.

Airy spirits, you who love
Cooling bow'r, or shady grove;
Streams that murmur as they flow,
Zephyrs bland that softly blow:

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn nightingale;
Hither, airy spirits, come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noontide shade,
Hither, sylphs and fairies, fly,
Unobserv'd of earthly eye.

Come, and wander ev'ry night,
By the moonbeam's glimm'ring light,
And again at early day
Brush the silver dews away.

Mark where first the daisies blow,
Where the bluest violets grow:
Where the sweetest linnet sings,
Where the earliest cowslip springs.

Come, and mark within what bush
Builds the blackbird or the thrush;
Great his joy who first espies,
Greater his who spares the prize!

Come, and walk the hallow'd bow'r,
Chase the insect from the flow'r;
Little offices like these
Gentle souls and fairies please.

Mortals! form'd of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or, if you should dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, fashion's fool,
Mad ambition's restless tool,
Slave of passion, slave of pow'r,
Fly, ah, fly! this tranquil bow'r!

Son of av'rice, soul of frost,
Wretch! of Heav'n abhorr'd the most,
Learn to pity others' wants,
Or avoid these hallow'd haunts.

Eye unconscious of a tear,
When affliction's train appear;
Heart that never heav'd a sigh
For another, come not nigh.

But ye darling sons of heav'n,
Giving freely what was giv'n;
You, whose lib'ral hands dispense
The blessings of benevolence;

You, who wipe the tearful eye;
You, who stop the rising sigh;
You, whose souls have understood
The luxury of doing good—

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my bow'r to you;
You these mossy banks may press;
You, each guardian fay shall bless.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

THE LIFE OF A NATURALIST.[1]

The adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded, in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever-interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the West, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and re-commences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout afford him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to the retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and as the widgeon or blue-winged teal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene; his repast is finished, and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good-night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and closing his eyes soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

[1] From *Ornithological Biography*.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry-bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Clover catch-fly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou cans't outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

R. WALDO EMERSON.

FAMOUS PRISONERS.

CASANOVA.

Among the most noteworthy and conspicuous personages of the eighteenth century, a man that might be called a fine bird if fine feathers make one, was the Signor Giovanni Giacomo Casanova di Seingault. Arrayed in the richest garments of the picturesque period and country in which he lived, garments that were never paid for, Casanova went from court to court of Europe, delighting everybody with his airy bravado and his graceful insolence, winning the hearts of the women and borrowing the money of the men, until there remained for him no longer a theatre for the practice of his arts and the display of his attractions. In biographical writings he is mentioned as the Don Juan of his time; but the Don Juan of the dramatic or the lyric stage was a modest and retiring person in comparison with the Venetian adventurer. He went to visit Voltaire at Ferney, and Frederick the Great at Sans Souci; he saw, but does not seem to have fascinated, Catherine II. at St. Petersburg, and gained some favour with Pope Benedict XIV. at Rome; he met George III. and the Chevalier d'Eon in London, and encountered Cagliostro at Aix—Cagliostro, who, alone of all his contemporaries, was altogether as accomplished and magnificent a charlatan and beggar as himself. From his social triumphs in such illustrious company. Casanova came down often to most ignoble straits, and was forced to sorry expedients, for so great a man, to make a living.

Perhaps the most respectable position he ever occupied, until the lettered close of his remarkable career, was as a member of the orchestra, in 1745, of the theatre of San Samuele in Venice. Here he played for some time, in one of his intervals of impecuniosity, until he could refit his wardrobe and organize his plans for another campaign. Such scamps rarely come to a good end, and yet the last twelve years of Casanova's life were spent in creditable—nay, honourable employment, as the librarian of Count Waldstein of Bohemia, in whose well-stored alcoves he wrote the *History of Poland*, and prepared a translation of the *Iliad*.

At daybreak on the morning of the 26th July, 1755, when Casanova was living as a man of fashion in Venice, the grand-master, acting under the orders of the much-dreaded council of ten, entered his chamber and bade him instantly rise, dress himself, gather up all his manuscripts, and follow where he, the grand-master, should lead.

Upon questioning his authority and receiving for answer that it was on the part of the tribunal—a word which almost turned Casanova into stone—that the arrest was made, our fine gentleman put on a laced shirt, and his best habit, and otherwise obeyed. They got into a gondola and were carried to the house of the grand-master, from which Casanova was presently conveyed along the Grand Canal to the quay of the prisons, where, disembarking with the guard, he was made to enter a building, ascend several flights of stairs, traverse a gallery, and cross the canal, to another building opposite, by a bridge. It was the Bridge of Sighs.

On his way Casanova passed through the very hall of the council, and arriving upon the floor above it was confined in a small cell communicating with a great garret, where, with other prisoners, he was allowed at stated times to walk. It was that part of the prison which was known by the descriptive and memorable title of "Under the Leads."

It need hardly be said that with so fertile a mind and irrepressible a spirit as he possessed, Casanova entertained, from the very moment of his incarceration, the idea of escape. Fortune favoured him at the start. In wandering about the old garret he found an iron bolt, of the thickness of an ordinary walking-cane, and twenty inches in length, which he sharpened upon a piece of loose marble from the walls, into a sort of pike. With this he undertook to cut his way through the floor, which was of three thicknesses, into the apartment below.

It was a work of great difficulty. Fearing that the hole to be made under his bed would be discovered by the servants when they came to sweep his cell, he feigned a cough, and by a cut upon the finger stained his handkerchief with blood to corroborate his assertion of hemorrhage produced by the dust. In this way he obtained an exemption from the sweeping of the cells, and went to work with a will. It was only at night that he could proceed without fear of disturbance. and to work at night a lamp was indispensable. With a saucepan, the Lucca oil given him for his salad, and cotton wicks from the lining of his doublet, he improvised a lamp. But how to light it? Casanova was affected at times with an eruption upon his arm, and he brought it into immediate requisition for getting from the prison surgeon some flowers of sulphur. Then, under pretext of wishing a pumice-stone for

alleviating toothache by rubbing, he prevailed upon the keeper Laurent to give him instead a piece of flint, with which, and the steel buckle of his belt, he was able to produce a flame.

Thus provided, he went on cutting deeper and deeper into the floor, until he had almost reached the under surface, and he was able to fix upon the eve of the fete of St. Augustine, the 27th of August, as the time for his flight. But on the 25th a sad misfortune befel him. Laurent came suddenly into his cell, and informed him that he was to be immediately transferred to another cell. Casanova was in a measure consoled for the unhappy conclusion of his plan of escape in seeing that his arm-chair, in the bottom of which was concealed his iron pike, was to be taken to his new place of confinement.

Two hours after, Laurent, having discovered the opening in the floor of the cell just left vacant, broke in upon his prisoner with the bitterest taunts, demanding to know who it was that had supplied him with the tools with which he had cut through the planks. Casanova startled Laurent by the declaration that he himself had furnished all the materials requisite for the work, and promised to reveal everything in the presence of a secretary—an offer which the frightened jailer was prompt to decline, since a revelation of this sort might have caused him to be hanged for his carelessness.

Laurent was therefore to some extent in Casanova's power, and the latter, profiting by this advantage, and furthermore cajoling the jailer by presents of money to his wife, obtained many little favours, such as the loan of books belonging to other prisoners. By means of one of these books he conducted a correspondence with two gentlemen, Marin Balbi, a Venetian noble and monk, and the Count Andre Asquin, who were confined in the room immediately over his head. Their notes were secreted in the pocket formed between the parchment at the back and the body of the volume, and Casanova was even adroit enough to send his iron pike to Balbi in this way, by inducing Laurent to carry a pie to the monk in a dish which was placed upon the volume spread open in the middle, and used as a waiter.

Balbi, armed with the pike, began at once to cut into the floor by way of establishing a communication with the cell of Casanova, and was making excellent progress, when a fellow-prisoner was introduced into this latter apartment.

The new-comer was an ill-looking wretch, whose wife was the daughter of a secretary of the council, and had himself served as a spy in the employment of the grand-master, so that it was necessary to act towards him with great circumspection. Casanova worked upon his fears and his superstition, inducing him to believe that upon a certain night—the time agreed upon between Balbi and himself for effecting their escape—a messenger from Heaven would descend to deliver them from the prison. At length the night arrived, the monk overhead pierced the ceiling, and Casanova ascended to the next floor, taking with him his companion, who was in a condition of abject terror.

At the last moment, when an opening had been easily effected from the upper cell, directly under the leads, to the roof, the courage of the Count Andre Asquin failed him, and Casanova and Balbi, leaving also behind them the trembling ex-spy, made their way to the top of the building, armed with an iron pike and carrying long ropes, made of strips of clothing, with which they hoped to effect a descent to the ground. The roof was steep, and rendered slippery by a dense mist; the moon had gone down; far below them lay Venice, and as they crawled to the ridge pole, it was at the momentary risk of sliding off and being dashed to pieces against the pavement.

After vainly endeavouring to find some bolt or beam to which he might attach their cords, Casanova went on a voyage of exploration around the roof, peering across the blackness of the intervening space at the clock-tower of St. Mark's, which rose darkly above them, but finding no way by which they could get down from their dizzy elevation. When the effort seemed almost hopeless a garret window was discovered at an apparently inaccessible point below them. By means of a ladder left upon the roof, very perilously adjusted by them, the monk and the chevalier managed to gain an entrance by the window into the garret, from which they made their way, little by little, to the lower apartments, passing through the grand audience gallery, and at last, in the early morning, when the janitor came to open the building, walking leisurely down the grand staircase, unquestioned, into the open air.

Casanova met with many adventures on his way to the frontier (passing one night under the hospitable roof of a high officer of the police, who had left home in search of him), but at length gaining a place of safety without the jurisdiction of Venice, whence he went not

long afterwards to Paris, and recounted his hair-breadth 'scapes with great *eclat* in the drawing-rooms of that wonder-loving capital.

BARON TRENCK.

Frederick Baron Trenck was the son of a high officer in the Prussian army, and cousin-german of the famous Trenck, colonel of Pandours in the service of Maria Theresa. At the age of eighteen the baron became an officer of the body-guard of Frederick II., and was greatly in favour with that sovereign. Young, handsome, of approved courage, he had many enemies, among whom, unfortunately, he had soon to number the king himself. One reason that was given for the change in the royal disposition towards Trenck was that he had made himself acceptable in the eyes of the Princess Amelia, the king's sister. Carlyle altogether discredits this *affaire du cœur;* and, indeed, throughout his life of Frederick II., mentions Trenck only in most contemptuous Carlylese, as a fraud, a babbling, conceited, empty fellow, who had not quite got his deserts. Whatever may have been the cause of Frederick's dislike, it is certain that it was manifested in a very decided way.

An imprudent correspondence with his cousin, the Austrian, was made the pretext of his earliest imprisonment in the castle of Glatz. Trenck, who could not conceive that a man of his rank and distinction should remain long in duress, wrote a somewhat bold letter to the king, demanding to be tried by a military tribunal. Frederick did not respond, and Trenck, seeing that his place in the royal body-guard had been given to another, after peace had been concluded, began to meditate upon escape.

His first attempt ended quickly in mortifying failure. He had won over many of the guards of the castle by a liberal use of money, with which he was abundantly supplied. Two of them agreed to aid him and accompany him in his flight, but the three most imprudently desired to carry off with them an officer who had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the same fortress.

When all their preparations had been made, this scoundrel, whom Trenck had loaded with favours, betrayed them, and received his pardon as the price of his perfidy. One of the officers was warned in time to save himself, and the other got off with a year's confinement, by dint of Trenck's money. As for the baron himself, from this day forward he was more narrowly guarded. But years afterwards the villain who had sold them, meeting Trenck at Warsaw, received the chastisement he deserved, and, desiring satisfaction with weapons, was left dead on the spot.

The king was greatly irritated at the discovery of this plot, which seemed to him to confirm the imputations against the prisoner. Solicited a short time before by Trenck's mother to set her son at liberty, he had replied in terms that gave her reason to hope for his pardon after a year spent in prison. But Trenck had not been advised of this, and his more rigorous treatment drove him to fresh efforts to gain his freedom; efforts which the good nature or the well-paid complicity of his keepers greatly favoured.

Our hero's second attempt covered him at once with mud and ridicule. He was confined in a tower looking out upon the town.

By making a saw of a pocket-knife the baron was enabled to cut through three bars of his window-grating. An officer then procured him a file, with which he severed five more. Then, with a rope made of strips of leather cut from his portmanteau and of the coverlet of his bed, he slid down without accident to the ground. The night was dark and rainy, and all things favoured the fugitive. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself in a sewer, which he was compelled to cross in order to reach the town, and there the luckless baron floundered, being neither able to advance nor to retire, and was at last fain to call upon the sentinel to extricate him.

Eight days only had elapsed after this most absurd and unfortunate adventure, when Trenck, with unparalleled audacity, had nearly gained his liberty in a way wholly unpremeditated. The commandant of the castle made him a visit of inspection, and improved the opportunity of giving this desperate young fellow a lecture on his frequent attempts at escape, by which he said his crime had been seriously aggravated in the king's estimation.

The baron fired up at the word crime, and demanded to know for how long a term he had been consigned to the fortress. The commandant replied that an officer who had been detected in a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country could never expect the pardon of the king. The hilt of the commandant's sword was within easy and tempting grasp; there were only a sentinel and an officer of the guard in attendance; it seemed a golden moment; Trenck seized it, in seizing the sword, rushing rapidly from the room, hurling the

sentinel and the officer down the stairs, and cutting his way out of the building.

He leaped the first rampart and fell upon his feet in the fosse; he leaped the second rampart, a yet more daring and perilous venture, and again fell upon his feet, without so much as losing hold of the major's sword. There was not time for the garrison to load a piece, and no one was disposed to pursue the baron along the steep way he had chosen. It was a considerable detour from the interior of the castle to the outer rampart, and Trenck would have had a good half-hour's start of his pursuers had fortune, so far propitious, continued to favour him. A sentry with a fixed bayonet opposed him in a narrow passage; the baron cut him down.

Another sentry ran after him; Trenck attempted to jump over a palisade, but caught his foot between two of the timbers beyond all hope of extrication, seeing that the unreasonable sentry held on to it with dogged persistence until aid arrived, and thus our hopeful runaway was carried back to the castle and put under stricter surveillance than ever.

Lieutenant Bach, who every four days mounted guard near him, was a very quarrelsome fellow, and was always challenging and slashing his comrades. One day this terrible man, seated on Trenck's bed, was recounting to him how he had pinked Lieutenant Schell the evening before, when Trenck said to him:

"If I were not a prisoner, you should not wound me with impunity, for I know how to handle a sword myself."

Bach immediately had foils brought, and Trenck touched him on the chest. He left the room in a fury without saying a word, and presently came back with cavalry sabres, offering one of which to Trenck, he said:

"Now, my hectoring blade, we shall see what you can do."

The baron protested against it; Bach insisted; they fought, and the baron gave Bach a wound in the right arm. Throwing aside his sabre, the disabled man instantly embraced Trenck, crying out:

"You are my master, friend Trenck; you shall have your liberty as sure as my name is Bach."

Talking the matter over with him afterwards, he told the baron that it would be impossible for him to get away safely unless the officer of the guard went with him; that for himself he was ready to make any sacrifice for him short of his honour, and that to desert, being on guard, would be dishonourable. But he promised him every assistance, and the next day he brought to him Lieutenant Schell, saying, "Here's your man." Schell vowed perfect devotion, and the two immediately began to concert measures for getting off.

Their project was precipitated in consequence of Schell's having discovered that he had been betrayed to the commandant. A fellow-officer, Lieutenant Schroeder, gave him the intelligence in full time for him to have saved himself, and even offered to accompany him; but Schell, faithful to Trenck, refused to abandon him. Unwilling to risk an arrest by delay, however, he went at once to Trenck's room, carrying him a sabre, and said to him:

"My friend, we are betrayed; follow me, and do not permit my enemies to take me alive." Trenck tried to speak, but he seized his hand, repeating, "Follow me, we have not a moment to lose."

Schell passed the sentinel with Trenck, saying to that soldier, "Remain here; I am to take your prisoner to the officers' quarters." They went rapidly in that direction, but suddenly turned off in quite the opposite one, hoping to pass under the arsenal as far as the outer work, and then leap the palisades; but meeting two officers, they were compelled to jump from the parapet, which at that point was not very high. Trenck alighted with only a scratch of the shoulder. Schell was less fortunate, and sprained his ankle.

Upon gaining the country the two fugitives were in a wretched case indeed. There was a thick fog and a frosty air; the ground was covered with a deep snow crusted over with ice. Schell soon began to experience great pain, and already they heard behind them the alarm-gun of the castle, and knew that the stir of pursuit was going on. Trenck managed to carry or drag his companion along, and swam with him across the freezing river Neisse, where, for a short distance, it was out of ford, and then for many weary hours they wandered in the cold and darkness, until morning found them on the verge of perishing from hunger and the frost.

There was no help for it but to apply at the nearest farm-house for food and some means of transportation. Accordingly, they invented a story that Trenck, whose hands Schell tied behind him, and who had smeared his face with blood, was a culprit Schell desired to take without delay to the nearest justice. He had killed Schell's horse, so the lieutenant's fiction ran, and caused him to sprain his ankle, notwithstanding which Schell had given him some

sabre cuts, disabling him, and had succeeded in pinioning him, and now what he wanted was a vehicle to convey them to town. The story Schell told with great gravity to two peasants at the door of their house, when the elder of them, a man advanced in years, called the lieutenant by name, informing him that they were well known for deserters, as an officer, the evening previous, had been at the house of a farmer near by, and had given their names and a description of the clothes they wore, narrating, at the same time, all the circumstances of their flight.

But the old peasant, who had known Schell from having seen him often at the village when he was there in garrison, and who besides had a son in the lieutenant's company, had no thought of informing upon them, and though he begged hard for his horses, he yet permitted the runaways to take two from the stable.

And now behold them mounted upon frantic steeds, bareback, without their hats, which they had lost in leaving the castle, and flying across the country at full speed. Their garments, their bare heads, their whole appearance told what they were; but it was Christmas Day, and the inhabitants were all at church as they galloped along through the villages, and thus they escaped observation.

On the very confines of Bohemia they ran a narrow risk of capture by a corps of hussars stationed upon the frontier; but a friendly brother officer, recognizing Schell, warned him of their danger, and they turned off upon another road. It was not long before they passed the boundary, and Trenck was at last free. His courage and resolution had at last been rewarded.

But the baron was far from being a happy man. Pursued by the vengeance of Frederick, and sorely beset by Prussian spies, who tried to kidnap him, he wandered miserably about for many months, and subsequently took service in the Austrian army. Finally, after many wonderful adventures, he was basely given up by the governor and authorities of the town of Danzig to the Prussian king. This sad mischance completely demoralized Trenck. Though many opportunities were afforded him to get away from the escort that convoyed him to Prussia, he had not the spirit to do so. Again he was consigned to prison. This time they took him to Magdeburg and locked him up in the citadel.

His subsequent life in the fortress of Magdeburg was but a repetition of his previous unremitting efforts at escape; but he never again left the prison until he was released by order of the king. He lived many years after his liberation, and was guillotined at Paris in the Revolution, at the same time with André Chenier.

J. R. Thompson.[1]

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[Lord Byron wrote this poem at a small inn in the village of Ouchy, near Lausanne, where the weather detained him for a couple of days. François de Bonnivard, the subject of the poem, was born in 1496. He studied at Turin, and in 1510 his uncle resigned to him the priory of St. Victor, on the outskirts of Geneva. He became the defender of the independence of Geneva against the Duc de Savoye and the bishop. The duke descended upon the town with five hundred men; Bonnivard fled, but was betrayed and imprisoned at Grolée for two years. His zeal was undaunted; he continued the struggle for liberty, and again in 1530 he was thrown into the prison of Chillon, where he remained for six years. He was then released by the victorious Bernois; the republic of Geneva heaped honours upon him as the defender of their liberties, and he died in 1570. During the latter and happier days of his life he established various important institutions; the college and library of Geneva are monuments to his memory; but Lord Byron's poem is the noblest monument that could be raised to a hero.[2]]

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;

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[1] The information contained in these sketches is for the most part obtained from a French work on the subject by M. F. Bernard.

[2] The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early Reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which, it is said, the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.

But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
  Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
  Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
  And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
  For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
  A grating sound—not full and free
  As they of yore were wont to be:
  It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
  And to uphold and cheer the rest
  I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
  The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
  For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
  (When day was beautiful to me
  As to young eagles, being free)—
  A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
  Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun!
  And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
  With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
  I saw it silently decline—
  And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
  Had follow'd there the deer and wolf,
  To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

  Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
  Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
  Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
  And then the very rock hath rock'd,
  And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smil'd to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den:
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place:

There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain,—
  It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
  The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
  A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
  It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
  Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
  The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
  Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,

The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

ANACREONTIC.

What is a kiss? a herald fair
That marshalleth the way to love;
A fleeting breath of balmy air
Which o'er the lip doth rove:
An evanescent touch that thrills
The ardent lover's trembling frame,
A dew which on the heart distils
And kindles into flame.

What is a kiss? a lisping sound
Of language all unknown before;
The accent of one rapture found,
The whispered hope of more:
The bending of the boy-god's bow,
What time the string and arrow part;
The blissful signet to the vow
That yieldeth up the heart.

JAMES ROSE CALVERT.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lambertini family called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the state had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread, kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the cathedral, her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity, her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented. A legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken up, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noonday in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence, for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war: and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if

a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go. And the Venetian thus addressed their hostess:— "Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof for a day or two this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied gaily. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the church, for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment."

"If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two, but to the three—words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she came back it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, "what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

"Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch, and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts—a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced? "Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for, but none is made; not a syllable is uttered. And after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them:—

"Reverend signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak

in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one, not to two, but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Dick Strype
Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe.
He used to say one pipe of Wishart's best
Gave life a zest.
To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So still he smoked, and drank, and crack'd his joke;
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke:
But Richard *married*.

His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice:
And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scoured from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubbed so bright,
You dared not walk upright
For fear of sliding:
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe.
She railed upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then she quoted our King James, who saith,
"Tobacco is the devil's breath."
When wives will govern, husbands must obey:
For many a day
Dick mourned and missed his favourite tobacco,
And often grumbled sadly at Rebecca.

At length the day approached his wife must die
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mutes
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.
Now cakes and wine are handed round;—
But Dick is missing—nowhere to be found.
Above, below, about—
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
From garret to the pantry,
In every corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf—
And some were fearing he had hanged himself
At last they found him—Reader, guess you where,
'Twill make you stare—
Perched on Rebecca's *coffin*, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Wishart's best.[1]

LEISURE AND LOVE.

Sooth 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do,
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent seasons through;—
And just to drive a flock to feed,—
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few!

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
And count the bubbles—love-worlds—there;
To muse within some minstrel's book,
Or watch the haunted air;—
To slumber in some leafy nook,—
Or—idle anywhere.

And then, a draught of nature's wine,
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit;
To take the air with forms divine;
Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute;
Descending, if the night be fine,
In a star-parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,
And let the world go dine and dress;
For love hath lowly haunts—a stone
Holds something meant to bless.
If life's a flower, I choose my own—
'Tis "Love in Idleness!"

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

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[1] From *Points of Misery*. By Charles Westmacott; with Designs, by Robert Cruickshank. London.

MATCH-MAKERS.

"Where are you driving the pig, Paddy?" "To Limerick, your honour." "Limerick! This is the Cork road." "Hush! speak low. I'm only pretending. If it knew I was wanting it to Cork, it would take the Limerick road."—*Matthews at Home.*

About two miles to the east of the old-fashioned burgh of Thrawntrappel, in the west of Scotland, the reader, from that point where the road turns northward, may have observed, at the bottom of a fine sweeping valley, a large ungainly building, of no particular style of architecture. If curiosity led him to take a nearer survey of it he would discover that it was occupied by weavers and their families; and from the innumerable batch of children puddling in its vicinity, and the hearty howl of a drawling ballad, heard even above the ceaseless clatter of the shuttle, he might, without much stretch of ingenuity, be led to conclude that the inhabitants originally belonged to the sister island. A slight glance, nevertheless, would persuade him that the building had seen better days; and, mutilated as it is by time and the alterations of successive proprietors, he might even stumble upon the supposition that it had been at one period a family residence of no mean repute. Such, indeed, was its former state; such now is its destination!

Even the name of the building has undergone an alteration—an alteration, however, in keeping with its appearance. It is not known when the appellation *Shieldhall* degenerated into *Shuttlehall;* but this much is certain, that the place is now recognized by the former title among a few only of the older peasantry. The ancient family of Shield held it in possession for two or three hundred years; but on the death of Sir Richard Shield, which happened about the middle of last century, it passed into a collateral line, by whom it was afterwards abandoned for a more elegant and better situated mansion.

Sir Richard (with whom our present story is connected) lived and died unmarried; and it was supposed that a disappointment in early life was the cause of his celibacy. This supposition, however, was not confirmed by his general character and conduct; for he was neither morose, cynical, nor recluse, but, on the contrary, all his life, cheerful, good-natured, and social. When young he had indulged in the various manly sports and exercises of the period; but as he advanced in years his field passions left him, and he became an active burgh politician and county meeting attender, for which he was eminently fitted, being not only naturally speculative, acute, and public-spirited, but also something of a humourist and *bon-vivant.* Perhaps the principal reason for his remaining a bachelor was his attachment to his nephew, Charles Maitland, the only child of an only and beloved sister, whose memory Sir Richard held in deep and affectionate remembrance. Charles lost both his parents at the early age of twelve; and, on that event, his tutorage devolved upon his uncle, and a maiden aunt by the father's side, Miss Matilda Maitland of Kittlemeadows. These two guardians (as was foreseen and predicted by everybody) were not very harmonious on the subject of their charge, however harmonious they might be in their affection towards it: each aimed at exclusive possession and authority; their views regarding the education and conduct of their pupil were constantly clashing; bickerings, squabblings, and heart-burnings were the invariable consequences; and the result of all was, that Charles—approved and reproved, flattered and threatened, for the same action—commanded and countermanded in the same breath—instructed to pay no heed to his aunt, and instructed to pay no heed to his uncle—very naturally followed his own inclination, and grew up a self-willed and obstinate youth, which, however, was fully relieved by a naturally frank, confiding, and generous disposition. It so happened that Charles was just within a month of attaining his majority, and of being freed from the nominal authority of his guardians (for of virtual authority there was none), when Miss Matilda Maitland was gathered to her fathers, leaving him, all and whole, her estate of Kittlemeadows. Her death, which at an earlier period would have been to the last degree gratifying to Sir Richard, tended at this time to increase his perplexity, as it fully enabled Charles to indulge, whenever he pleased, in certain romantic notions, which he had not been backward in revealing, of visiting the celebrated countries where literature and the fine arts had originated or been fostered. Travelling in these days was much less a matter of course than now, and was in fact attended with many inconveniences and dangers to which the modern tourist is little liable. Sir Richard's affections were alarmed for his nephew; and of nothing was he more sensibly persuaded than that Miss Matilda Maitland had died, as she had lived—merely to vex him. He understood, however, the character of his nephew too

well to make any decided opposition to his intention, but rather endeavoured, by affecting an indifference in the matter, or, at the most, by intimating the propriety of deferring the journey for a short time, to delude Charles into the opinion that it was after all a point of no great moment, which he might put into execution whenever he found it perfectly convenient. By this means Charles was induced to remain at home for nearly two years after the death of his aunt, spending his time chiefly with his uncle, and studying the art of design with great enthusiasm, as well as making himself master of one or two of the modern languages of Europe.

It was towards the close of a lowering autumn day that Sir Richard Shield, sitting listlessly at his parlour window, descried an elderly personage riding down the avenue of Shield-hall upon a shambling pony. Dinner was just over; and Sir Richard, having (as it happened) no engagement for the afternoon, was beginning to meditate upon that distressing point, What shall I do with myself? when the appearance of this visitor roused him from his speculation. "Ha! old Provost Pennycroft," he said, with apparent satisfaction. "What brings him this way to-day? Some pawky burgh business, it is likely." And he hurried down to the court.

The character of the visitor generally affects his reception less than the seasonableness of the visit. Sir Richard welcomed old Mr. Pennycroft with great cordiality; and, ordering his pony to be attended to, led him into his snug supping apartment.

"I was thinking," he said, "of a stroll as far as Cricket Place, and a bout with the laird, or, as the afternoon was gousty like, of a six-penny whist with Charles up-stairs; but, since you are come, we shall just content ourselves, in our own room, with a sober mug and crack. And there," he added, smashing an immense piece of coal with the poker, "there will make a noble blaze!"

"Na; I cannot stop, Sir Richard, for I must be hame by gloamin', having just a bit invitation to give you"—

"Pa—pa! Not a word more. It's gloaming already, man. You must stay till supper, and John will see you safe home. Maybe I'll give you a Scotch convoy myself."

"He-he-he! You mind, Sir Richard, how fou you filled me the last time? You maybe sooped me out o' the room wi' a besom for onything I ken. How I got hame is a mystery: but I recollect that Margaret, silly thing, fell a greeting when she opened the door—and nae wonder, for I was a' glaur and as white's a clout."

"And how is my pretty Rose? It is long since I kissed her fair brow. Could you not have brought her with you?"

"A-hem! 'Deed, I was thinking of that. But she'll be better acquaint, thinks I, after the supper. For, d'ye ken, Sir Richard, I have just come to invite you and your nephew, Mr. Charles, to a bit supper in my ain house on Friday night—naething much out o' the common, but just a bit social doing like, amang auld friends."

"Friday night? Ay—unengaged. I do not see but I may come, and Charles too, for that matter. But what's in the wind? A new provostship already?"

"Na, na. Ance in a lifetime's enough. I meddle or fash little with the council now, as ye ken. But, as I was saying, you must bring Charles with you."

"I'll call him—but you can see him before you go. John, bring the Bordeaux, 33. Or you may prefer brandy? Both, John. Charles takes his own way in most matters. Have you got dinner, that's true?"

"Just before coming away."

—"And I cannot blame him, being inclined to do so myself. Yet he has nothing of me but my stubbornness; for when I was a young billy like him books I held in abhorrence, and my love of letters was confined to love-letters. Ha! what think you of that? Unpremeditated, I assure you. Nothing but rain could keep me within doors, and then I had a thousand things to do with my guns, my dogs, my flies, and my fishing-rods. Come away, John."

"I have heard say that love makes folk lanely ways. Maybe the young gentleman's in love?"

"Pa—pa! I do not say such a thing is impossible, but I don't believe it. Drink—you will find that good. Why, instead of settling on the excellent estate that his old aunt has left him, he is talking of disposing of it, and visiting foreign parts. He'll be off next spring, without fail. I wish the dog *would* fall in love; it would keep him at home."

"A-hem! He has seen my Margaret, I think?"

"Eh? No—yes. He may have seen her, but that is all. Believe me, sir, he is as free of love as yourself. Whew! Did not somebody tell me of a certain widow, who lives opposite you, provost, whom you are looking after? Ah, you wicked old sinner!"

"You're joking, Sir Richard, you're surely joking. But, after a', I acknowledge—that is

to say, I'se no deny—that I wadna be the waur of a helpmeet. It's seven years—at 'least, it's past the six—since the gudewife died, and Widow Waters is maybe as"—

"I understand you. Not a word more. You have no need of a wife, sir. I tell you that to your face. Would it not be a crying sin to place a woman over your own daughter, Miss Margaret?"

"'Deed, that's the thing that fashes me. And, to be candid with you, Sir Richard, I have an ettlin in this bit supper that you'll maybe no guess at. Your nephew, Charles, has now come of age; and naething, I was considering, could be more besceming than for him just to take a wife discreetly, and settle down in his auld auntie's yestate. Now, thinking of that, and other points connected with his weelfare, it occurred to me that Charles had never been in our house—whilk was very unsocial like, to say the least—and (*whispering*) if my daughter and him were getting acquaint, there's nae saying what might come about—at least (*raising his voice*) there's been mair wonders in our day and generation."

"O you pawkie rogue! This is too much. You wish Margaret married to make room for the widow! I see it all. What says the ballad?

> "'—'Tis good to be merry and wise,
> 'Tis right to be faithful and true;
> 'Tis good to be off with the old love
> Before you are on with the new.'—

But, upon my word, there have been worse speculations than that in our day and generation, as you say. Margaret is a favourite of my own—and you would doubtless be handsome with the tocher?"

"I would be reasonable, Sir Richard; there's nae doubt o' that"—

"Reasonable! You are as rich as a Jew, sir."

"Weel, weel—we'se no quarrel about that. But, as I was saying—putting the widow out of the question—I think there's been waur speculations than that."

"*I* said so—not you. Only I would drive my point another way."

"I ken your meaning, Sir Richard."

"Do you? Let's hear."

"Ou—ye see—if *you* were setting heart and hand to the matter, you would push it on, nae doubt. For instance, supposing them to be thegither at supper, you would propose to drink Margaret's health, and wish her weel married; and I would say in a jocose manner to Charles, 'I'm thinking, Mr. Charles, auld auntie's limmers wadna be the waur of a mistress to keep them in order. When she was living, honest woman, she keept them to their tasks; but a bachelor's house gangs aye to wrack.' And then he wad say, 'That's a sensible observe of yours, Mr. Pennycroft,' or maybe 'Provost,' he wad call me; 'ye're aye like yoursell. To say the truth, I was just thinking something o' the same, if I could get onybody to tak' me.' 'Tak' ye!' I wad say; 'deil the fears o' that, man! There's no ane ten miles round but wad jump at you like a cock at a grosset. But I would advise you, Mr. Charles, to be on your guard, and look about for a gude sonsie quean, like our Margaret there, wi' a gude tocher.' 'I'm obligated to you for your advice, Mr. Pennycroft,' he would say, or maybe 'Provost'—it's a' ane which—'and dinna see that I could do better than just take Margaret hersell.' 'Hoot! hoot!' I would say, giving him, maybe, a bit dunt wi' my elbow, 'that's no what I was meaning. But, Sir Richard (turning to you), you have not seen my fine cauliflower in the garden—or you have not seen my fine new cocket-hat, hinging, like a chandelier, in the other room! It's marvellous how I should have forgot that. Come awa', it's weel worth seeing.' And then I would tak' you out the room in a great hurry like, and we would leave the twa to begin their courtship."

"I used to think you somewhat pawkie, Provost"—

"Isna that the thing, Sir Richard—he-he-he!"—

—"But I have been mistaken. Such conduct, I declare, would make even Romeo and Juliet abhor each other. O heavens! what indelicacy is here! I'm a bachelor myself; but, trust me, a proceeding like that you have described would set the coarsest minded man or woman off at a tangent. See—here's my favourite folio. I will read you a passage for your instruction.

> "'Ah me! by all that ever I did learn,
> Did ever read in tale or history,
> *The course of true love never did run smooth.*'

And wherefore? Master Shakspeare, who knew everything, would know that. To come at it, we might transpose his words:

> "'The course of *smooth love* never did run *true.*'

Without obstacles, there would be no impetus in the current. But, not to speak generally, Charles is stubborn as a mule, though gentle as a lamb. I might lead him through the world, but I could not drive him an inch. He would be sure to take the different direc-

tion from that which I wanted him. No, no; there must be no supper in the matter, but rather an interdiction against all communication between them. I see it! Leave it to me, Provost, and I'll manage it."

"To be sure, everybody kens his ain ken; but maybe I can see as far through a millstane as my neighbours."

"Tut! tut! don't get out of humour, man. I tell you, I am pleased with your project, but would take other means of accomplishing it. Where's the man going?"

"I must be hame; I've stayed owre lang."

"Mr. Pennycroft!"

"Na, na; I maun awa'."

"Mr. Pennycroft!"—

"Na. Gude day to you."

"Mr. Pennycroft, I have just one word to say to you. I respect you as a sagacious man in business, well-meaning, and honest. But if you go away in that manner, merely because I have disapproved of your method of match-making, Charles Maitland shall never be your son-in-law while he breathes, and my acquaintance with you is closed."

As Sir Richard said this he held out his hand; and the provost, who was really too good-natured to retain his anger, as well as sensible enough of the consequences of doing so, after a moment's hesitation, accepted of it, and sat down. In a short time the two old gentlemen got gracious as ever; and before they parted the whole marriage-plot was laid, according to Sir Richard's theory, and to the entire satisfaction of both. It will be understood from what follows.

"Margaret, my dear," said the provost, when he had disencumbered himself of his dreadnought and galligaskins, and taken his seat in his own easy chair by his own fireside, "Margaret, my dear, I have been at Shield-hall, as I was telling you, and—you havena killed the turkey, I hope?"

"The turkey? No. Time enough for that surely."

"Time enough, as you say. It will be lang or Sir Richard darkens my door. Supper, quotha'!!! A bonnie story. Nae wonder he fired when I proposed such a thing."

"What's amiss, father?" said Margaret.

It was with difficulty that the provost could retain his gravity in the part he was about to perform; but he had faithfully promised Sir Richard to go through it, and he endeavoured to screw up his visage into portentous solemnity.

"Amiss, said ye? Everything's amiss. Sir Richard is neither to bind nor to haud. He has discovered how his fine young gentleman of a nephew has been employing his precious time. Instead of studying humanity and the polite letters, like a sober young man, as he should be, what has my birkie been doing but inditing love sonnets, as he calls them—and wha to, think ye? Wha to? To ane no far aff, and sibber to me than I would wish to say."

"Pooh, father!" said Margaret, reddening like crimson, "I doubt you have been taking too much of Sir Richard's bottle, to speak such nonsense."

"To be sure, it's no right to tell *you:* only it's better, that you may be on your guard. But, indeed, that's neither here nor there now; for Sir Richard is going to pack him off to the Continent this very week, whilk will soon drive the crazy notion out o' him. And, Margaret, my dear, I have just ae request to mak'. The young gentleman will be passing through the town the morn, on his way to Kittle-meadows, the yestate that his auld auntie has left him, to arrange matters before setting out on his travels; and it's to be feared he will make some errand or anither this way. I'll no be in mysell, having to go to the council; but I have promised to Sir Richard that you shouldna show him ony countenance, and on no account invite him into the house. Do you hear me, Margaret?"

"Now, father, this is foolish. You know I scarcely ever spoke to the gentleman; and what makes you talk in this manner?"

"Ay, ay; I see how it is. You're just like your neighbours, Margaret. I'm sure I wish neither to meddle nor mak' in the matter; only, as I promised to Sir Richard, that if the young gentleman gaed wrang, it shouldna be your fault"—

"And neither it shall. You might know that, father. What have I to do with him?"

"That's a braw lassie, and spoken like yoursell. Naething to do with him, indeed! Only, as I was saying, ye needna be *owre* harsh to the poor gentleman either; for a braver and better-hearted callant is no to be found in the west, as you ken yoursell, notwithstanding of his present foolishness, whilk will soon leave him, it is to be hoped. So, if he does happen to call, you can just say to him discreetly, 'I am sorry, sir, that my father is not in at this moment, being at present taken up by the council on some weighty matter, in the which his judgment is found to be indispensable; but I hope, sir, that you will take a tassie of wine by way of stirrup-cup'—or something o' that nature, a' in common civility, without re-

quecsting him to alight. And I'll to bed, I dare say, for I feel disjesket ways wi' the ride, and somewhat sleepy, whilk may be owing to Sir Richard's potation, as you observed just now."

While this scene was enacting in the burgh of Thrawntrappel, Sir Richard was no less actively employed at Shieldhall. However successful he had been in inducing Charles to protract his intended tour, he felt that he could not calculate on detaining him much longer; and the only alternative, to which he had been for some time back directing his attention, for effectually putting a stop to the proposed journey, lay, as he thought, in getting Charles respectably married and settled in life. This alternative would not, of itself, have been desirable to Sir Richard; but his fears of being parted from his nephew for any indefinite period, now that he was in the afternoon of life, were extreme, and he was ready to make any sacrifice to prevent such an occurrence. The provost's daughter might not be, in point of rank, an equal match; but she was, as he said himself, a favourite of his own, worthy in every other respect of Charles' hand, and her tocher was a matter of no inconsiderable moment to one who had the prospect of a title to support. With this mind Sir Richard readily seized on old Mr. Pennycroft's proposal; and being one of those who enter with prodigious activity into whatever they undertake, and, while the fit lasts, prosecute it with unabating vigour, he allowed no time to pass, after parting with the provost, in putting his plot into execution. The line of conduct, however, upon which he had determined to act was so bold, involving in its result not only his character as a man of shrewdness, but the fortunes and affections of his nephew, that it was not without hesitation that he entered the library, where he found his unsuspecting relative busied among his books."

"Charles," said he, "old Provost Pennycroft has been here. You may have seen him from the window on his shelty?"

"He is renewing his youth, uncle."

"His wig only—ha, ha! You've seen him. Old fools—you know the proverb, Charles. But, in truth, it is no laughing matter that brought him."

"Has he been outvoted in the council, or has Diana Fair-trader gone to the bottom?"

"Something worse, and something more interesting to you."

"Me! What have I to do with the old fellow?"

"Nothing, perhaps; but you may—with his daughter."

"Pooh! That's your own lady-love, uncle; and I see you have been pledging her health."

"Come, come, Charles; this will not do. Has there nothing passed between you and Miss Margaret?"

"Is this a joke?"

"I am serious, Charles—serious as death."

"Nothing passed? I never spoke to the girl above once or twice in my life."

"Then I am sorry for her."

"As how?"

"Don't ask me to explain. All I have to say is, that I am most happy that you are not involved."

"I do not understand you."

"So much the better, and let us drop the subject. A-hem! There is a matter, Charles, of more moment, upon which I wish to speak to you at present, and which has been, perhaps, too long neglected. I mean your intended journey to the Continent. I need not remind you, Charles, how often I have insisted upon the absolute necessity that you should see something of the world, now that you are major"—

"Sir Richard!"

"Eh? And particularly that you should visit foreign parts; for, let me tell you, sir, nothing tends more to improve a young man—to wear off his rust, or rather his rusticity, and to fit him for general society—than a practical acquaintance with the various manners and customs of"—

"Not to interrupt you, uncle. There is some mistake here. *I* have all along expressed a wish to travel, but I do not recollect of *you* having ever given an opinion on the subject before. On the contrary"—

"The boy's in a creel! Was it not my own suggestion? Or think you it was ever otherwise likely to go farther? Have I not again and again told you how much I regretted that I myself did not, in my youth, take advantage of those opportunities which you now possess? And I must say, Charles, since you *will* force me to it, that I have been astonished and displeased at your procrastination. I do not see why the approach of winter should be a bugbear to a young man in good health and spirits. It argues an effeminacy, methinks, unworthy of one of my blood."

"Sir Richard Shield, who am I?"

"Who are you? None of your theatrical airs, sir? Am I not your natural guardian and adviser?"

"Sir, I will not be insulted. I am not—I

never shall be your dependent. I despise what you say, sir."

"Sir, you're a fool, and an ungrateful, rebellious dog, sir. And I know it, sir. And Margaret Pennycroft is a fool also for caring a farthing about you, sir. She may break her heart if she please, sir; she deserves to do so for setting her affection on such as you, sir. You wish to thwart me, sir, by staying at home; but I will cut you off, sir, as my heir, sir, this very night, sir."

"Sir, you are in a passion. I know not what you allude to, sir. But I understand your threat. I beseech you to execute it. Think not to frighten me into your measure, sir, by such a despicable consideration."

"Sir, it is *you*, sir, who are in a passion, sir. I am cool as a cucumber, sir. And let me tell you, once for all, sir, that unless you pack off to the Continent immediately, sir, and promise never to see Margaret Pennycroft, or in the slightest measure to countenance her foolish attachment to you, sir, you are no longer my heir, sir, nor my nephew, sir —and I have nothing farther to say, sir."

"The man does not breathe, he never breathed —who could *force* me to move one step, sir, beyond my inclination. What you have told of Miss Pennycroft, sir—which I now see you would have hid but for your passion, sir—is new to me, sir"—

"I am in *no* passion, sir. But I will not be browbeat, sir, in my own house, sir, by you, sir"—

"Hear me out, sir. Another day shall not pass over my head under this roof. I have but few arrangements to make; and before the sun rises, sir, you shall be quit of me for ever."

"Then go, sir—and unless you do, sir, as I have stated, sir, may I never see your face again. I would have you to understand, sir, that I will not be thwarted—I will not—I will not."

So saying, Sir Richard, with well dissembled rage, flung himself out of the room, banging the door behind him with a violence which might (to borrow a happy phrase) have raised the ghost of Lord Chesterfield, had such existed, and, rushing to his own apartment, sunk down upon a chair in a fit of immoderate laughter. "If that does not send him directly to Margaret Pennycroft," he said, "I know not what will."

Meantime poor Charles paced his room in rage and wonder. Young, ardent, and sensitive, as well as proud and self-willed, he felt keenly the slightest encroachment upon his own dignity, or upon his own liberty of thought and action; and the manner in which he had just been treated was so extraordinarily gross, that his astonishment at his uncle's conduct was equal to his indignation. "There is—there must be," he said, "something in all this. I dream? My ears deceive me? Sir Richard Shield is mad? My mother's brother raving? Pshaw! No such thing. I have only been a fool—a dotard—from the beginning. That is all. And he would keep me so! Something has alarmed him—some fear that I would marry old Pennycroft's daughter —that is evident, clear, plain—and he would pack me off, forsooth, to the Continent at a day's notice! By heavens, it makes me dizzy. Am I his scullion that he should order me thus —or his grayhound? But he shall find himself in error! He has taken a clumsy way (rather) of accomplishing his purpose—if he knew it! The Continent! I shall go travel the Arabian desert first—I shall explore the Mountains of the Moon. I shall sooner wear off my 'rust' (that is it) among the Hottentots, and study the fine arts in an orang-outang academy. I could at this moment marry a hedge-side trull, were it but to 'thwart' him! That is his word. He shall feel its meaning by-and-by. And poor Margaret—it is strange what she sees in me. She was always a sweet girl—that must be admitted. But I shall not think of her—it cannot be—it cannot"—

The night had been bleak and stormy; but the sun was shining with peculiar richness and brilliancy, high in the heavens, as Charles Maitland, mounted on horseback, bade adieu to the mansion of his uncle, as he thought, for ever. He had employed himself to a late hour in arranging and packing up his papers, books, and other articles, and when he lay down to sleep, a variety of conflicting thoughts and passions kept him awake till daybreak, and he only fell into a slumber at the time he intended to get up. It was therefore with chagrin that he observed, when he rose, the morning far advanced; for he was anxious that he should not in any manner evince a want of promptness in resenting the insult which he considered himself to have received. At the same time, while he inwardly determined to be the last to indicate a wish of reconciliation, it did occur to him that his uncle might, in all probability, with the cool thoughts of the morning, endeavour to soothe and detain him; and it was not without surprise that he was told by one of the domestics that Sir Richard had been mounted and away long before him. "It has been

no hasty ebullition, then," he thought. "He has allowed the sun to go down and rise upon his wrath. I needed but this conviction to make me renounce him for ever."

Charles had spent little of his time at Kittlemeadows since the death of his aunt; for after that event it had been undergoing a thorough repair, and his uncle's library and company were stronger inducements to reside at Shield-hall than Kittlemeadows afforded. To the latter place, however, he was now bound, without any definite determination as to his future proceeding; and as the road to it lay through the burgh of Thrawntrappel, he could not approach that celebrated place without thinking of her who, he was led to believe, had thrown away her affections upon him. Nothing engenders love sooner than the conviction that we are beloved: and our readers will not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that the unjustifiable falsehoods of Sir Richard Shield and Mr. Pennycroft were speedily becoming absolute truths, both as regarded the provost's daughter and the knight's nephew. Margaret Pennycroft had spent an anxious and sleepless night, thinking of what her father had said, and of all the rare qualities of the young laird of Kittlemeadows and heir of Shieldhall. Charles' thoughts had been less bent on one subject, but he failed not to see the beautiful Margaret in his dreams, and his passion was increased by the pride of indulging it in the teeth, as he thought, of his uncle's desire. "I begin to wonder at myself," he said, "how I should have remained so long indifferent to such an interesting girl. The last time I saw her—when was it?—ay—she surely *was* fluttered somewhat, though I took no notice of it at the time, thinking, in my own ignorance, it arose from seeing at the moment a drunken slater fall from the roof of a house, as if *that* were a sufficient reason to discompose her! Well, I have been a blind ass—an imperturbable dolt—that is clear. Who knows but by this time she may be far gone in a consumption? Dear girl! I cannot do less than call on her. It would be savage to pass the house. She cannot possibly suspect my motive. I can pretend some trifling business with her father. I *shall* call on her, were it only that Sir Richard may know how little I respect his commands."

The provost's house—a substantial old mansion—stood at one extremity of the town. Charles approached it with considerable uneasiness; but, summoning fortitude, he reined in his horse, and rattling the risp, which in these days served for knocker and bell, waited the event. The door was opened by the provost's man, Peter, as he was called, a chubby-faced leering little rogue. "Is your master within, sirrah?" Charles felt pleased on being answered in the negative; but it was not without hesitation that he requested to see "Miss Margaret." Margaret had barely contemplated the possibility of her father being right in his surmise regarding a visit from Charles; and was greatly agitated when Peter announced that the young laird of Kittlemeadows was at the door wanting her. Her father's story was no longer matter of doubt and speculation. The fact was now incontrovertible. Trembling all over, she hurriedly threw a veil over her head, and proceeded to the door.

"Mr. Pennycroft is not within, madam?" said Charles, taking off his hat, and bowing.

"He is gone to the council, sir.—I am sorry"—

There was a pause; and while Charles remarked an unusual trepidation in Margaret, Margaret did not fail to remark an unusual trepidation in Charles. "My uncle told the truth," thought the one. "My father told the truth," thought the other. "Poor dear girl!" inwardly ejaculated the one. "Poor dear gentleman!" inwardly ejaculated the other.

"I am on my way to Kittlemeadows," said Charles, "and have taken the liberty of calling."

"You may feel fatigued, sir," said Margaret, getting more and more confused, and in her confusion remembering vaguely her father's instructions:—"I shall, if you please, bring you a glass of wine." And without waiting Charles' answer she disappeared, and returned with a glass and a silver tassie of rich Burgundy.

Meanwhile (it can be hid no longer) Sir Richard Shield and Provost Pennycroft were perched at the garret window of Widow Waters' tenement, which commanded a full view of all that was going on. This had been concerted on the previous night; and (so confident was Sir Richard of the success of his plot) they had watched there that morning with patience for two hours the appearance of Charles. When he did appear, so intently were the old gentlemen in marking every movement, that there was some danger of this meeting of Charles and Margaret being signalized, like the former one, by a "melancholy accident," similar to that which befell the poor slater alluded to above.

"Provost, provost," said Sir Richard, "take care of yourself: you'll be over headlong. Do you expect to hear as well as see?"

"Look, look, Sir Richard," said the provost: "she brings him the tassie of wine, as I instructed her. Isna that a dutiful bairn?"

"With what a graceful modesty she pours it out! But back, back, for the love of heaven. That fat rogue of yours, who holds the bridle, has descried us. If he breathes a word we are ruined."

"Never fear. I'll horsewhip Peter if he opens his mouth. But, see! Charles is dismounting, I protest, and gaun into the house—clean against orders! That beats a'!"

"Well—isn't it a stubborn dog! The blood of the Shields, I vow, is in his veins. This is all to thwart old uncle, as he thinks. But we must be down and interrupt them. Matters must not flow on so smooth at first."

"The deil's in Sir Richard!" said Widow Waters, coming from another window, where she had been enjoying a scene interesting to her as a gossip, but particularly so as the affianced wife of the provost. "Leave the puir things to their chit-chat a-wee. I would sooner advise you to enter the lion's den than gang bullying towards young mad-cap at this present. I ken frae my ain dear Thomas Waters, that's dead and gone."

"What," said Sir Richard, "do you think Charles durst kick the provost in his own house?"

"And you too, maybe," answered the widow. "Nane o' ye's that young. And it would be a fine sight for the folk o' Thrawntrappel to see Provost Pennycroft and Sir Richard Shield of Shieldhall tumbling out at the fore-door there on the point o' the young laird's shoe! Come, come, since he's entered the house, and out o' sight, here's a drap cordial for you baith. I declare, provost, it may be your dead o' cauld raxing your neck at an open window sae lang. You look as blae's a bullister."

"Let us take a glass, then," said Sir Richard, "and give them time enough, after all, to make a declaration."

What length of time Sir Richard considered necessary to make a declaration cannot be correctly ascertained; but it was with great difficulty Widow Waters could persuade him ("kenning frae her ain dear Thomas Waters, now, alack! in the mools") to remain where he was a full half hour. "Young folks are unco shy at first," she said. "You should ken that, Sir Richard: you were ance young yoursell."

"And am not so old yet, Lucky, as you may imagine," said Sir Richard; for many men of sense even, as well as women, dislike allusions to their age.

"Hoot!" answered the widow, "wasna that just what I was going to say?"—(a notorious lie)—"Na, I was just remarking to mysell, that baith you and the provost were looking particularly hale and hearty the day"—(another)—"naebody would tak' ye to be beyond the forty"—(another)—"for my part I think thirty's liker it"—(another)—"'deed, to speak the truth, I've seen mony a ane at twenty look aulder like"—(another)—"and, to give you my candid opinion, I canna bear your *owre* young men"—(another)—"they're perfectly disgusting," &c. &c.

"Stuff, stuff!" cried Sir Richard, laughing. "Forty, thirty, twenty! Sixty, seventy, eighty would be nearer the mark. But old as I may be, I should not care to be half an hour older; for I am all impatience to know the result of our present adventure."

Slowly as the minutes seemed to move in the estimation of Sir Richard, how fleetly did they glide in the estimation of (what we may now call) the two young lovers! Charles was naturally bold, generous, and confiding; and when he found himself in the presence of a beautiful and interesting girl, rendered still more so by her agitation, and its apparent cause—when he considered the harsh treatment he had received from his uncle, and that *she*, who stood before him, was now the only individual in the world who cared for him, or for whom he cared—he could not long refrain from avowing his passion, and laying before her, with candour and fervour, his situation and feelings. He told her—but we shall not (we need not) attempt to describe the eloquence of that hour in which two young and affectionate hearts confess, for the first time, a mutual attachment, and, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," pour out the fulness of souls entranced and elevated by the feeling and conviction of loving and of being beloved. It was while Charles was kissing with rapture the fair hand of Margaret, that——the parlour-door suddenly burst open, and, accompanied by the provost, in stalked Sir Richard Shield, apparently fuming with rage! Margaret gave a faint shriek, and hid her head in her lap. Charles started to his feet: the blood rushed to his face, but in a moment left it pale as ashes.

"So, sirrah," said Sir Richard, striking the floor violently with his staff,—"Is this the manner you obey my orders? Have you so soon forgot my commands, that you dare enter this house in my very teeth, and you, Miss"—

Charles gasped—reeled—and waved his hands; but his tongue refused utterance.

"You, Miss," continued the knight, "what sort of conduct is this, I ask?"

"Go—go—go away," said Charles at length, in a suffocating voice. "Speak not to this dear girl. She is mine by heaven and earth!"

"Yours, sirrah? Dare you say that to my face?"

"Go—go away, Sir Richard Shield: I beseech, I implore you, go! Tempt me no further. A desperate madness is in my brain. Yet I would not, for worlds, lay hands on you; for—were there nothing else—you are the brother of my sainted mother."

Sir Richard's muscles relaxed. He appeared not to have been prepared for this. He hesitated for a moment—then, flinging his staff from him, held out his hand; but, in his turn, it was some time before he could speak.

"And so—and so, Charles—and so I am!" he cried. "Elizabeth Shield *was* your mother! That is the truth. I can no longer oppose you—nor even attempt to oppose you. Pardon me, it was with good intention I did so."

Charles looked doubtfully at his uncle; but saw that he was considerably affected.

"Here, Margaret, my love," continued the good knight, "give him your hand. Take it, Charles—she refuses not. Bless you both!"

"Thanks, dearest Margaret!" said Charles, seizing her hand, and putting it to his lips with fervour. "Ten thousand thanks!—And you, Sir Richard, are still my old uncle?"

"Still, dear Charles, still—while Margaret Pennycroft is your wife," said Sir Richard.

"And Widow Waters mine," whispered the provost.

ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

SONNET.

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
And vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

WORDSWORTH.

AN APOLOGUE.

'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the titles of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted.
But vain the thought! by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or nodding rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed,"
More I had scarce had time to say,
When the poor urchin raised his head,
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused; away his steps he bent
With tearful eye and aching heart,
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

Still for delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded,—wildly craved the boon;—
Though past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent to bed so soon!
If stern to him, his grief I shared,
(Unmoved who sees his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despaired;
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

"Alas, poor infant!" I exclaimed,
Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all that he so lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret—the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Portrayed of man the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead.

And more I thought, when up the stairs
With longing, lingering looks he crept,
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When nature claims their perfect breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

'Tis morn, and see my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light;
To fearless laughter, boundless joy;
Forgot the tears of yesternight!
Thus shall not man forget his woe;
Survive of age and death the gloom;
Smile at the cares he knew below,
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

T. GASPEY.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING;[1]

A DANISH STORY.

On the north-west of the Isle of Zealand stretches a small peninsular district, fertile and studded with hamlets, and connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of sandy waste. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses the land runs into the restless waves of the Cattegat, and presents an awfully wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have here obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the storms which blow from all points of the wild ocean are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and disappear with constant alternation, restless as the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding alone through the desolate region, a thunder-storm rose over the ocean towards the north,—the waves roared,—the clouds were driven along before the wind,—the sky grew every instant more gloomy, "menacing earth and sea,"—the sand began to move in increasing masses under my horse's feet,—a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust,—the traces of the path became invisible,—my horse floundered deeper and deeper in the sand,—while sky, earth, and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapour. I could not discern the slightest trace of life or vegetation,—the storm howled above me,—the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shore,—the thunder rolled in the distance,—and scarcely could the lurid lightning-flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me; my danger was evident and extreme, when a sudden shower of rain laid the sand, and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all elements. An earthquake has been described as the sigh which troubled Nature heaves from the depth of her bosom: perhaps not more fancifully this chaotic tempest might have typified the confusion of a wildly distracted mind, to which pleasure and even hope itself have been long strangers,—the cheerless desert of the past revealing only remorse and grief,—the voice of conscience threatening like the thunder, while awful anticipations shed their lurid light over the dark spirit,—till at last the long dried-up sources of tears open a way to their powerful floods, and bury the anguish of the distracted soul beneath their waves.

In this desolate country lay, in former times, a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have buried the village, and the inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fishermen—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, the village church, which is situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. This church was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.

In an early part of the last century the venerable curé of Roerwig was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. It was near midnight. The house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The night-lamp burned gloomily,—the sullen silence of that dark hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon was reflected, when the curé heard the door below open, and, presently after, the sound of men's steps upon the stair. He was just anticipating a call to administer the last holy offices of religion to some one of his parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners, wrapped up in white cloaks, stepped hastily into the room. One of them approached him with politeness: "Sir," said he, "you will have the goodness to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage ceremony; the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. This sum," continued the stranger—exhibiting to the old man a purse full of gold—"will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you."

The curé stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to have something fearful—almost ghastly in their looks; the demand was repeated in an earnest and authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his first surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to perform so solemn an action without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law. The other stranger

[1] From *Foreign Tales and Traditions*, by George Godfrey Cunningham. This story forms the subject of two German novels and a Danish poem.

hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: "Sir," said he, "you have your choice; follow us, and take the sum we now offer you, —or remain, and this bullet goes through your head." He levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable man, and waited his answer; whereupon the latter rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitants — who had hitherto spoken Danish, but with a foreign accent—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment that the distant church was all illuminated. Meanwhile his companions, wrapped up in their white cloaks, stepped hastily on before him through the barren sandy plain. On reaching the church they bound up his eyes; a side-door opened with a creaking noise, and he felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people; all around him he heard a murmuring of voices, and near to him a conversation carried on in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless, blindfolded, pressed upon from every side, and in the utmost confusion, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand and violently drawn through the crowd. At last it seemed to him as if the people fell back, the bandage was loosed, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers before the altar. A row of large lighted tapers, in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly illuminated by a profusion of candles. If before, while standing blindfolded, the murmur of the surrounding crowd had filled his soul with consternation, not less amazed was he now at the unbroken silence which reigned throughout the church; the side passages and all the seats were crowded to excess, but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a newly opened grave, and the stone which had covered it leaning against a bench; around him he only saw male figures, but on one of the distant benches he thought he indistinctly perceived a female form. The silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a motion could be detected in that vast multitude. Thus, when a spirit is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from all the rest and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up the empty passage; as he passed along, his steps resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him; he appeared to be of middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs; his gait was commanding, his complexion of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black, his features were severe and his lips compressed as if in wrath; a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance; and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with large golden braids, and a glittering star. The bride, who now kneeled beside him, was magnificently dressed. A sky-blue roke, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds over her graceful form; a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her fair hair; the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in her features, although despair now expressed itself in them; her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated—her lips were blanched—her eyes dimmed—and her powerless arms hung motionless beside her almost lifeless form. As she knelt before the altar, the picture of death itself, terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in a fortunate slumber.

The curé now discovered near him an old ugly hag, in a parti-coloured dress, her head covered with a blood-red turban, who stood gazing with an expression of fury and mockery on the kneeling bride; and behind the bridegroom he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immovably upon the ground.

Horror-struck, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language afforded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however, to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride: "Neander and Feodora," was the answer given in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faltering accents, frequently mistaking and stopping to repeat the words, without, however, either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander, wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer: but, to his astonishment, the bridegroom answered in the affirmative with a loud and almost screaming

voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs from the whole spectators accompanied the awful "yes;" and a silent quivering, like the reflection of a flash of distant lightning, threw a transitory motion over the death-pale features of the bride. The priest turned to her, speaking louder to raise her from her trance: "Feodora, wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" The lifeless form before him at this question seemed to awake—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks—her pale lips quivered—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eyes—her breast heaved—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliance of her eyes, and the "yes" was heard pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, and seemed to find a deep echo in the sounds of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride sank into the arms of the horrid old hag; some minutes passed in awful silence; the pale corpse-like female then kneeled again, as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led the trembling bride to her former place, followed by the tall man and the old woman; the two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes, drew him with violence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they then bolted within.

For some minutes he stood endeavouring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene, with all its ghastly attendant circumstances, might not have been a dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue, he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening here he heard the murmuring within grow louder and louder —then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which he thought he could recognize the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence—a long pause followed—a shot fell—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause—then followed a sound of labour, which lasted about a quarter of an hour—the candles were extinguished—the murmuring arose again—the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding-place, and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbours and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure; but everything which had hitherto fallen out amongst these simple people had been so calm and tranquil—so much measured by the laws of daily routine, that they were seized with a very different terror, they believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to follow him to the church, provided with picks and spades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, and when the priest and his companions ascended the hill towards the church, they saw a man-of-war standing off from the shore under full sail towards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote district made his companions already hesitate to reject his story as improbable, and still more were they inclined to listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night-time; it was easily perceived that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again; they put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new richly adorned coffin; the old man descended with almost youthful impatience into the grave, and others followed him, the cover was taken off, and the priest found all his awful forebodings confirmed. In the coffin lay the murdered bride—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart—the magnificent diadem she had worn had disappeared; but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features as she lay there like an angel. The old man threw himself down on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the murdered, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known, with all its circumstances, to his superior, the Bishop of Zealand; meanwhile, until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank suddenly arrived from the capital; he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had been hitherto observed, and stated that the whole event must remain for ever a secret, threatening at the same time with a severe punishment any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest a writing was found in the parochial register narrating this

event. Some believed that it might have some secret connection with the violent political changes which occurred in Russia after the death of Catherine and Peter I.; but to resolve the deep riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.

HENRY STEFFENS.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour!—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd—as flowers are bow'd with night—in prayer.

Gaze on, 'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze, yet what see'st thou in those fair and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
—Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity.

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
Midst the dim folded leaves at set of sun;
Lift up your hearts! though, yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you!—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you! to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspir'd,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—O! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

LOVE AND FAME.

It had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer shower
Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower,
And while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the spray,
Close folded to a rose-bud's heart one tiny rain-drop lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven-brought freshness gone,
They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very souls were one;
The bud its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and starry guest
Grew glowing as the life-hue of the lips it fondly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever there,
While ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds, in burnished armour bright,
The conquering sun came proudly in the glory of his might,
And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of power,
And shed the splendour of his smile on lake, and tree, and flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop marked on high
A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern sky—
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And stand—a glorious brotherhood—to form that bow of light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join them, love!
I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to iris fair,
'Twill deem my own dear rose-bud's tint the loveliest colour there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp,—swift as a thought he flew,
And brightly mid that glorious band he soon was glowing too,—
All quivering with delight to feel that she, his rose-bud bride,
Was gazing, with a swelling heart on this, his hour of pride!

But the shadowy night came down at last—the glittering bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph was all the drop had won;
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-love's hue,
And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a tear-dimmed star of dew.

ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

HOW THE MISCHIEF ENDED.

[**Edmond Francois Valentin About,** born at Dieuze, 1828, died February, 1885. As a journalist and politician he has rendered good service to France; as a novelist he maintains a distinguished position amongst his contemporaries. Although not free from the vices which render the bulk of French works of fiction unsuitable for family reading, he has produced many faithful and effective sketches of character to which not even prudery can object. The following tale is an example; and it is the more interesting as it displays those qualities of acute observation and of epigrammatic writing which have won popularity for M. About in England and America as well as in France. The opening part of the story is slightly abridged.]

I.—THE MISCHIEF.

A tall and rather elegantly formed woman of about five-and-forty was hurrying along the Rue St. Dizier, at Nancy, at such a rate that her guide, a waiter from the Hotel de l'Europe, had some difficulty in following her. An August sun was beating full upon her head, for she brandished the umbrella in her hand like a javelin, instead of availing herself of its shade. From her dress and adornments it was plain to see that she was a stranger to the modes and fashions of city life.

"Madame! Madame Humblot!" cried the nearly exhausted servant. "One moment, if you please. You have passed the door. Here is the colonel's house."

Madame Humblot stopped, and looked about timidly.

"Already!" said she. "Where?"

"Just across the street," said the servant. "Don't you see the sentry?"

"Oh! yes, to be sure. I will remember it next time. What did you say his name was?"

"M. Vautrin. A fine man he is too, and he gives an elegant dinner every Sunday."

"Is he married?"

"Certainly, and has a daughter almost grown a young lady."

"Oh! I am so afraid Madame Vautrin will be out," said Madame Humblot.

"That we can soon find out," said the domestic.

He crossed the street, exchanged a few words with the sentry, and returning reported the whole family of Colonel Vautrin at home.

To gain an interview with the colonel's wife, Madame Humblot would have confronted unheard-of dangers; but now that all difficulty of gaining access to her had disappeared, she felt her heart sink within her. She hesitated about entering the door which stood open before her; but the inquisitive look in the faces of her guide and the sentinel made her pluck up all her courage, and she soon found herself in a very large and comfortably-furnished parlour, in presence of the mother and the daughter. Madame Vautrin was very fat and very timid, and Mademoiselle Vautrin was very thin and not timid at all; and it was the latter of the two who reassured the matrons, and opened the conversation by requesting Madame Humblot to be seated, and to explain at her leisure the motives of her very kind visit.

Madame Humblot saw that retreat was now no longer possible; so she explained, in few words, that she was a widow, owning and managing herself a considerable estate in the town of Morans, and possessed of a daughter of nineteen, whom she desired to marry to a young officer of the garrison at Nancy. The young man, whom a curious succession of circumstances had brought her to look upon as the future husband of her dear Antoinette, seemed an admirable young man; but she was very insufficiently informed in relation to his character, his principles, and his habits, and she invoked the ancient freemasonry of motherhood in requesting from Madame Vautrin in a matter of such importance the plain and unvarnished truth.

This preamble seemed to interest Madame Vautrin, and to put her more at ease. She replied that she felt flattered by the confidence reposed in her, and would conscientiously enlighten Madame Humblot in so far as her retiring habits and very slight acquaintance with the officers composing the garrison would enable her. But if the young officer belonged to the regiment of her husband, "Colonel Vautrin, who knew all his men like Cæsar"——

"But I do not know," interrupted Madame Humblot, "whether he has the honour to serve under Colonel Vautrin."

"If he is an infantry officer there can be no doubt of it, as ours is the only regiment of that arm at Nancy."

"But perhaps he is in the cavalry. We have never seen him in uniform."

"You astonish me. What is his rank?"

"Captain, I think, or at least lieutenant. He has never informed us of his rank."

"What an original he must be! What is his name, my dear madame?"

"Alas! madame, that is one of the matters upon which we hope to be informed by you."

Madame Vautrin stared with wonder at this announcement, and the young girl burst into a hearty laugh. Madame Humblot perceived that there seemed to be some question of the soundness of her wits, and continued, hastily:

"I will explain what has so much astonished you, my dear madame, and you will see that Providence or fate is more responsible than I am for what seems to you so very odd. But is not this charming young lady rather too young to listen to a story of a nature so very—complicated?"——

"Madame," broke in the young girl abruptly, and with an air of great self-assertion, "I am nearly fifteen years old, and my mother has always discussed the gravest questions confidently in my presence. Do you desire me to leave you, mother?"

Madame Vautrin blushed deeply and stammered out, "Blanche—Blanchette—my darling treasure—you need not go away; but practise a little on your piano while we are talking—there's a good child." The spoiled child went to the piano and commenced an exercise, which she attacked furiously at first; but little by little her music became more subdued, and only served as a gentle accompaniment to the conversation, of which she did not fail to catch every striking or interesting feature, quite as distinctly as her tender mother.

The widow Humblot explained that it was whilst travelling from Morans to Baden with her daughter, Antoinette, that they had encountered the unknown gentleman at Commercy. He had entered the compartment they occupied in the train. He was in civilian dress, but the companions who escorted him to the platform were officers in uniform.

He was tall, dark, and about twenty-five or thirty years. There was only one seat unoccupied, and that was next her daughter. He was sorry to crowd the carriage, but he had been just in time to catch the train, and he was obliged to rejoin his regiment before his truancy for the day should be discovered.

His apologies led to conversation, and his frank, honest bearing won the confidence of the mother. Before long they were talking and laughing together as if they had been close friends for years. When he quitted the train at Nancy he said adieu in a few words which expressed a great deal—sentiment, good-nature, and modesty.

The widow Humblot soon forgot this incident, and thought her daughter had forgotten it too. There were many suitors for Antoinette's hand, for it was known that she had an income of sixty thousand francs. But she would have none of them, and at length confessed her secret that she loved the young officer. The mother had combated this whim, as she at first regarded Antoinette's passion; but finding that it was no whim, and that her daughter persisted in thinking of the unknown, she had come with her to Nancy to find the lover, and, if he were worthy, to offer him a wife and a fortune.

"Very well, then," said Madame Vautrin; "all we have to do is to find the young man. Are you sure you should recognize him at the first glance?"

"Oh, among a thousand!"

"The search won't be either very long or very difficult. The garrison of Nancy is composed of our regiment: a couple of squadrons of cavalry, and a few officers of artillery, and the general staff. I am not myself very well acquainted with Colonel Vautrin's officers, but my daughter has a complete collection of their portraits in a photographic album. We will begin with that."

"A thousand thanks, my dear Madame Vautrin, for your aid and kind sympathy. May God reward you by granting to your dear girl the happiness you will confer upon mine!"

Whereupon the two mothers embraced tearfully, and Madame Vautrin called to her daughter:

"Blanche! Blanchette: my darling love? Eh, Blanchette!"

But the louder the mother called, the more violent and tremendous were Blanche's assaults upon the piano, which one would have thought was undergoing punishment for some fearful crime. When she condescended to give her attention, Madame Vautrin continued:

"I beg pardon for disturbing you. Won't you please bring us your album?"

"My album?"

"Yes, the album of the regiment."

"It is in my room. I will go for it."

She went out slowly, made a face at herself in the mirror as she passed it, and when she had reached her chamber closed the door after her and bolted it, took up an album bound in red leather with ivory ornaments, and began to turn over the leaves. At number five of the lieutenants of the second battalion she

stopped. Beneath the portrait was written the name *Paul Astier*. "It is he," said she, making a face. "It can't be any one else."

She slipped the card out of its frame, tore it into little bits, and put them into her pocket. Then reflecting that the vacant space would perhaps excite remark, she tore out the page which had served for a frame, and, when she had concealed its fragments, her little features were lighted up with a satanic joy as she muttered between her teeth:

"At last I have my revenge on an insolent fellow! I am a woman!"

She ran down with the album to her mother, who thanked her, kissed her forehead, and said:

"Now, my dear, you can stay with us; we have finished all our secrets."

And now only think how Madame Humblot's heart began to beat. She only glanced at the portraits of the superior officers, but when the captains began to defile before her, she opened wide her eyes. The regiment was not wanting in fine-looking men, but she thought with pride that all were less handsome and distinguished-looking than her future son-in-law. Blanchette grinned as she listened to her remarks, and said to Madame Humblot:

"If these gentlemen could only hear you, they would pick a quarrel with the prince who so far eclipses them all."

When they had reached the last pages of the album the little wretch became more wicked and malicious than ever.

"There are only four left," said she. "Hope is in the bottom of the box. Ah! now I have an idea that this is the hero of the romance. No? You won't have Lieutenant Bouleau? But he's a brave soldier. Rose from the ranks; been in service twenty-seven years; seen eighteen campaigns; has the military medal and the cross; and see what a lovely scar he has between the eyes."

"It is all over," cried Madame Humblot. "He is not in the regiment, and I am the unhappiest of mothers."

"No, no," said Madame Vautrin; "if he is not in the regiment, he must be either in the cavalry or the staff. Are you anxious to have the matter settled at once?"

"Oh, so anxious! Only think how that dear angel is counting the minutes at our hotel."

"Well, then, I will take my hat and shawl and go out with you. Blanchette will keep house for me like a good child."

As soon as the two mothers were gone, Blanchette folded her two meagre arms, struck a stage attitude, then began to walk to and fro in the large parlour like a little panther in a cage. She was ugly without an ugly feature, just as one sees sometimes a very pretty face with hardly a pretty feature. Every physical and moral defect of her awkward age was in her shown in an exaggerated degree. Her thin arms and legs were shaped like drumsticks, her feet were very long, and her hands interminable. Her movements were without grace, and her colour dark and without freshness. Her nose, eyes, and forehead seemed to go ill together, although her nose was straight, her forehead shapely, and her eyes lustrous and with good lines. Perhaps it was only harmony that was wanting; but in a woman harmony is everything.

Blanche Vautrin would not probably lack admirers, for a well-dowried colonel's daughter, although ugly, could not fail of a husband; but she none the less was enraged at her lack of beauty, which she desired for itself alone.

Almost all her father's officers flattered her and treated her with as much consideration as if she had been Venus in person, though their cajoleries were always received with disgust and ill-humour. But though their flatteries, which she considered her due, brought her no pleasure, any omission of them was sure to provoke her still more; and while those who offered her this homage were treated with contempt, she hated those who refused it as rebellious and contumacious. The most bitterly execrated of all these rebels was Paul Astier.

He was a handsome, brave, and upright fellow, who had made his own way in life. The son of a forester in the wood of Ardennes, he had worked hard to acquire the rudiments of a good education, and at eighteen had enlisted as a common soldier at the beginning of the Crimean war. He had gone through the campaign without a wound, though a mine had exploded directly beneath his feet at the attack on the Malakoff. When he returned in 1856 he had been twice gazetted for gallantry, and had won his sub-lieutenant's epaulets. In 1859 he had exchanged into Colonel Vautrin's regiment, in order to take part in the campaign of Italy, and had found among the privates of his company an old friend and playmate with whom in boyhood he had bound fagots in the Ardennes. Bodin, who could neither read nor write, attached himself like a dog to him, and would have sacrificed his life to serve him. So, in spite of their difference in rank, their old friendship remained unimpaired, and when off duty the greatest familiarity of manner existed between them.

The campaign of 1859 was short, as every-

body knows; yet Astier found time to gain a new grade, and at the close of the war went into garrison at Nancy with the rank of lieutenant.

From the very first he had not been pleased with Blanchette, and, as he was very little given to the arts of diplomacy, he had not taken pains to make himself agreeable to her. The child was the more annoyed at his indifference as she had found him much more pleasant to look at than any of the other officers. She endeavoured to attract his attention, but her attempts were as fruitless as they were awkward, for coquetry is an art demanding much time and practice to acquire perfectly. But the more failures and repulses she met with, the oftener she returned to the charge; like a gambler who persists in play, though he knows his ill luck must only result in his ruin. So things went from bad to worse, and her annoyances daily became more aggravating.

One day she said to him:

"Monsieur Astier, I am told you draw extremely well. Won't you please send me some of your sketches?"

Astier went straight to a toy-shop and bought a dozen illuminated baby books, which he gave to her.

"The joke seems to me in very bad taste," said Blanche.

"Mademoiselle, I have selected such as are given as rewards of merit to little girls who have behaved very well indeed. If you don't think you have deserved them, I will take them back again."

The words of these dialogues are nothing without the music. One should have heard the sharp and drawling tone of Mademoiselle Vautrin in contrast with the deep and frank voice of Astier. Blanche rarely got the advantage in their contests, and as weakness is always cruel, she came finally to the last degree of atrocity.

"Monsieur Astier, how does one manage to escape accidents in time of war?"

"Very easily; one has only to be very lucky."

"Or very prudent."

"Mademoiselle, I am grateful for the compliment; for the colonel, your father, has always denied me that quality."

"It seems to me that a soldier ought to get wounded, if only from coquetry. An officer without wounds always seems to me like an imperfect being."

"At the first opportunity, mademoiselle, I will endeavour to send you one of my arms or a leg."

"Arms and legs! What should I do with them? I am provided with them."

"Yes, but so slightly."

The least allusion to her scragginess put her quite beside herself; and she hated poor Bodin almost equally with Astier for some reflection she had heard he had made upon her tawny complexion.

II.—THE CONSEQUENCES.

Hatred has miraculous intuitions. The very moment Madame Humblot had begun to tell her story Blanche had thought of Lieutenant Astier. But she was not previously aware of his day's absence without leave the preceding month, and had never heard that he had friends among the officers at Commercy. How did it happen, then, that in the rose-tinted portrait of Madame Humblot she had at once recognized the person she always had represented to herself in the blackest colours? Her mind and hand had both acted so rapidly, and her little piece of villainy had been committed so quickly, that she was surprised at it herself.

She began to reflect when the two mothers had left her to herself, and to ask what would happen if the two ladies should chance to meet Astier on their walk. Recognition, emotion, astonishment. Madame Humblot, fainting, would fall into the lieutenant's arms, an explanation and a good understanding would follow. Mademoiselle Antoinette would come upon the stage, and soon——. Blanche felt not the slightest sympathy for this overgrown Antoinette.

He would marry her, but after, or even before the ceremony, all the little circumstances of the romance would be explained. Madame Humblot would not fail to tell that she had looked through the regimental album without finding her son-in-law, and the reason would be inquired into. What would Madame Vautrin, and what would her father, a man who admitted of no jesting in matters of personal honour, think and say? But what above all she dreaded and feared was the judgment of society. The suppression of the portrait was not only an odious act, but it was becoming a ridiculous one, because it effected nothing.

Now it seemed almost impossible to conceal the lieutenant from Madame Humblot's pursuit. In twenty-four hours the sixty thousand francs of income offered to the handsome unknown would be the talk of the town; and if Astier was not recognized by his friends, he would come forward and discover himself.

"There is no other way," thought the wicked

young woman; "Monsieur Paul Astier must disappear."

This was very much the reasoning and conclusion of highwaymen, who, for the sake of precaution, put out of the way the witnesses of their crimes; but it is not so easy to hide away, like a nutmeg, a big lieutenant. Blanchette thought over the matter, and after five or six very wild plans at last hit upon a good one.

She had obtained some time before, and with some trouble, one of Astier's sketches. It was a very funny caricature of one of the officers of the regiment, Major Sparrow, who commanded the second battalion. Paul had represented a sparrow eating a cherry, and the whole design, seen at a little distance, made an admirable likeness of the major and the major's nose; for this officer, a brave soldier and a good fellow, had, by his African habits, developed this feature to an unusual degree both of size and colour. Aside from this ridiculous defect, he was very much esteemed and respected by every one, and was on the best of terms with his subordinates. He had a high regard for Astier, who returned it fully, and for nothing on earth would have caused him pain; but youth and spirits and love of fun lead one oftentimes into malicious tricks, and when one has formed a good joke, he hasn't always the sense to keep it to himself.

So this sketch, tinted with water-colours, was brought one day to the mess-table of the subalterns, where it caused much laughter, and one of the other officers added to it an explanatory legend. After the dinner the matter was forgotten, and the sketch itself, in a damaged state, was left on one corner of the table. A friend of Astier, Lieutenant Foucault, picked up the sketch, folded it, and put it in his pocket, and, without thinking any harm, gave it to Mademoiselle Vautrin.

She returned to her chamber, opened a box, took the caricature, signed it with Paul's name in printed letters, put it in an envelope, printed upon it the address of Major Sparrow, and called her father's orderly from the door. "Old Schumacher," said she, "go and put this letter in the post-office, and let no one see or read the address. You won't read it yourself, I know; your education will forbid."

This second little crime weighed somewhat heavily upon her conscience. But then she excused herself by alleging the necessity of the act, and she knew that a duel between a major and a subaltern was quite impossible. The result of it will be, thought she, that Astier will get off with a week or fortnight of close arrest, and that won't kill anybody. In a week Madame Humblot and her daughter will be tired of wearing out their shoes on the sharp pavements of Nancy. They will think they were dreaming, and will go back to their harvesting. If they only will go before the general inspection, everything will be saved."

She went back to her piano to occupy herself with her music until the ladies should return. Madame Vautrin came in alone, very tired, and evidently dejected.

"Well, mother."

"I don't understand it at all. We have turned over the cavalry, stared at the artillery, questioned the engineers, and passed in review the general staff. All the ladies have been so kind, and have aided us in every way, and shown the greatest interest in Madame Humblot. But we have been completely at fault. My head aches with it. Haven't you some idea of how it is?"

"Yes, mother."

"Tell me, then."

"I have an idea that these two innocent people have allowed themselves to be humbugged by some joker who is no more an officer than I am."

Madame Humblot and her daughter came in the evening, and the sight of Antoinette gave Blanche a bitter pang.

Fancy the rage of a child who knows she is ugly, who has passionately longed for beauty, and has even imagined for herself an ideal of grace and elegance. All at once she sees before her the very incarnation of her vague desires, the person she has always dreamed of being. Another possesses in full completeness all the graces of person, all the charms of feature she has so fondly hoped for. It seems to her almost as if she had been robbed of her own proper personality, and cast-off garments had been thrown to her in charity.

But the young woman exercised some restraint over her feelings, and repressed her first impulse, which was to tear out Mademoiselle Antoinette's eyes. They shook hands, smiled upon each other, and exchanged without apparent effort the customary civilities. Soon they began to be intimate, and the candour and expansiveness of the poor victim was without limit. She could not for a moment doubt the sincerity and truth of the young man, or believe that he had made the slightest false pretences.

Antoinette liked Blanche, and at once accepted her as a friend and confidant.

This is what had taken place toward the end of the day. As Astier was folding his napkin

after dinner he had been hastily summoned to the major's quarters. He had gone with pleasure, hoping that the major required some service of him which he would be only too happy to perform.

But as soon as he saw the old officer he perceived at once there was a storm brewing, for the nose was fairly blazing in the midst of his singularly pale countenance.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "have you ever had reason to complain of me when on duty?"

"Never, major."

"Or off duty?"

"Never."

"Have I ceased to deserve esteem among men, or to have a claim to the respect of young people?"

"Every one esteems and respects you, major."

"You haven't lost your wits by some accident?"

"Not that I know of."

"You haven't been drunk to-day?"

"No, that I am sure of."

"Then why the devil have you insulted me, *sacre bleu!*"

"I, major?"

"Who but you? I didn't address this blackguard thing to myself, I suppose. Do you recognize it?"

Paul recognized the sketch, which he had supposed destroyed long ago, and had quite forgotten.

"Major," said he, "when I drew this wretched caricature a year ago, I did a foolish and improper thing; but he who stole it, kept it, signed it with my name, and sent it to you, has done an infamous one. I ask your pardon for a fault which would have been a slight one if it had not come to your knowledge. As for the beggar who has taken the pains to turn a trivial joke into an insult, I will endeavour to find him out and to punish him as he deserves."

"Meantime," said the major, "since I should not have received this work of art unless you had executed it, you will be good enough to consider yourself under close arrest until further orders."

III.—AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

It is no great hardship for a civilian to remain in his lodgings, although quite alone, for a week or two; but for a young officer it is a severe punishment. Almost always very poor, there is nothing homelike or attractive about the rooms they use only to sleep in. Paul Astier, like all infantry lieutenants, paid twenty francs a month for his quarters, sixty-five francs for his board, and for other necessary expenses the remainder of his pay, excepting the small sum of eleven francs per month, which he was at liberty to devote to cigars, to the coffee-house, to literature, to charity, or other extravagancies or superfluities.

He occupied a narrow and ill-furnished chamber in the oldest part of the city, but life had always smiled upon him, and he had dreamed pleasant dreams in his little den. A simple volunteer, he had advanced as far at his twenty-sixth year as the graduates of the military school of the same age. His name had already been three times presented at general inspection as a candidate for the cross of the Legion of Honour, and he hoped soon to be promoted to a captaincy. If he kept on at the same rate, it was certain he would gain the rank of a general officer before he reached the age of superannuation. In the meantime his poverty was not irksome to him, and he was content.

But the evening he returned to his lodgings under Major Sparrow's order it seemed to him as if his star had suddenly become eclipsed, and the little room seemed very dismal. He hardly touched his dinner, which the faithful Bodin had brought to him perfectly cold, and soon became absorbed in gloomy reflection. He was discontented with every one, himself included. He had given offence unintentionally to an excellent old man, and this event could not fail to be attended by unlucky consequences. The general inspection was approaching, and, for a fault of which he was only half guilty at the worst, he should run the risk of again failing to obtain the cross.

But Paul was less affected by the thought of losing his just rights than by the shame he felt at having such an accusation to make against a fellow-officer. The treachery was so base that he could not bear the thought of imputing it to a comrade. The first sensation of physical ill makes the new-born infant utter cries of pain; and a young man experiences something similar when he first opens his eyes to the existence of moral evil, and discovers that every one is not honest and kind like himself. Without undressing, Paul threw himself upon his little bed and cried.

His confinement lasted for a whole fortnight, and during this time of absolute solitude he had no other distraction than the sight of the street and the greasy novels which Bodin brought him from a neighbouring circulating

library. Several times he felt ashamed of his idleness, and wished to shake off his torpor, and commence a work upon the military art over which he had long meditated. But he found with grief that his brain refused its services under these conditions, and his thought broke its wings against the wall of his chamber.

Meantime Madame Humblot and her daughter had taken again the road to Morans. The old lady was as much vexed as a sportsman who has failed to make a bag, and feels like shooting down pigeons and poultry rather than a return home empty-handed. Towards the end of her stay she had pointed out first one officer and then another to her daughter, and seemed to say to her, "Since the Phœnix has disappeared, let us take the best we have left."

But Antoinette's heart was not to be moved.

"If it be God's will that I ever marry," said she, "I shall find again him whom I have loved. But if this happiness is denied me, I shall know that it is His will to keep me to Himself."

Blanche Vautrin gloated over her despair like a little demon. She never quitted her victim, and tasted drop by drop each one of her innocent tears with ravenous appetite; then all of a sudden she would herself burst into tears without apparent motive, would embrace poor Antoinette with violence, and eagerly demand her favour and pardon. Antoinette hardly knew how to express her gratitude for such generous outbursts of sympathy, and could only exclaim:

"How good and kind you are! and how I love you!"

"Oh, no," Blanche would reply; "you must detest me, rather. I have a wicked heart, I am a monster!"

Three or four times she was just on the point of avowing everything, but something restrained her. It was neither jealousy nor the dread of blame, nor remorse for the lies she had told, but a kind of shamefaced pride.

The day Mademoiselle Humblot bade her good-by, with every demonstration of affection, she said to her:

"I do not ask your friendship, but your prayers. I am more unhappy than you, though you cannot understand it. My conscience is like a field of battle covered with the dead and wounded. I have done all I possibly could to aid you; and if you are not happy, there are others much more wretched than you."

No one sought for the explanation of this enigmatical language. Nothing is astonishing in the mouth of a girl of fifteen.

Two days after the departure of the Humblot family, Paul Astier was released from confinement. The cause of his arrest was not made public, but it was known that he had treated his superior officer with disrespect. His name was stricken off the list of nominations for the cross, and that of Lieutenant Foucault put in its place. When he reappeared at the mess-table he received coldly the condolences of his comrades, and when at dessert a bottle of champagne was opened in honour of his return, he rose when his health was proposed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before responding I have a question to ask. Do any of you recollect that about a year ago I showed one day at table a caricature of Major Sparrow?" He did not wait for an answer, but continued in a dry tone: "The dinner ended so gaily that I forgot to take my sketch with me. Did any of you happen to find it?"

"I did," said Foucault.

"Ah, indeed! was it you? The coincidence is disagreeable."

"Why?"

"Did you keep the drawing?"

"No. I thought it of no consequence, and I gave it away."

"Gave it or sent it?"

"Gave it directly."

"Foucault, tell me this instant to whom you gave it."

"I receive orders only from my superiors, Monsieur Astier."

"If you refuse to receive my orders you will take at any rate this glass of wine in your face."

The action followed the word. The others interfered to prevent a scuffle, and a duel was settled upon. The colonel could not interpose to prevent it, as the insult had been too flagrant. The next morning early they fought with regulation swords, and Paul Astier was run through the body. For two months he lay in the hospital just between life and death.

IV.—THE END OF IT.

About this time Blanche Vautrin fell into that languishing state of health which is often attributed to too rapid growth in girls of her age. She had fever, convulsions, and delirium, and several times was given up by the physicians; but she passed through the crisis, and began slowly to recover.

But her illness and convalescence wrought

a wonderful change in her appearance. Her friends, if she had any, would hardly have recognized the little homely Blanche in the tall, pale, and slender young girl, who was now, attended by her anxious mother, driven about in the sunshiny autumn days. Her eyes were now large and lustrous, her nose straight and thin, of Grecian outline, and her pale lips were bounded by lines of delicate and antique grace. The lack of harmony in her features was now no longer seen, and it seemed as if everything had been moulded anew by the cruel hands of suffering and distress.

Nor was this change confined to her external features. Her voice had acquired a sweeter tone and more sympathetic inflections, and her wit and judgment seemed to have lost their causticity and harshness.

She gradually recovered her strength, but her gaiety had quite forsaken her. It was thought she could hardly endure the winter of Lorraine, and it was arranged that she should spend the cold season in Palermo with her mother.

The day of their departure they met before the door of the station a tall and pale young officer, who was walking painfully along, one arm resting upon a cane, and the other on the shoulder of the faithful Bodin. He touched his cap to the colonel, who was in the carriage, then turned away with an indefinable expression of disdain. Blanche comprehended that an explanation with Lieutenant Foucault had taken place after the duel, and that Paul was no longer ignorant of the author of his misfortunes.

Madame Vautrin, always kind and tender-hearted, said to her daughter:

"There's a poor fellow who sorely needs a trip to Sicily too."

"Unluckily," replied the colonel, "he has only his pay to live on."

Blanche could not help thinking that except for her the young officer would be in good health, rich, and happy. Her remorse followed her to the land of the orange and myrtle. To a soul not utterly corrupt a bad action is a heavy burden. Hardly a day passed that Blanche did not think of Paul Astier, and ask herself, "Where is he now? what has become of him? He must feel the cold so cruelly, while I seek shelter from the warm sunbeams. Perhaps he may have had a relapse, perhaps he is dead, and I should know nothing of it! No one would inform me, and I, unhappy girl, have not even the right to ask a question concerning him!"

While she was passing her life in alternate self-reproach and self-bewailings, the climate, the open air, exercise, and, above all, youth, had performed their work, and completely metamorphosed her little person.

At Palermo she was thought beautiful, and her mother passed hours and hours before her in rapturous contemplation. Indeed, it seemed as though base lead had been transmuted into shining silver; and after six months' absence Madame Vautrin brought back to Nancy a Blanchette who was charming.

Paul Astier had completely recovered, and not only had resumed his military duty, but for two months had been hard at work at his quarters. He would not have allowed himself an hour of recreation a week if he had not been obliged to appear at the Monday evening receptions.

This necessity brought him several times into Mademoiselle Vautrin's presence, but he always affected not to know her. Beautiful or ugly, she was neither more nor less monstrous in his eyes; but still he did not fail to do justice to her beauty.

One evening when he was near her, though her back was toward him, she divined his presence, and, turning quickly upon him, said:

"Am I then so much changed, Monsieur Astier, that you have quite forgotten me?"

He replied, coldly:

"Always and everywhere, mademoiselle, no matter what changes may happen, you may be sure of my grateful remembrance."

Then turning away from her he left the room, lighted his cigar in the vestibule, and humming an air returned to his quarters, where his work was awaiting him. This was the execution of his long-considered plan of a new work upon the military art, which should revolutionize the whole system and organization of the army. He felt so sure he was right, and the fever of invention so wrought upon him, that without waiting for the necessary official permission to publish his work, he hurried with it to the printer, and had a first edition of fifteen hundred copies struck off at once. This involved an outlay of six thousand francs, of which he had not a single sou. But he felt so sure of success that he did not hesitate to incur this obligation in order to hasten it.

He sent the first ten copies to the bureaus of the War Department, quite persuaded not only that the publication would be permitted, but that the entire edition would be immediately bought up by the government for distribution through the army.

Of the ten copies nine were thrown aside unread; the tenth fell into the hands of an old

bureau martinet, who opened it to kill time, and almost burst with indignation at the first page.

"What! overthrow the established order of things! Abolish the red-tape and circumlocution office! Raise a sacrilegious hand against a system and an institution so perfect and so beautiful, one which in a few years would make France the fourth or fifth power of the Continent! And in what disordered brain had such a revolutionary idea first germinated? A lieutenant's! In a general it might possibly have been pardoned, in a colonel passed over with slight reprimand, but in a lieutenant it is simply damnable!"

Upon the report of the old officer the Minister of War caused a severe letter to be sent to Astier, forbidding the publication, and warning him against similar imprudences if he would not entirely ruin his prospects in the army.

If the matter could have rested there no harm would have been done; but the paper and printing had to be paid for, and as Astier made no secret of his absolute poverty, his creditors were obliged to write to the colonel to make reclamation upon his pay-roll. Now his pay barely sufficed as it was for his subsistence; but supposing one-fifth of it to be applied to the claims of his creditors, the liquidation would require a few days over nineteen years. In such cases the rule adopted by the military authority cannot be sufficiently admired. The debtor is at once placed on the retired list; that is to say, reduced to half-pay!

Paul Astier then found himself one fine morning in a condition of semi-destitution, which left him about eighty francs per month.

His colonel took him aside, and said to him, with all the courtesy and kindness imaginable:

"You had begun so well! But now for two years you seem to have got into a streak of bad luck. It began with your trouble with Sparrow. I'm not superstitious, but sometimes it seems to me as if some one had cast a spell over you."

"It may be so, colonel."

The next day he quitted the service and began to give lessons in the town. As he had some good friends who recommended him, he soon had plenty of pupils. He taught some drawing, and others mathematics. He no longer frequented the café, was prodigiously economical, reduced his expenses to one hundred francs a month, and began to pay something to his creditors. One day some one asked him if he would give a young lady lessons in water-colours.

"Certainly," said he.

"Well, take care you don't fall in love with your pupil. She is Mademoiselle Vautrin."

"Ah! right enough," replied Paul; "she is much too pretty; besides, I have no time to give her."

Blanche kept herself informed of all that he did. She talked with the orderly, Schumacher, who tippled with Bodin, who still served his old lieutenant gratis. The young girl felt sincere admiration for the young man who showed so much courage in his ill fortune. She saw him struggling against impossibilities without the least affectation of heroism, and rolling the rock of Sisyphus with the same simplicity with which a day-labourer trundles his wheel-barrow.

For the first time in her life she awoke to the conception of true greatness of soul, which is never without simplicity; but the more justice she rendered to her enemy the more rigorously she condemned her own conduct. One sad October day she saw from her window a tall young man hurrying along the street in the driving rain and sheltering himself, his books, and his papers, as well as he could under his umbrella. It was Astier.

"There he goes," said she to herself, "he who once was the gayest, the brightest, the most cheerful officer of the regiment; and it is I who have brought him to this pitiable state!"

As she was absorbed in these reflections Astier raised his head, and recognizing the colonel's daughter, touched his cap politely, without slackening his pace. She leaped toward him with a kind of frenzy, like a blind or a crazy person. Her arms were extended before her, her hands struck the window panes, and drawing back, as if overcome by shame, she fell into a chair and burst into sobs.

The young man caught in his haste some glimpses of this pantomime, and fell into a reverie as he returned to his den.

"My eyes must have deceived me, or I have comprehended ill," thought he; "but even though she should repent of her wickedness, remorse would only make one more contradiction in her perverse and wilful soul."

Nevertheless, this trifling incident left a pleasant impression after it. Paul Astier all at once found the sky less sombre and his little chamber less dreary. His conscience felt relieved of a burden, although in this guerilla warfare he had no cause for self-reproach. He thought oftener and more pleasantly upon the inexplicable creature who now seemed to bear him some little good-will, after having done him so much mischief. The sudden change excited his curiosity, like a problem to be solved.

He was naturally led to pass from time to time before the colonel's house, which he used before to shun. He sometimes caught the eye of Mademoiselle Vautrin, and he felt sure that she now no longer looked upon him with hatred. But as he was miserably poor and wretched, and as the most of his troubles could be laid to her door, his lips still expressed a bitterness which was no longer in his soul.

"She is an odious monster, yet she may have some vestige of a heart after all. But she is a pretty monster none the less."

If he had visited as he used to do, Blanche might have plucked up courage to have gone straight to him and to sign a treaty of peace between two quadrilles. She felt strong enough to confess all her wrongs and to beg for absolution. But where could she meet this mercenary, who was beating the pavement from six in the morning until he retired to his hole at eight in the evening? She certainly could not pursue him in the streets.

Six long months passed by—long for Astier, who was toiling hard, and long for Blanche, who was wearing away a purposeless and weary life. One morning she received a letter with the post-mark of Morans. She durst not open it, and ran to her mother, crying, "Open and read it; I am afraid to. I feel sure Antoinette Humblot is going to be married."

Her instinct had not deceived her. Antoinette announced with sadness her approaching sacrifice. After having made two trials of the convent without succeeding in resigning herself to its privations, the poor girl had ended by devoting herself to her mother's happiness. She was to be married to a neighbouring farmer, a widower, but still young, whom she esteemed without loving. The nuptials were to be celebrated in a fortnight, unless some miracle should intervene. They hoped to enliven them by the presence of Madame and Mademoiselle Vautrin, but could not promise them very gay countenances. The postscript was charmingly sincere:

"My dear Blanche,—I still preserve in the depths of my heart a souvenir which I cannot now suffer to remain there without sin. I pluck it out and send it to you. When you shall have destroyed this letter it will have ceased to exist. It is done. I beg your tears."

Blanche did more than weep; she sobbed aloud, she prayed, she begged pardon of God, of her mother, of poor devoted Antoinette.

"No!" she cried, "I will not destroy a souvenir so touching and so pure! Good, faithful, noble girl! she was made for him; they are worthy of each other. Ah! shall every one but me in this wretched world be of some worth and value? I will become like them, cost what it will! I will undo my detestable work, and will repair the harm I have done. Without a miracle, did you say, dear angel? Then a miracle there shall be!"

Madame Vautrin was utterly confounded at this explosion, and sobbed and wept without knowing why.

"But tell me," she begged, "tell me what is the matter. What has happened? Heaven help me, my daughter has lost her wits!"

"No, mother, I am calm, and I will be brave, and you shall know all. But send for my father; he must be here."

When she was in presence of her judges, she drew up her own indictment, and did not spare herself. The history of the album terrified her mother, who could hardly credit such deep dissimulation in her daughter; but the colonel was not so much affected by it, and perhaps only half understood it. But when he knew that Blanche had put the signature of Astier and the address of the major to the fatal caricature, he turned pale, and sprang to his feet with uplifted hand.

"Wretch!" cried he, "I would crush you this instant before me if you were a man; but, thanks to Heaven, you are a miserable girl, and will not always bear my name!"

She did not bend before his terrible anger, but walked straight up to him and said:

"Kill me, father. You will do me a kindness, for I am so wretched."

When she had confessed everything the colonel said to her:

"Do you know what we have now to do? I shall send for Astier, and will recount to him before you all your infamous behaviour; I will place him again in the path of fortune and happiness from which your wickedness has driven him; and, as you are an inferior and irresponsible creature, I will myself ask his forgiveness for the wrong you have done him."

Paul was sent for and came in. As soon as he perceived the two ladies he understood that there was no question of military duty, but he could guess no more.

Madame Vautrin was wiping her eyes, and Blanche was clutching the arms of her chair as if there had been an abyss before her. The colonel was red in the face, and pulled at his shirt collar, and twisted his mustache, and cast furious glances about him.

"My dear Astier," he began, "you will one day be a father—soon, I hope. May Heaven preserve you from ever knowing the shame which at this instant is strangling me! Do

you recollect that six months ago I asked you if some one had not cast a spell over you? My friend, there is the sorceress!"

"Colonel, I beg of you, deal gently with your daughter; she was but a child when she committed the—rogueries you reproach her with."

"What! you know then?"

"The story of Major Sparrow? Certainly, I have known it long."

"And you said nothing, and you passed it over; and you barely escaped death on the field! Blanche, if he had died, I would have killed you!"

Blanche was silent, but her countenance seemed to say, "I should not have cared."

"But if you knew all," continued the colonel, "why, then, haven't you married Mademoiselle Humblot?"

At this name Paul's stupefaction showed clearly that there was a part of the story that he did not know. The colonel related the affair from its beginning as he himself had just learned it. He spoke in high terms of Antoinette's beauty, and fortune, and various merits; but the lieutenant seemed more perplexed than dazzled. He sought in the countenance of Blanche for some commentary explanatory of her father's words, and Blanche, feeling his eyes upon her, trembled under their grave, scrutinizing, but gentle look. Paul Astier's kind and clement eyes troubled her more than her father's rage. The lieutenant had never yet shown so much kindness toward her; and never, no, never, in their long warfare, had she felt so dreadfully afraid of him.

The colonel finished his speech by saying:

"My friend, I will obtain for you a leave of absence and a pass for Morans. As it would not be befitting that you should leave any debts behind you at Nancy, I beg you to do me the honour of using my purse. This letter of your future wife (take it, take it!) will show you that, though not expected nor hoped for at Morans, you will be most welcome there. I shall myself come to your wedding. Meantime I shall bring about your reconciliation with the war department, and shall obtain for you a triumphal readmission to the regiment. The honourable distinction which was your due, and which my daughter has so diabolically prevented you from obtaining, shall not long be wanting, I promise you. I cannot engage to bring it to you as a wedding present, but I will tell Madame Humblot what manner of man you are; with what gallantry you have borne yourself before my eyes under the fire of the enemy; and, what is still more rare and more noble, with what magnanimity you have supported your distresses. And I will say to her that any father of a family, no matter how high his rank or position, might well be proud to call you his son-in-law."

This eloquence would probably have transported any other man than Paul. Him it seemed hardly to touch, and he negligently let fall the precious letter. His attention was directed to the three countenances of the Vautrin family; he seemed to be seeking some hidden meaning in the words of the colonel, and interrogated with pensive and troubled eye the physiognomy of the two ladies.

At last he seemed decided.

"Monsieur Vautrin," said he, "may I see you a moment in private? I have a few words to say to you."

When they were in the ante-chamber he continued:

"Colonel, in the whole world there is no better man than you. You have never harmed any one but your country's enemies, and even them you would have spared if the affair could have been arranged in any other way. Madame Vautrin is a wife worthy of you. The lining is of the same quality as the stuff. Now, I believe it a moral impossibility that the association of two rights should produce a wrong, and I refuse utterly to believe that Mademoiselle Vautrin has done wrong for the mere pleasure of wrong-doing."

"But what possible motive?"

"Bless me! I did not foresee that it would be so difficult to explain myself. But I must go on now I have begun. You have had time to know me thoroughly, and you know I am not a conceited puppy nor a fortune-hunter. You will understand that I am not a man to bring sorrow upon my friends for the sake of throwing myself at the head of people I never saw. What I have now to say will seem to you mad enough, but you must think what you will. Colonel, I have the honour to ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle Vautrin, your daughter, and I make my retreat lest you drive me from your house as you did before from your regiment."

As he finished he opened the door and slipped out quietly, leaving the colonel utterly dumbfounded.

"Blanche! Augustine!" cried he; "my daughter! my wife! we have done a mischief, my dear children! The poor devil's wits are surely crazed! Will you believe that in answer to all I have said to him he has asked my permission to marry Blanchette?"

The young girl in her turn uttered a loud cry—but it was a cry of joy.

"I—I, who have so much deserved punishment! Oh! mother, mother, the thousandth part of God's goodness has not been told!"

THE SHADOW.

AFTER A BALLAD OF HEINE'S.

I.

"Donna Clara, many years
Loved with hopes and loved with fears,

Willeth now my heart's undoing;
Willeth it wilfully and unrueing!

Donna Clara, sweet is life,
With its passion, with its strife;

But the grave is dark and cold—
Thronged with horrors manifold!

Donna Clara, spare thee sorrow!
Wilt be wedded on the morrow?

May Ramiro come beside—
Greet thee Don Fernando's bride?"

"Don Ramiro, all thy words
Pierce my heart like poisoned swords.

Ah! shake off this passion-weakness;
Bear with manly strength and meekness.

Many fairer maids there be;
God has come 'twixt me and thee.

Don Ramiro, conqueror
Of the armies of the Moor,

Conquer thy own love and sorrow;
See me wedded on the morrow."

"Donna Clara, thou hast said it;
I will come to see thee wedded;

I will dance with thee as one
Who was never heart-undone.

Till to-morrow, fare thee well!"
"Fare thee well!" The window fell.

In the darkness, like a stone,
Don Ramiro stood alone.

II.

Merrily the bells have rung,
As by joyous impulse swung;

And the people, blythe and gay,
In the streets kept holiday.

In the old cathedral dim
Peeled the organ, rose the hymn,

While the fairest in the land
To the bravest gave her hand.

And at coming on of night
All the palace flamed with light,

And a rich and noble throng
Filled its halls with mirth and song.

Donna Clara, envied bride,
With the unloved by her side,

With pale, passionless countenance,
Waited to lead out the dance.

"Lady, why this troubled gaze?
Why this tremble and amaze?"

"Look, Fernando! Who there stands,
Cloaked in black, with folded hands?

It seems a knightly figure tall."
"Lady, a shadow on the wall!"

III.

But the shadow slowly nears,
And she trembles, and she fears.

To her face her spirit rushes,
Pale she grows, by turns, and blushes.

"Don Ramiro!" said she, thickly,
And her breath came short and quickly.

With a vacant gaze, but steady,
"Dance we at thy bridal?" said he.

Donna Clara forth he leads;
Wildly, wildly round he speeds!

"Don Ramiro," Clara spoke,
"Wherefore in thy sable cloak?"

He, in hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

"Don Ramiro, icy cold
Are the hands that mine do hold!"

Said that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

"Don Ramiro," Clara saith,
"Earthy chill and damp thy breath!"

Still that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

"Don Ramiro"—faint and low
Clara whispered—"let me go!"

But that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

Donna Clara on he leads;
Wilder, wilder round he speeds.

"Don Ramiro," gasped she low,
"In God's name now let me go!"

Don Ramiro, at the name,
Vanished like a sudden flame.

Donna Clara knew no more;
Sunk down, swooning, to the floor.

IV.

Life flows back into her cheek;
Does she see?—does some one speak?
"Donna Clara, sweetest bride"—
She is by Fernando's side.

Sitting still where she had been
When the Shadow glided in.
"Donna Clara, sweetest bride,"
Said a low voice at her side,

"Why this fixed and troubled gaze?
Why this tremble and amaze?"
Ice-blanched Donna Clara's cheek,
While her pale lips strove to speak:

"Don Ramiro—where?" Her lord
Drawing a stern brow at the word,
Bent and whispered, firm and low:
"Donna Clara, seek not to know!"

S. S. Conant.

VERSES.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, pale corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARDS.[1]

There was in Flanders, once, a company of foolish gallants who spent their time in taverns and stews, and indulged themselves in gambling and debauchery of all kinds. Night and day they did little else but dance to the sound of lutes and harps, and play at dice, and eat and drink beyond their might; so that by such abominable superfluity they, in a cursed manner, made sacrifice to the devil within his own temple; attended in their orgies by tumblers, and young idle fruit-girls, and singers with harps, and old bawds, which be the very devil's officers, kindling and blowing the lecherous fire that is annexed to gluttony.

It was grisly to hear these gallants swear, their oaths were so great and damnable; and, as if the Jews had not done violence enough to our blessed Lord, they, in their imaginations, tore his body, each of them laughing at the daring wickedness of the others.

These three rioters were one morning drinking as usual in a tavern, and as they sate they heard a bell clink before a corpse which was being carried to its grave. Then one of them called to his boy and said, "Go and ask readily what corpse this is now passing forth by the gate, and look thou report his name well."

"Sir," quoth the boy, "I knew it two hours before you came here. He was an old companion of yours, and was slain suddenly; for as he sate drunken on his bench, there came a secret thief men call Death (that kills all the people in this country), and with his spear he smote his heart in two, and then went his way without speaking. He hath slain a thousand this pestilence; and, master, ere you come into his presence, methinks it were full necessary to beware of him, and to be evermore ready to meet him. Thus taught me my dame."

"By Saint Mary," said the host of the tavern, "the child says truly; for this fearful thing hath slain this year, within a village about a mile hence, both men, women, and children, so that I trow he has his habitation there. It were great wisdom to be well advised about him."

Then up spake one of the rioters and said, "What! is it such peril to meet with him? I vow by Christ's bones that I'll seek him by stile and street. Hearken, my boys, we three

[1] This is a prose version of Chaucer's "Pardonere's Tale," told by one of the Canterbury pilgrims.

are one: let each hold up his hand, and become brothers, and we will kill this false traitor Death. Before night he shall be slain, —he that so many slayeth." And so saying, he shouted a terrible oath.

Then these three having plighted their troths to live and die by each other, started up, all drunken in their rage, and went towards the hamlet of which the taverner had spoken; and as they went reeling along the way, they roared out with their thick voices, "Death shall be dead if we can catch him."

They had not gone half a mile, when lo! just as they were crossing a gate they saw a poor old man, who greeted them full meekly and said, "Now, Heaven save you, lords!"

The proudest of these three rioters answered, "What, thou sorry churl, why art thou wrapped so closely over, save thy face? Why dost continue to live in such great age?"

At this the old man looked him in the visage, and said, "Because I cannot meet a man, neither in city nor in village, even though I walked into the Indies, who would change his youth for my age; and therefore I must still keep my age as long as Heaven pleases. Death will not have my life, alas! And thus walk I, like a restless caitiff; and, on the ground which is my mother's gate, I knock night and morning with my staff, crying, 'Dear mother, let me in. Lo! how I vanish flesh and blood. When shall my weary bones be still? Mother, with you would I change the chest that has been so long a time in my chamber, yea, for a hair shroud to wrap me in.' But she will not do me such kindness, for which full pale and welked is my face. Yet, sirs, it is not courteous in you to speak roughly to an old man except he trespass in word or deed; for it is said in holy writ, as you may yourselves see, that ye should not rise against a hoary head; therefore do no more harm now to an old man than ye would a man should do to you in age, if that ye abide so long; and so peace be with you ever! I must go my ways."

"Nay, old churl, by St. John thou partest not so lightly," swore one of these rioters. "Thou spakest right now of that traitor Death that slayeth all our friends in this country. Thou art his spy; and believe me thou shalt either tell where he is, or by the holy sacrament thou shalt rue it; for, truly, thou art one of his accomplices to kill us young folk, thou false thief."

"Now, sirs," then quoth this old man, "if you truly wish to find Death, turn up this crooked way, for by my faith I left him in that grove under a tree, and there he will stay, nothing hiding himself for all your boasting. See ye that oak? right there shall ye meet him."

Thus spake the old man; and away ran these three rioters till they came to the tree, under which behold they found well nigh eight bushels of fine gold florins. They were so glad of this sight that they sought no longer after Death; but looking round them they sate down on the hard roots of the tree, nothing heeding the uneasiness of the seat, so eager were they to be near the precious hoard.

"Brethren," said the worst of the three, "take heed what I shall say. Fortune hath given us this treasure to the end we may live all our lives in mirth and jollity. As it came lightly, lightly let us spend it. Who would have thought," continued he, swearing a great oath, "that we should have met such luck today? If this gold could but be carried out of this grove home to my house, then were we in high felicity; but it may not be done by day, for men would say we were strong thieves, and hang us for possessing our own treasure; no: it must be carried by night, wisely and slily; therefore I am of opinion that we draw lots, and he who draws the lowest shall run to the town with blythe heart, and bring us bread and wine; while the other two shall subtly keep the treasure, and when it is night we will take it by one assent where we may think best."

Then he brought the lots in his hand and bade them draw, and the lowest fell on the young one; and anon he went forth toward the town. Now all as soon as he was departed, the rioter who spake before said thus unto his fellow:—

"Thou knowest well thou art my sworn brother; therefore will I tell thee thy profit. Our fellow is gone and here is gold, and that full great store, which is to be shared among us three; but if I can shape it so that it may be parted among us two, had I not done a friend's turn to thee?"

The other answered, "I cannot think how that may be: he knows well that the gold is with us. What, therefore, should we do? What could we say to him?"

"Shall it be counsel, then?" said the first: "If so, I will tell you in few words how we can bring it about."

And the other answered, "I plight thee my troth that I will not betray thee."

"Now," quoth this wicked hazarder, "thou knowest well that we are two, and two of us

shall be stronger than one. Look, when he is set down, that thou rise anon, and make as though thou playest with him, and while ye are struggling as in game, I will stab him through his two sides; and do thou do the same with thy dagger. And then, my dear friend, shall this gold be parted 'twixt thee and me; and so shall we be able to fulfil our desires, and play at dice at our own will."

Thus these two hazarders agreed to slay the third, who, as he went along the road kept rolling up and down in his heart the beauty of these bright and new florins. "O Lord!" quoth he, "that I might but have this treasure to myself alone! There would be no man under the heavens that should live so merry as I."

And at the last the fiend put it into his thought that he should buy poison to slay his fellows: for the fiend found him living in such a wanton way, that he lusted to bring him to sorrow; therefore he made this hazarder determine to do the homicide, and never to repent. So he went straightways unto an apothecary in the town, and prayed him that he would sell some poison to kill the rats in his house, and there was also a polecat that, as he said, slew his capons, and he would fain be rid of such destroying vermin.

The apothecary answered, "Thou shalt have a thing, that if it be taken by any creature in this world, though it be no more in quantity than a grain of wheat, he shall anon lose his life; yea, he shall wither away in less time than thou wilt go a mile, the poison is so strong and violent."

Then this cursed man took into his hand the poison in a box, and went into the next street and borrowed three large bottles, and poured the poison into two of them, keeping the third clean for his own drink. And when with sorry grace he had filled his great bottles with wine, he repaired again to his fellows.

What need is there to say more? For even as they had planned his death, even so they slew him, and that quickly. And when it was done, thus spake the worst of these rioters:—

"Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry, and afterwards we will hide his body in the ground."

And with these words he took the bottle where the poison was and drank, and gave it to his fellow; and anon there came upon them strange signs of poisoning, and they perished.

Thus ended be these two homicides; and also their false companion; and thus did they find Death under the oak in the old grove.

"BECAUSE."

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "PUIS QU' ICI TOUTE AME.

Because—every soul
Feels incessant desire
To give to some other
Its fragrance and fire;

Because—all things give,
Below and above,
Their roses or thorns
To that which they love;

Because—May gives music
To murmuring streams,
And Night, to our pains,
Gives Nepenthe in dreams;

Because—the sky gives
The bird to the bower,
And morn drops its dew
In the cup of the flower;

Because—when the wave
Falls asleep on the strand,
It trembles, and gives
A kiss to the land;

For these reasons, my own,
My heart is inclined
To give thee the best
I have in my mind.

I give my sad thoughts,
My griefs, and my fears;
Take these, as the earth
Takes the night's shower of tears.

Of my infinite longing,
Take, dearest, thy part;
Take my light and my shadow,
O child of my heart!

Take the unalloyed trust
Which our intercourse blesses;
And take all my songs,
With their tender caresses.

Take my soul, which moves on
Without sail or oar,
But pointing to thee
As its star evermore.

And take, O my darling,
My precious, my own!
This heart, which would perish,
Its love being gone.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE COBBLER OF DUDDINGSTONE.

In the little picturesque village of Duddingstone, which lies sweetly at the foot of Edinburgh's great lion, Arthur Seat, and which is celebrated for its strawberries and sheep-head broth, flourished, within our own remembrance, a poor and honest mender of boots and shoes, by name Robin Rentoul.

Robin had been a cobbler all his days to very little purpose. He had made nothing of the business, although he had given it a fair trial of fifty or sixty years. He was born, and cobbled—got married, and cobbled—got children, and cobbled—got old, and cobbled, without advancing a step beyond his last. It "found him poor at first and left him so!" To make the ends meet was the utmost he could do. He therefore bore no great liking to a profession which had done so little for him, and for which he had done so much; but in truth, his want of liking may be considered as much a cause as an effect of his want of success. His mind, in short, did not go with his work; and it was the interest, as well as duty and pleasure, of his good wife Janet, to hold him to it (particularly when he had given his word of honour to a customer) by all the arts common to her sex—sometimes by scolding, sometimes by taunting, but oftener—for Janet was a kind-hearted creature—by treating him to a thimbleful of aqua-vitæ, which he loved dearly, with its proper accompaniments of bread and cheese.

Although, however, Robin did not keep by the shoes with any good heart, he could not be called either a lazy or inefficient man. In everything but cobbling he took a deep and active interest. In particular, he was a great connoisseur of the weather. Nobody could prophesy snow like Robin, or foretell a black frost. The latter was Robin's delight; for with it came the people of Edinburgh to hold their saturnalia on Duddingstone Loch, and cobbling on these great occasions was entirely out of the question. His rickety table, big-bellied bottle, and tree-legged glass were then in requisition, for the benefit of curlers and skaters in general, and of himself in particular. But little benefit accrued from these to Robin, although he could always count on one good customer—in himself. On the breaking up of the ice he regularly found himself poorer than before, and, what was worse, with a smaller disposition than ever to work.

It must have been on some occasion of this kind that strong necessity suggested to Robin a step for the bettering of his fortunes, which was patronized by the legislature of the day, and which he had heard was resorted to by many with success. Robin resolved to try the lottery. With thirty shillings, which he kept in an old stocking for the landlord, he went to Edinburgh, and purchased a sixteenth. This proceeding he determined to keep a profound secret from every one; but whisky cannot tolerate secrets—the first half mutchkin with barber Hugh succeeding in ejecting it; and as the barber had every opportunity, as well as disposition, to spread it, the thing was known to all the village in the lathering of a chin.

Among others, it reached the ears of Mr. Blank, a young gentleman who happened to reside at Duddingstone, and who took an interest in the fortunes of Robin. Mr. B. (unknown to the villagers) was connected with the press of Edinburgh, particularly with a certain newspaper, one copy of which had an extensive circulation in Duddingstone. First of all, the newspaper reached Mr. Blank on the Saturday of its publication; on the Monday it fell into the hands of Robin, who, like the rest of his trade, had most leisure on that day to peruse it; on the Tuesday the baker had it; on the Wednesday the tailor; on the Thursday the blacksmith; on the Friday the gardener; and on the Saturday the barber, in whose shop it lay till the succeeding Saturday brought another, when it was torn down for suds, leaving not a wreck behind, except occasionally a king's speech, a cure for the rupture, a list of magistrates and town-council, or any other interesting passage that took the barber's fancy, which was carefully clipped out and pasted on the wooden walls of his apartment, to the general satisfaction, instruction, and entertainment of his customers. This newspaper, like Wordsworth's "Old Cumberland Beggar," was the means of keeping alive a sympathy and community of feeling among the parties; and in particular tended to establish a friendly intercourse between Robin Rentoul and Mr. Blank. Robin could count upon his glass every Monday when he went for "the papers;" and, except the glass, he liked nothing better than to have what he called "a bother" with Mr. B. himself. Mr. B. soon got from Robin's own mouth all the particulars of the lottery ticket purchase, even to the very number, which was 1757—a number chosen by Robin, who had an eye to fatalism, as being the date of the year in which he was born.

A love of mischief or sport suggested to the young gentleman the wicked thought of

making the newspaper a means of hoaxing Robin regarding the lottery ticket. We shall not undertake to defend Mr. Blank's conduct, even on the score of his being, as he was, a very young man. The experiment he made was cruel, although we believe it was done without malignity, and with every resolution that Robin should not be a loser by it. About the time when news of the lottery-drawing was expected the following paragraph appeared in the newspaper with which Mr. Blank was connected.

"By private accounts from London we understand that 984 and 1757 are the numbers drawn in the present lottery for the two £20,000 prizes. We know not if any of these lucky numbers have been disposed of in this quarter."

Poor Robin came for his newspaper at the usual time, and in his usual manner. He got his customary glass, but missed his customary "bother" with Mr. Blank, who chose for the present to be out of the way. Home he trudged, carrying the newspaper, the harbinger of his fortune, in the crown of his hat—placed himself on his stool—drew out his spectacles—and began to read, as usual, from the beginning of the first page. It was some time before he reached the paragraph big with his fate. When he saw it he gave a gasp—took off his spectacles, and began to rub them, as if doubtful that they had deceived him—placed them again deliberately on his nose—read the passage over again, slowly and surely—then quietly laying his hand on a shoe which he had been mending, and which contained a last, made it in a moment spin through the window, carrying casement with it, and passing barely the head of a fishwife who was toiling along with her creel. His wife, Janet, was not at home, so, rushing out of doors, he made way to his old howff, at the sign of the Sheep's Head. The landlady held up her hands at his wild look.

"Send for Barber Hughie," he cried, "and Neil the tailor: and I say, Luckie, bring in—let me see—a GALLON o' your best; and some cheese—a HAIL CHEESE—nane o' your halfs and quarters."

"Guide us, Robin! What bee's this in your bonnet? The man's gyte!"

"Look there, woman, at the papers. I've gotten a prize. A twenty thousand pounder. What's the sixteenth o' that, think ye?"

"A prize and nae blank! Eh, wow, Robin, gie's a shake o' your hand. I aye said ye wad come to something. Isy, you slut, rin for the barber—and Neil—if he's sober—and bring the gudeman too. The mae the merrier."

Robin was soon surrounded by all his cronies of the village; for the news of his good fortune spread with the rapidity of scandal. Innumerable were the shakings of hands and the pledges of good-will and assistance. The Sheep's Head soon became too hot for the company; the village itself was in an uproar; and as halloo followed halloo Mr. Blank inwardly "shrunk at the sound himself had made." Meanwhile, to have the truth of the statement confirmed, a superannuated lawyer had been despatched on an old blood-horse to the lottery office at Edinburgh; and his return, with the intelligence that all was a hoax, spread dismay over the faces of the carousers, and made Robin's heart sink with grief and shame.

A speedy change took place in the conduct of those fair-weather friends who had flocked around the poor cobbler. From being the admired of all beholders he became an object of scorn and laughter, till, unable to stand their mocks and jibes, he rushed from their presence, and sought shelter under his own bed-clothes. The only one who stood true was Neil the tailor. He followed Robin to his own house, took him by the hand, and said, "Robin, my man, I promised you a suit o' clothes o' the best. I ken ye wad hae befriended me had ye got the cash, and, lottery or no lottery, by Jove! I'll keep my word."

Mr. Blank took care to discharge the debt incurred at the Sheep's Head, and endeavoured, by proffers of money and otherwise, to comfort Robin, and atone in some measure for the injury which he had secretly done him. But Robin turned himself in his bed, and would not be comforted. Three days he lay in this plight, when authentic information arrived of the drawing of the lottery. Robin's number was, after all, in reality a lucky one—not, indeed, twenty thousand, but five thousand pounds. The sixteenth of even this was a little fortune to him, and he received it with a sober satisfaction, very different from the boisterous glee which he had formerly displayed. "I'll seek nane o' them this time," he said to his wife, Janet, "except Neil the tailor; *he*, puir body, was the only true-hearted creature amang them a'. I've learn't a lesson by what has taken place. *I ken wha to trust.*"

ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

IGNORANCE.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity and pride and arrogance:
As blind men use to bear their noses higher,
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed (says the ancient chronicle), O God, is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him whom ye have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's further history after this event.

The warrior bow'd his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king
To free his long-imprison'd sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge the faith, my liege, my lord,
Oh break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! e'en now thy father comes,
A ransom'd man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
—Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far as on they press'd
There came a glittering band,
With one, that midst them stately rode,
As a leader in the land;
—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste!
For there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearn'd so long to see!"

His dark eye flash'd—his proud breast heaved—
His cheek's hue came and went—
He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side,
And there dismounting bent:
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch
That all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing!—
It dropped from his like lead—
He look'd upon the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—
The brow was fix'd and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—
But who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts that saw
Its horror and amaze!
They might have chain'd him as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood!

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low—
And wept like childhood then—
—Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes,
And all his young renown—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands
His darkly mournful brow,
—"No more, there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now!
My king is false, my hope betray'd;
My father—oh, the worth,
The glory and the loveliness,
Are pass'd away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire! beside thee yet—
I would that *there* our kindred blood
On Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—
For thee my fields were won,
And thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
As though thou hadst no son."

Then starting from the ground once more,
He seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks
Of all the courtier train.
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My *father's* hand to kiss?
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king!
And tell me what is *this?*
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought!—
Give answer, where are they?
—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
Send life through this cold clay!

Into these glassy eyes put light!—
Be still! keep down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—
This earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!
—Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—
Upon the silent face
He cast one long deep troubled look,
Then turn'd from that sad place.
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain
—His banner led the spears no more
Amidst the hills of Spain.

MRS. HEMANS.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.—*Measure for Measure.*

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and for the most part picked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather-jacket so tightly, that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of everything, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year, into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiences is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice,—Insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live for ever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an insurance office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labours of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share, and ogled that of his absent neighbour, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast-high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labours of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies

upon their natural lives were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a prospect. In vain did the Board endeavour to persuade them that they were half-dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with anything like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"Maybe I shall some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles——"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row" and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but as my friend was handing me forward my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady, with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself, and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds!" thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah, madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favourable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions, which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr.——, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compli-

ments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down-stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number——, sir, in —— street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why, I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buckskins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before, had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up-stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's-ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally, without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tones of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her, but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple

gray, wholly without ornament, and her dark-brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit under ridiculous circumstances for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and for a moment I was in doubt whether I should not apologize, and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down-stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and life insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady look surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to "Auld Robin Grey," and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger in the legs, as they say at the insurance office." The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile, and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals; but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves, till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for any increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty, till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then

sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the insurance office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father and the liver-complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so. What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,——but I love you as my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

. . . . . .

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend:

Dear Sir,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

R. Sullivan.

TO THE LADY OF MY HEART

The murmur of the merry brook,
As, gushingly and free,
It wimples, with its sun-bright look,
Far down yon shelter'd lea,
Humming to every drowsy flower
A low quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
Of Love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood
To utter harmony;
And the small birds, that answer make
To the winds' fitful glee,
In me most blissful visions wake
Of Love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
So soon as it can see,
Along the eastern hills, one streak
Of the sun's majesty:
Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon me seems
A type of thee.

And when abroad in summer morn
I hear the blithe bold bee
Winding aloft his tiny horn,
(An errant knight perdy,)
That winged hunter of rare sweets,
O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea:
My heart is in their voyaging
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
Is ever thee.

But, oh, the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree;
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,
The booming of the bee;
The course of each bright voyager,
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee!

William Motherwell.

A DIRGE.

[**Thomas Chatterton**, born at Bristol, 20th November, 1752; died in London, 25th August, 1770. At eight years of age his mother taught him to read from a black-letter Bible, and from that time he became an eager student. Antiquities chiefly interested him, and when sixteen years old he sent to a local journal the description of various ceremonies supposed to have been performed by the friars at the opening of the old bridge of Bristol. This account Chatterton stated he had derived from an old MS. found in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliff Church. Curiosity was excited, and "the marvellous boy" fed it with the famous poems of Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. Having deceived the sages of his native city, he attempted to obtain the patronage of Horace Walpole by submitting to him some of the Rowleian poetry. Walpole discovered that the poems were ancient only in appearance, and declined to interest himself in the bard who had applied to him under false pretences. Chatterton then proceeded to London, hoping to earn fame and fortune with his pen; but after a five months' struggle with fortune, he, in a fit of despondency, poisoned himself. He was under eighteen years at the date of his death, and Dryden's couplet about Oldham has been aptly applied to him:

"O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?"

Of the Rowley poems, the authorship of which no one doubts to be due to Chatterton, the principal are: *Ælla, a tragical interlude*, from which the following lines are taken; *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin; The Battle of Hastings;* and *The Tournament.*]

O! sing unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be:
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they go;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briars
Round his holy corse to gre,
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die; I come; my true love waits.—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

Martiall, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,
The equal friend; no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life,
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fair,
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife without debate;
Such sleep as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.

EDUCATION THROUGH THE SENSES.[1]

[John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E., born at Biggar, Lanarkshire, September, 1810. He is a son of the late John Brown, D.D, the eminent Scottish divine and professor of theology in the United Presbyterian Church. Whilst labouring earnestly in the medical profession, Dr. Brown has rendered important services to literature by his contributions to the *North British Review* and other periodicals. *Rab and his Friends*—the pathetic story of a dog's attachment to a humble couple who were kind to him—and other sketches of dog life and character, have obtained great and merited popularity. *Horæ Subsecivæ* is a collection of Dr. Brown's principal essays and sketches. It is a delightful book, full of suggestive thought, leavened with true humour. *Locke and Sydenham*, with other professional papers; *Jeems the Doorkeeper; The Enterkin;* and *Marjorie Fleming* are the titles of other works by the same author. He died in 1882.]

One of the chief sins of our time is hurry: it is helter-skelter, and devil take the hindmost. Off we go all too swift at starting, and we neither run so fast nor so far as we would have done had we taken it *cannily* at first. This is true of a boy as well as of a blood colt. Not only are boys and colts made to do the work and the running of full-grown men and horses, but they are hurried out of themselves and their *now*, and pushed into the middle of next week where nobody is wanting them, and beyond which they frequently never get.

The main duty of those who care for the young is to secure their wholesome, their entire growth, for health is just the development of the whole nature in its due sequences and proportions: first the blade—then the ear—then, and not till then, the full corn in the ear; and thus, as Dr. Temple wisely says, "Not to forget wisdom in teaching knowledge." If the blade be forced, and usurp the capital it inherits; if it be robbed by you its guardian of its birthright, or squandered like a spendthrift, then there is not any ear, much less any corn; if the blade be blasted or dwarfed in our haste and greed for the full shock and its price, we spoil all three. It is not easy to keep this always before one's mind, that the young "idea" is in a young body, and that healthy growth and harmless passing of the time are more to be cared for than what is vainly called accomplishment. We are preparing him to run his race, and accomplish *that* which is one of his chief ends; but we are too apt to start him off at his full speed, and he either bolts or breaks down—the worst thing for him generally being to win. In this way a child or boy should be regarded much more as a mean than as an end, and his cultivation should have reference to this; his mind, as old Montaigne said, should be forged, as well as—indeed, I would say, rather than—furnished, fed rather than filled,—two not always coincident conditions. Now exercise—the joy of interest, of origination, of activity, of excitement—the play of the faculties,—this is the true life of a boy, not the accumulation of mere words. Words—the coin of thought—unless as the means of buying something else, are just as useless as other coin when it is hoarded; and it is as silly, and in the true sense as much the part and lot of a *miser*, to amass words for their own sakes, as to keep all your guineas in a stocking and never spend them, but be satisfied with every now and then looking greedily at them and making them chink. Therefore it is that I dislike—as indeed who doesn't?—the cramming system. The great thing with knowledge and the young is to secure that it shall be their own—that it be not merely external to their inner and real self, but shall go *in succum et sanguinem;* and therefore it is, that the self-teaching that a baby and a child give themselves remains with them for ever—it is of their essence, whereas what is given them *ab extra*, especially if it be received mechanically, without relish, and without any energizing of the entire nature, remains pitifully useless and *wersh*. Try, therefore, always to get the resident teacher *inside the skin*, and who is for ever giving his lessons, to help you and be on your side.

Now in children, as we all know, *he* works chiefly through the senses. The quantity of accurate observation—of induction, and of deduction too (both of a much better quality than most of Mr. Buckle's); of reasoning from the known to the unknown; of inferring; the nicety of appreciation of the like and the unlike, the common and the rare, the odd and the even; the skill of the rough and the smooth—of form, of appearance, of texture, of weight, of all the minute and deep philosophies of the touch and of the other senses,—the amount of this sort of objective knowledge which every child of eight years has acquired—especially if he can play in the lap of nature and out of doors—and acquired for life, is, if we could only think of it, marvellous beyond any of our mightiest marches of intellect. Now, could we only get the knowledge of the school to go as sweetly, and deeply, and clearly into the

[1] From *Horæ Subsecivæ*, by John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

vitals of the mind as this self-teaching has done, and this is the paradisiac way of it, we should make the young mind grow as well as learn, and be in understanding a man as well as in simplicity a child; we should get rid of much of that dreary, sheer endurance of their school-hours—that stolid lending of ears that do not hear—that objectless looking without ever once seeing, and straining their minds without an aim; alternating, it may be, with some feats of dexterity and effort, like a man trying to lift himself in his own arms, or take his head in his teeth, exploits as dangerous, as ungraceful, and as useless, except to glorify the showman and bring wages in, as the feats of an acrobat.

But you will ask, How is all this to be avoided if everybody must know how far the sun is from *Georgium Sidus*, and how much of phosphorus is in our bones, and of ptyalin and flint in human spittle—besides some 10,000 times 10,000 other things which we must be told and try to remember, and which we cannot prove not to be true, but which I decline to say we *know*.

But *is* it necessary that everybody should know everything? Is it not much more to the purpose for every man, when his turn comes, to be able to *do* something; and I say, that other things being equal, a boy who goes bird-nesting, and makes a collection of eggs, and knows all their colours and spots, going through the excitements and glories of getting them, and observing everything with a keenness, an intensity, an exactness, and a permanency, which only youth and a quick pulse, and fresh blood and spirits combined, can achieve,—a boy who teaches himself natural history in this way, is not only a healthier and happier boy, but is abler in mind and body for entering upon the great game of life, than the pale, nervous, bright-eyed, feverish, "interesting" boy, with a big head and a small bottom and thin legs, who is the "captain," the miracle of the school; dux for his brief year or two of glory, and, *if he live*, booby for life. I am, of course, not going in for a complete *curriculum* of general ignorance; but I am for calling the attention of teachers to drawing out the minds, the energies, the hearts of their pupils through their senses, as well as pouring in through these same apertures the general knowledge of mankind, the capital of the race, into this one small being, who it is to be hoped will contrive to forget much of the mere words he has unhappily learned.

For we may say of our time in all seriousness, what Sydney Smith said in the fulness of his wisdom and his fun, of the pantologic master of Trinity—Science is our *forte;* omniscience is our *foible.* There is the seed of a whole treatise, a whole organon in this joke; think over it, and let it simmer in your mind, and you will feel its significance and its power. Now, what is *science* so called to every 999 men in 1000, but something that the one man tells them he has been told by some one else—who may be one among say 50,000—is true, but of the truth of which these 999 men (and probably even the teaching thousandth man) can have no direct test, and, accordingly, for the truth or falsehood of which they, by a law of their nature, which rejects what has no savour and is superfluous, don't care one fig. How much better, how much dearer, and more precious in a double sense, because it has been bought by themselves,—how much nobler is the knowledge which our little friend, young Edward Forbes, "that marvellous boy," for instance—and what an instance!—is picking up, as he looks into everything he sees, and takes photographs upon his retina—the *camera lucida* of his mind—which never fade, of every midge that washes its face as a cat does, and preens its wings, every lady-bird that alights on his knee, and folds and unfolds her gauzy pinions under their spotted and glorious lids. How more real is not only this knowledge, but this little knowledger in his entire nature, than the poor being who can maunder amazingly the entire circle of human science at second, or it may be, twentieth hand!

There are some admirable though cursory remarks on *Ornithology as a Branch of Liberal Education*, by the late Dr. Adams of Banchory, the great Greek scholar, in a pamphlet bearing this title, which he read as a paper before the last meeting of the British Association in Aberdeen. It is not only interesting as a piece of natural history, and a touching co-operation of father and son in the same field—the one on the banks of his own beautiful Dee and among the wilds of the Grampians, the other among the Himalayas and the forests of Cashmere; the son having been enabled, by the knowledge of his native birds got under his father's eye, when placed in an unknown country to recognize his old feathered friends, and to make new ones and tell their story; it is also valuable as coming from a man of enormous scholarship and knowledge—the most learned physician of his time—who knew Aristotle and Plato, and all those old fellows, as we know Maunder or Lardner—a hard-working country surgeon, who was ready to run at any

one's call—but who did not despise the modern enlightenments of his profession, because they were not in Paulus Agineta; though, at the same time, he did not despise the admirable and industrious Paul because he was not up to the last doctrine of the nucleated cell, or did not read his *Hippocrates* by the blaze of paraffine; a man greedy of all knowledge, and welcoming it from all comers, but who, at the end of a long life of toil and thought, gave it as his conviction that one of the best helps to true education, one of the best counteractives to the necessary mischiefs of mere scientific teaching and information, was to be found in getting the young to teach themselves some one of the natural sciences, and singling out ornithology as one of the readiest and most delightful for such a life as his.

I end these intentionally irregular remarks by a story. Some years ago I was in one of the wildest recesses of the Perthshire Highlands. It was in autumn, and the little school, supported mainly by the chief, who dwelt all the year round in the midst of his own people, was to be examined by the minister, whose native tongue, like that of his flock, was Gaelic, and who was as awkward and ineffectual, and sometimes as unconsciously indecorous, in his English, as a cockney is in his kilt. It was a great occasion: the keen-eyed, firm-limbed, brown-cheeked little fellows were all in a buzz of excitement as we came in, and before the examination began every eye was looking at us strangers as a dog looks at his game, or when seeking it; they knew everything we had on, everything that could be known through their senses. I never felt myself so studied and scrutinized before. If any one could have examined them upon what they thus mastered, Sir Charles Trevelyan and John Mill would have come away astonished, and, I trust, humble. Well, then, the work of the day began; the mill was set a-going, and what a change! In an instant their eyes were like the windows of a house with the blinds down; no one was looking out; everything blank; their very features changed—their jaws fell, their cheeks flattened, they drooped and looked ill at ease—stupid, drowsy, sulky—and getting them to speak or think, or in any way to energize, was like trying to get any one to come to the window at three of a summer morning, when, if they do come, they are half awake, rubbing their eyes and growling. So with my little Celts. They were like an idle and half-asleep collie by the fireside, as contrasted with the collie on the hill and in the joy of work; the form of dog and boy are there—he, the self of each, was elsewhere (for I differ from Professor Ferrier in thinking that the dog *has* the reflex ego, and is a very knowing being). I noticed that anything they really knew roused them somewhat; what they had merely to transmit or pass along, as if they were a tube through which the master blew the pea of knowledge into our faces, was performed as stolidly as if they were nothing but a tube.

At last the teacher asked where Sheffield was, and was answered; it was then pointed to by the dux, as a dot on a skeleton map. And now came a flourish. "What is Sheffield famous for?" Blank stupor, hopeless vacuity, till he came to a sort of sprouting "Dougal Cratur"—almost as wee, and as gleg, and as tousy about the head as my own Kintail terrier, whom I saw at that moment through the open door careering after a hopeless rabbit, with much benefit to his muscles and his wind—who was trembling with keenness. He shouted out something which was liker "cutlery" than anything else, and was received as such amid our rapturous applause. I then ventured to ask the master to ask small and red Dougal what cutlery was; but from the sudden erubescence of his pallid, ill-fed cheek, and the alarming brightness of his eyes, I twigged at once that *he* didn't himself know what it meant. So I put the question myself, and was not surprised to find that not one of them, from Dougal up to a young strapping shepherd of eighteen, knew what it was!

I told them that Sheffield was famous for making knives, and scissors, and razors, and that cutlery meant the manufacture of anything that cuts. Presto! and the blinds were all up, and eagerness, and *nous*, and brains at the window.' I happened to have a Wharncliffe, with "Rodgers and Sons, Sheffield," on the blade. I sent it round, and finally presented it to the enraptured Dougal. Would not each one of those boys, the very boobiest there, know that knife again when they saw it, and be able to pass a creditable competitive examination on all its ins and outs? and wouldn't they remember "cutlery" for a day or two? Well, the examination over, the minister performed an oration of much ambition and difficulty to himself and to us, upon the general question, and a great many other questions, into which his Gaelic subtlety fitted like the mists into the hollows of Ben-a-Houlich, with, it must be allowed, a somewhat similar tendency to confuse and conceal what was beneath; and he concluded with thanking the chief, as he well might, for his generous sup-

port of "this aixlent CEMETERY of ædication." Cemetery indeed! The blind leading the blind, with the ancient result: the dead burying their dead.

Now, not greater is the change we made from that low, small, stifling, gloomy, mephitic room, into the glorious open air, the loch lying asleep in the sun, and telling over again on its placid face, as in a dream, every hill and cloud, and birch and pine, and passing bird and cradled boat; the black Wood of Rannoch standing "in the midst of its own darkness," frowning out upon us like the past disturbed, and far off in the clear ether, as in another and a better world, the dim shepherds of Etive pointing, like ghosts at noonday, to the weird shadows of Glencoe;—not greater was this change than is that from the dingy, oppressive, weary "cemetery" of mere word-knowledge to the open air, the light and liberty, the divine infinity and richness of nature and her teaching.

We cannot change our time, nor would we if we could. It is God's time as well as ours. And our time is emphatically that for achieving and recording and teaching man's dominion over and insight into matter and its forces—his subduing the earth; but let us turn now and then from our necessary and honest toil in this neo-Platonic cavern where we win gold and renown, and where we often are obliged to stand in our own light, and watch our own shadows as they glide, huge and mis-shapen, across the inner gloom; let us come out betimes with our gold, that we may spend it and get "goods" for it, and when we can look forth on that ample world of daylight which we can never hope to overrun, and into that overarching heaven where, amid clouds and storms, lightning and sudden tempest, there are revealed to those who look for them lucid openings into the pure, deep empyrean, "as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness;" and when, best of all, we may remember who it is who stretched out these heavens as a tent to dwell in, and on whose footstool we may kneel, and out of the depths of our heart cry aloud,

TE DEUM VENERAMUR,
TE SANCTE PATER!

we shall return into our cave, and to our work, all the better of such a lesson, and of such a reasonable service, and dig none the worse.

Science which ends in itself, or still worse, returns upon its maker, and gets him to worship himself, is worse than none; it is only when it makes it more clear than before who is the Maker and Governor, not only of the objects, but of the subjects of itself, that knowledge is the mother of virtue. But this is an endless theme. My only aim in these desultory hints is to impress parents and teachers with the benefits of the *study*, the personal engagement—with their own hands and eyes, and legs and ears—in some form or another of natural history, by their children and pupils and themselves, as counteracting evil, and doing immediate and actual good. Even the immense activity in the post-office-stamp line of business among our youngsters has been of immense use in many ways, besides being a diversion and an interest. I myself came to the knowledge of Queensland, and a great deal more, through its blue twopenny.

If any one wishes to know how far wise and clever and patriotic men may occasionally go in the way of giving "your son" a stone for bread, and a serpent for a fish,—may get the nation's money for that which is not bread, and give their own labour for that which satisfies no one; industriously making sawdust into the shapes of bread, and chaff into the appearance of meal, and contriving, at wonderful expense of money and brains, to show what can be done in the way of feeding upon wind,—let him take a turn through certain galleries of the Kensington Museum.

"Yesterday forenoon," writes a friend, "I went to South Kensington Museum. It is really an absurd collection. A great deal of valuable material and a great deal of perfect rubbish. The analyses are even worse than I was led to suppose. There is an ANALYSIS OF A MAN. First, a man contains so much water, and there you have the amount of water in a bottle; so much albumen, and there is the albumen; so much phosphate of lime, fat, hæmatin, fibrine, salt, &c. &c. Then in the next case so much carbon; so much phosphorus—a bottle with sticks of phosphorus; so much potassium, and there is a bottle with potassium, calcium, &c. They have not bottles of oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, &c., but they have cubical pieces of wood on which is written 'the quantity of oxygen in the human body would occupy the space of 170 (*e.g.*) cubes of the size of this,' &c. &c." And so with analysis of bread, &c. &c. What earthly good can this do any one?

No wonder that the bewildered beings whom I have seen wandering through these rooms, yawned more frequently and more desperately than I ever observed even in church.

So then, cultivate observation, energy, handicraft, ingenuity, outness in boys, so as to give

them a pursuit as well as a study. Look after the blade, and don't coax or crush the ear out too soon, and remember that the full corn in the ear is not due till the harvest, when the great school breaks up, and we must all dismiss and go our several ways.

FORUM SCENE

FROM "VIRGINIUS, A TRAGEDY."[1]

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, *and* LICTORS.

App. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?
Claud. They are, and timely too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.
App. There something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!
Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!
[APPIUS *ascends the tribunal.*

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS *leading his Daughter*, SERVIA, *and* CITIZENS. *A dead silence prevails.*

Vir. Does no one speak? I am defendant here:
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?
App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.
Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!
App. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.
Claud. Most noble Appius—
Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.
Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?
Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul.—I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood,
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me.—Go on—
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.
Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!
App. You shall have it.
Vir. Doubtless!
App. Keep back the people, Lictors! What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave—Produce
Your proofs.
Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—
[VIRGINIUS, *stepping forward, is withheld by* NUMITORIUS.
Num. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.
Vir. Man, I must speak or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou.—I'll try, and if I can
Be silent. (*retires.*)
Num. Will she swear she is her child!

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[1] A critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says this play "has claims to be accounted the most popular of modern tragedies. It established the reputation both of its author and of Mr. Macready—the actor who first sustained in London the part of its hero. It obtained a long career of success and a measure of fame sufficient to withstand many years' wear and tear. 'Virginius' is indeed half a century old. It was originally written for Edmund Kean, whom Knowles had first met at Waterford about 1813, when both were strolling-players. But in 1820, when the dramatist tendered his tragedy to the Drury Lane management, it was discovered that a play dealing with the same subject and written by Mr. Soane had already been accepted. So Knowles' 'Virginius' was produced at Covent Garden on the 17th of May, 1820. Soane's 'Virginius, or the Fall of the Decemviri,' was played at Drury Lane a few days later; but notwithstanding Kean's exertions in the leading character, the tragedy wholly failed to please, and was withdrawn after three representations. 'Virginius' (Knowles') continued to be one of Mr. Macready's most attractive impersonations to the time of his final retirement from the stage in 1851." The story of the play is one of Livy's, and several dramatic versions of it have been given on the English and French stage.

Vir. (*Starting forward.*) To be sure she will—a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave! Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear.—Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a bare-faced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.

Virginia. Icilius!

Icil. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.

App. You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who pass'd her for her own. Is that your oath?

Slave. It is my oath.

App. Your answer now, Virginius.

Vir. Here it is!

[*brings* VIRGINIA *forward.*

Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first look'd upon the infant's face,
And never look'd so pleased, help'd them up to it,
And bless'd her for a blessing—Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamell'd veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?

Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.

App. Silence! Keep silence there.—No more of that!
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[*troops appear behind.*

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.

Vir. Troops in the Forum!

App. Virginius, have you spoken?

Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I'll speak again.

App. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.

Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me. (*aside.*)

App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son—This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.

Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. (*aside.*)

App. The justice
I should have done my client, unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble.
(*aside.*)

App. Virginius,
I feel for you; but, though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation, which his eyes
Already have begun—Friends! Fellow Citizens!
Look not on Claudius—Look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matron's cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if,
This second Tarquin had already coil'd
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors, while
She is unstain'd—Your hands! your hands! your hands!

Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.

App. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icil. Down with the slaves!

[*The people make a show of resistance, but, upon the advancing of the soldiers, retreat, and leave* ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, *and his Daughter, &c., in the hands of* APPIUS *and his party.*

Deserted!—Cowards! Traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—

Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords![1]
Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App. Separate them, Lictors!
Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which
She grasps me, Appius—Forcing them will hurt them,
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her!
App. I have not time
To idle with thee, give her to my Lictors.
Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allow'd
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.
App. Have your wish. Be brief!
Lictors! look to them.
Virginia. Do you go from me!
Do you leave! Father! Father!
Vir. No, my child,
No, my Virginia—come along with me.
Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? O bless you, bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father!

[VIRGINIUS, *perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.*

Vir. This way, my child—No, no! I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.
App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!
[VIRGINIUS *secures the knife.*
Well, have you done?
Vir. Short time for converse, Appius;
But I have.
App. I hope you are satisfied.
Vir. I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!
App. Take her, Lictors!
[VIRGINIA *shrieks and falls half dead upon her father's shoulder.*

[1] *App.* Away with him!
Icil. Virginia! Tyrant! My Virginia!
App. Away with him, &c.
[ICILIUS *is borne off.*

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twont try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it
Long! My dear child! My dear Virginia!
[*kissing her*
There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this!
[*Stabs her, and draws out the knife.* ICILIUS *breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*
Lo! Appius! with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to th' infernal gods!
Make way there!
App. Stop him! Seize him!
Vir. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is madden'd
With drinking my daughter's blood, why let them: Thus,
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!
[*Exit through the soldiers.*

THE SCHOOL BANK.

Upon this bank we met, my friend and I—
A lapse of years had intervening pass'd
Since I had heard his voice or seen him last:
The starting tear-drop trembled in his eye.
Silent we thought upon the school-boy days
Of mirth and happiness for ever flown;
When rushing out the careless crowd did raise
Their thoughtless voices—now, we were alone,
Alone, amid the landscape—'twas the same:
Where were our loved companions? some, alas!
Silent reposed among the church-yard grass,
And some were known, and most unknown, to Fame;
And some were wanderers on the homeless deep;
And where they all were happy—we did weep!

D. M. MOIR.

A LAMENT.

I stand where I last stood with thee!
Sorrow, O sorrow!
There is not a leaf on the trysting-tree;
There is not a joy on the earth to me;
Sorrow, O sorrow!
When shalt thou be once again what thou wert?
Oh, the sweet yesterdays fled from the heart!
Have they a morrow?
Here we stood, ere we parted, so close side by side;
Two lives that once part are as ships that divide,
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other, a sea.
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be!

LORD LYTTON.

THOUGHTS ON SMALL-TALK.

The science of small-talking is as valuable as it is difficult to be acquired. I never had the least aptitude for it myself, yet Heaven knows the labour I have bestowed in order to master it. It is not that I have nothing to say; but when I am in company a sort of spell seems to hang over me, and I feel like some fat sleeper who has a vision of thieves, and dreams that he cannot call out for assistance. It is in vain that I observe others, and endeavour to imitate them; a shallow-headed chatterer will make himself agreeable in society, while I sit by in silence. I have taken very considerable pains in my time to observe the various kinds of small-talk, with a view of turning my knowledge to some account; but, though the scheme has totally failed in my own person, a few remarks upon the subject may not be useless to others.

I hold it to be an incontrovertible truth, that every subject is to be best treated of *distributive*, under proper divisions and subdivisions. In pursuance of this plan, I shall distribute all small-talk into two species, I. General small-talk; II. Special, or professional small-talk. The former class includes the small-talk which we hear in mixed society, where men and women, young and old, wise and foolish, are all mingled together. In the latter division I would include the small-talk of persons of the same profession or mode of life, as between two apothecaries, two dissenters, two lawyers, two beggars, two reviewers, two butchers, two statesmen, two thieves, &c. &c. &c.; in short, all conversations which are tinctured with the art, craft, mystery, occupation, or habits of the interlocutors.

And, first, of general small-talk. However simple the art of general small-talking may seem, and however plain and intelligible the topics may be upon which it is employed; yet, in fact, it is more difficult than the special kind. The materials out of which it is formed are few in number, and easily accessible. The following is a pretty complete assortment. The weather—the health of your friends—the funds—any accidents which have happened to any of your acquaintances, such as deaths or marriages—the king—Bonaparte—Lord Byron—the cheapness of meat—any watering-place—the corn-bill—the author of *Waverley*—and the theatre. These are the coin that will pass current in any society. Thus, in a morning call, if two strangers happen to be left together, how agreeably they may pass the time in enlarging upon the above topics. "A very hot day, sir!"—"Yes, indeed, sir; my thermometer stood 80 in the shade. Pray, sir, are you related to the Rev. Jeremiah Jollison? I hope he is well."—"I am his brother, sir: he died two years ago."—"God bless me! but it's more than two years since I saw him. Pray, sir, what do you think of Spanish bonds?" &c. &c. Such is the conversation you generally hear after dinner (before dinner there is none), in stage-coaches, at hotels, and at watering-places. It is most suitable for adults. The grand difficulty in this kind of small-talk is to discover any subject; for as I imagine it to be a metaphysical truth that the mind cannot, *ex mero motu suo*, call up any subject it pleases, the dialogue must necessarily depend on the power of association in the brain of the individuals who maintain it. It requires great presence of mind to call up a sufficient number of topics to meet a sudden emergency. Thus, when you meet a friend in the street, who, in spite of your attempts to pass him with a nod, *will* stop and speak to you, how awkward is it to have nothing to say! This happens to me continually. When you have shaken hands, and the one has said, "A fine day," and the other, "Yes, very," you stand for a few moments gazing with a vacant sort of look upon one another, shake hands again, and part. The same accident sometimes happens in morning calls. After having exhausted all the commonplaces of civility, you feel yourself suddenly run on shore. It is in vain you attempt to think of some subject of discourse; the longer you search, the further you are from it; except the conviction that you can find nothing to talk about, your mind is a *tabula rasa*. Your guest at last rises, and puts you out of your agony.

There are some people, however, who have a genius for small-talk. Their stock seems boundless. It is no matter where, or with whom, or upon what they are talking; still it flows on and on "in one weak washy, everlasting flood." It is a great infliction to be the only person in company with these inveterate small-talkers. Their discourse makes one's head ache. It is like the perpetual dropping of water upon the crown of one's pericranium. To me, however, such people, if their conversation is not addressed to me, are a great relief. They save me the trouble of attempting to talk, and the mortification of a failure.

Every one must have occasionally experienced the up-hill, heart-breaking labour of talking

to an impenetrable person. "Well, what sort of a day had you?" said I to a lively friend of mine. "Oh! my dear Peter," said he, "I had the ill-luck to be seated at dinner next to the *dreariest* young lady you ever did *not* talk with. She seemed to be afraid lest, if she opened her mouth, jewels and roses would fall from it, and she should lose them. 'I did do all that might become a man.' I tried her with Lord Byron—I tried her with Moore—I tried her with the theatre—I tried her with Walter Scott—I tried her with the park—I tried her with Albert—with Noblet—with Mrs. Hannah More—with the tread-wheel—the frost—quadrilles—lancers—Sir Charles Grandison, and Spanish boleros."—"Ah! but, my dear friend," said I, "did you try her with *dress?* Did you tell her of the Valenciennes lace which you brought over the other day in the collar of your coat? I see where your mistake lay. Instead of talking to her of books, you should have talked of book-muslin. You should have discoursed of milliners instead of authors, of flounces instead of poems."—You occasionally meet with the same sort of people in stage-coaches. "Beautiful country this we are travelling through, sir?" "Yes, sir."—"Fine cattle this stage, sir." "Yes, sir."—"Did you get any sleep in the night, sir?" "No, sir."—"Did you see the papers before we set off, sir?" "No, sir."—And so the conversation terminates.

II. Of special small-talk: and, first, of such as is purely professional. Under this head I include the conversation of persons who are of the same profession or occupation, and who therefore speak a kind of language peculiar to their craft, and frequently unintelligible to the rest of the world. Physicians, lawyers, and merchants may be taken as examples.

There is something particularly *piquant* in the small-talk of gentlemen of the medical profession. I well recollect the conversation of two young surgeons, who were sitting in the next box to me in a coffee-house near Great Marlborough Street. "Oh, by-the-by, Jenkins, I got the finest subject yesterday you ever saw."—"Ay! where did you get it?"—"From France, to be sure, and never saw a fellow so neatly packed; by Jove, he was as round as a ball."—"What was the damage?"—"Oh, the fellow who sent him me, said if I would send him back the hamper full of beef, he should be satisfied; so I sent him a trifle."—"Have you any part to spare? (*Waiter, another chop.*)"—"Why, you may have a limb reasonable."—"Well, then, next week; but just at present I have got a very pretty small subject."—"What did you give?"—"Two shillings an inch, but the cursed fellow had pulled the child's neck almost out of joint, to make it an inch longer. But didn't I tell you of the fun we had at Br——'s? You know we had that fellow who was hanged on Wednesday for murdering his grandmother. Well, he was devilishly ill hanged, and so we thought we'd galvanize him. We got the battery ready (you know it's a pretty strong one), and, as soon as ever it was applied, the fellow—(but won't you have some more porter? *Waiter, another pint of porter!*) the fellow lifted up his brawny arm and threw it twice across his breast. The pupils were all delighted, but our Irishman O'Reilly—you know O'Reilly, who nearly got into a scrape with cracking the crown of the sexton at St. Pancras—O'Reilly, who was standing by with a stout board in his hand, no sooner saw this motion, than, not quite understanding the affair, and fearing that the fellow was actually coming to life again, he caught him a thwack on the side of the head, which made the cerebellum ring again. 'Is it he's going to walk?' cried Paddy—thwack—'and shall justice be *defated?*'—thwack—'and shall I be *chated* out of my shaving money?'[1]—thwack—'By Jasus, I've floored him!'"—"Capital!" cried Jenkins, "I wish I had been there. But have you heard of Astley Cooper's operation?"—"No, what was it?"—"Why, he whipped off a child's leg in thirty-eight seconds and a half; the child didn't know what he was about, and only asked what was tickling it so."—"Clever that, by Jove. Do you hear who is likely to get St. Thomas's?"—"Why, some say Dr. A. and some say Dr. B. I know B.'s friends have subscribed for thirty new governors. Have you seen the new tourniquet?"—"No, but I'm told it's clever; what do you think of the Moxa?"—"A deal of humbug."—"Have you a small skull?"—"Yes, I've two."—"Will you lend me one?"—"Oh, certainly."—"By-the-by, where do you get your knives from?"—"From Millikin's."—"And your books?"—"I always go to Callow's."—"By-the-by (whiff, whiff), I think you haven't changed your dissecting coat, have you?"—"Hush, hush! the people about you will hear—they all think now that it's the woodcock, a little too *gamy* in the next box."—This was quite sufficient for me; I had been for some time aware of a strange odour, but I had laid it to the account of the woodcock. No sooner, however, did I discover the true origin of it,

[1] I have since discovered that the surgeon receives a crown for shaving and dressing a subject previous to dissection.

than, throwing down my money and seizing my hat, I hastily sought the open air.

I was once a good deal amused with hearing the chit-chat of two young gentlemen of the long robe. You must know that I had a sort of cousin seven times removed, who used to reside in a court in the Middle Temple. Poor fellow! he could play the violin beautifully; but as for Coke and Selden, and such people —he troubled them not. Well, sir, I occasionally visited my young relation, and by his kind offices with the very precise lady who holds the key of the Temple gardens, I was admitted whenever I chose to walk in that green retreat. I had seated myself, one warm summer's evening, on one of the benches at the back of the western alcove, when two learned young friends meeting at the entrance and adjourning into the arbour, I had the good fortune to be an auditor of the following dialogue. "What, Styles, my good fellow! Why, I didn't know you were back from sessions. How did you get on?"—"Infernally, infernally! Only got four soup-tickets[1] at ——, and a single prosecution at ——. Do you know of a small set of sky-parlours to let, for, by heavens, I shall be ruined!"—"What, you are determined then to *rise* in your profession! ha, ha, not so bad!"—"Why, you see, my dear Vidian, I don't make quite enough to pay Danby for dressing my wig, which is rather distressing. But come—let's sit down." (*Here the learned gentlemen seated themselves.*)—"By-the-by, Styles, have you heard of Gillebrand's nonsuit? —all owing to bad spelling. He put an *s* too much in the plaintiff's name, which has cost that unfortunate gentleman about one hundred and twenty pounds. Good fun that —Gillebrand argued, that it was *idem sonans*, but the judge would not believe him—

"And for ever must he dwell
In the spirit of that *spell*.

But come, cheer up, my good fellow, and show that you have some of 'the blood of the Styles'[2] in your veins. I dare say if you can't get *upon* the bench, you may get *into* it—Not so bad, eh?—Oh, have you heard the new anecdote of Mr. Justice Spark, which is flying about the Temple? I told it myself to nine men this morning. You must know that when the learned judge was on his last circuit, an unfortunate dog was tried before him for some offence that was not capital: however, as soon as the jury had brought in their verdict, Rhadamanthus seized hold of the black cap, and was pulling it over his terrific brows, when the officer of the court interfered, 'My lord! my lord! the offence isn't a capital one.' 'Oh yes! very true,' said his lordship, 'but—but—you know, it's a good thing to terrify the prisoner a little.' Very ingenious that of his lordship. But why don't you laugh, Styles?" —"In fact, my dear Vidian, I am not altogether in a laughing mood. There is a cursed fellow of a tailor in New Bond Street, who threatens to maintain *assumpsit* against me for goods sold and delivered—then the stable-keeper in Carey Street presented me the other day with a Declaration, in which I find that I am charged with the hire of fifty horses, fifty mares, fifty stanhopes, fifty tilburys, and fifty dennets: and to crown all, a well-dressed man who resides in Chancery Lane has got a present for me, which you and I know by the name of a Special Original. Oh what a special fool was I to give those bills to that rascal Samuels! Heigh oh! all my perambulations are now confined to this lawyer's paradise. I have instructed the angel at the gate stoutly to deny admittance to all suspicious strangers, which she promises me."—"I am really sorry, Styles, that I can't accommodate you with a hundred or two, or any fractional part thereof; for though my grandfather died the beginning of the year, yet I plead *riens par descente*. Walter, you know, is heir in tail, *secundum formam doni*, being *filius primogenitus;* and to tell you the truth, I am somewhat in the shallows myself. I confess I have of late been studying the law of Debtor and Creditor, which appears to me to require amendment exceedingly. Such have been my professional studies. In my hours of relaxation I have been conjugating the verb *to dun*—no, the passive, *to be* dunned —I am dunned, I was dunned, I shall be dunned—I am about to be dunned. But see, they have opened the gates to the public—good number to-night—that's a gentlemanlike-looking fellow that's coming towards us—who is he?" "Good God! don't you know? Call a boat and help me into it—I must get into Surrey—" Here the two friends, brushing hastily past me, called a boat, and as the tide was high, they easily got into it: the stranger all the while approaching with rapid strides. Poor Styles sat dejected in the boat; but Vidian politely bowed, and "hoped he should be better acquainted with the gentleman."

There is a peculiar richness and high flavour in the confidential communications of a couple

[1] Upon inquiry, I find that soup-tickets are *vocabula artis*, signifying briefs given indiscriminately by the town-clerks, &c. at sessions.

[2] The genealogical tree of this noble family may be seen fully set out in the second volume of Blackstone's Commentaries.

of merchants. "Cottons look lively."—"Yes. But ashes are very black."—"Pray do you hold much rum?"—"Dreadful storm last night—Poor Jones! he underwrote £7000 last week—I met him this morning looking very ill—said he couldn't sleep last night for the wind. By the way, have you heard that K——has been flying kites lately?"—"Yes, I fear he will be illustrated by the King's Printer, poor K——!"

There is no small-talk more necessary in the present age than *the Literary*, which is essentially requisite at all routs, conversaziones, balls, dances, tea-drinkings, and *petit-soupers*. I believe there is not the difficulty in this branch of the art which is generally thought to exist. There is a certain set of names and phrases which may be eternally varied, and from which the most elegant literary conversation may be framed. For the benefit of my readers, I shall present them with a catalogue of the materials, which I once made for my own use. Poetry—novels—heart—imagination—distinction—severer sciences—ancients—chivalry—*Waverley*—beauty—truth—nature—sublimity—simplicity—attractive—brilliant—elegant—Lord Byron—power—pathos—passion—sentiment—sensibility—sweetness—Thyrza—Haidee—Thyrza!—enchanting—lovely—Don Juan—dark—depraved—perversion—abuse—like the splendours of the infernal regions—poetical yourself!—a sonnet—a stanza—scribble verse—Richardson—Miss Austin—Captain Wentworth—Clarissa—persuasion—Eliza Rivers—hateful young clergyman—quite differ with you—Isabella—heart—weep—tears—Don Carlos—German—Goethe—languages—Italy—scenes of antiquity—associations—Cicero—"Sunny Florence"—Rossini—*Di tanti palpiti*—ah!—Scotch airs—Burns—Allan Cunningham—magazines—New Monthly—excellent—wit—politeness—fancy—depth—superior—Quarterly—Edinburgh—Madame de Stael—arm—beauty—eyes.

Such are the subjects upon which I usually attempt to ring the changes, when any fair nymph is unfortunate enough to be introduced to me at a ball; and here let me mention one very great advantage at such places. According to the modern fashion, you are compelled to change your partner every quadrille, so that you may repeat what you have already said to the former lady, observing whether she is sufficiently distant not to hear you. At a dinner-party you can seldom repeat yourself thus. But as, in case I proceed, there may be considerable danger of my playing the same trick with the reader, I shall make a timely retreat, and bid him farewell!—*New Monthly Mag.*

CRUISING.[1]

What are the days but islands,
So many little islands,
And sleep the sea of silence
That flows about them all?
There, when the moon is risen,
The peaceful waters glisten;
But yonder plashing—listen!
It is the souls that fall.

The little boats are skimming,
The wind-led boats are skimming,
Each in its silver rimming,
Apart from fleet and shore.
There not an oar is dipping—
With just a cable's slipping
Glides out the phantom shipping
That wanders evermore.

Every day's an island,
A green or barren island,
A lowland or a highland,
That looks upon the sea.
There fruitful groves are crowning;
There barren cliffs are frowning,
And rocky channels drowning
The little boats that flee.

How many are the islands,
The teeming, talking islands,
That in the sea of silence
The roving vessels find?
Their number no man knoweth;
Their way the current showeth;
The tide returnless floweth
As each is left behind.

The sailors long to tarry—
For rest they long to tarry—
When at some isle of faery
They touch and go ashore.
With songs of wistful pleading
They follow fate unheeding,
And with the tide's receding
Are drifting as before.

But sometime, in the sailing,
The blind and endless sailing,
They pass beyond the hailing
Of land upon the lee;
The lowlands and the highlands,
And all beyond the islands,
Behold the sea of silence—
Behold the great white sea.

CARL SPENCER.

[1] From *Harper's* (New York) *Magazine.*

A SONG IN GOLD.

Some men have the spirit of music in their brains. If they sit still and think, their thoughts seem to dissolve into soundless music. Such men become great composers. But they are few. You could almost count them upon your fingers and thumbs.

Many years ago there was a youth named Franz, who lived with his master, a goldsmith, in a little village which nestled at the foot of a great hill, as if for protection. Beyond the village lay pleasant meadows, through which the brooks glided like singing serpents. Farther on were the blue hills, where none but charcoal-burners and the birds lived. They were high, wooded hills, and over them were but few roads. These were rough and rutty; the charcoal-burners had made them for their waggons. Few people cared to visit the hills, for the ascent was not of the easiest, and besides, what was there to tempt the curious? The world is busy and time is short. So few people ever went up into the hills, save now and then some one who had business to transact with the charcoal-burners. Those who lived in the village or in the farm-houses which stood in the pleasant meadow-lands knew and cared little what the blue hills might hide in their forest crowns.

Now old Karl, the goldsmith, kept his little shop in the village, and had no other help than Franz, who was a strong, handsome youth, full of vigour and life, and gifted with an industry that was next to tireless. Every morning he was up with the birds, and you could see him at his bench, even before the market waggons came into the streets from the surrounding country, and hear him singing too; for he always sang over his work, and perhaps that was one reason why he was always pleasant-faced and bright-eyed, for singing goes with the blithe heart and healthful soul. Besides this, Franz was a perfect gem of a goldsmith. The line of beauty must have existed somewhere in the convolutions of his brain. He fashioned the most delicate, filmy webs of gold, and twisted them into a thousand beautiful devices, and snarled them about exquisite little vases of glass that looked as if they were made of congealed light. In fact, he created such marvels of design and artistic beauty that one might have said they were notations of music in gold—music posed and fixed in some blessed paralysis. Old Karl used often to pause in his own work to look over his spectacles at the apprentice, and wonder from what recess in his brain he spun out his golden fancies. Old Karl used to enjoy asking himself such questions, although it was very certain he could never answer them; for he was a thoughtful man, fond of discussing curious problems like this, and was for ever trying to get at the kernel and reason of things. Upstairs, over his shop, he had a very low but wide room, with its back windows buried in the leaves of some fragrant trees which his own hand had planted, and its front windows looking out across the meadows and to the blue hills beyond. In that room he had more books than I should care to enumerate. There were great worm-eaten folios which one could not well hold on his knees, and there were curious old volumes, bound in parchment, and printed in the bastard Latin of the middle ages, and fat little volumes that you might easily carry in your pocket. They lay in unregenerate confusion on the table, the chairs, and the floor. Sometimes old Karl would sit there all night vexing his brain over the recondite things of which these volumes treated. Strange volumes some of them were; for he had old Abbot Trithemius, and Albertus Magnus, and Aquinas. He had Delrio, too, the grim demonologist, and Paracelsus, and Cardanus and Agrippa. There, too, were old Weckerus with his *Book of Secrets*, and Reuchlin the cabalist, and many other writers of strange things, in all of whom old Karl delighted, for he thought that by their aid he might at last come to the pith and kernel of things. If you wanted to read of wonders you should have climbed up into old Karl's book-room. You could have read yourself blind and crazy with them there.

Now the work that came from the goldsmith's shop was known far and wide, not only in the great city which lay scarcely a score of miles from the village, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. It commanded the best of prices, and was, you might say, standard. Everybody knew that the old goldsmith was as conscientious as his apprentice was wonderful, so that the little village workshop came into great repute, and the demand for its productions far exceeded the supply.

One bright morning, just as the sun shot its slanting rays through the early mists, Franz sat at his bench singing a merry carol and working away at a fruit-piece which had been promised for a wedding-gift. He had risen that morning even before the sun, even before the crows came from the forest-crown of the blue hills and descended into the meadows for

food, for the piece had been guaranteed for a certain hour, and many finishing touches had yet to be given. He was plying his burnisher merrily enough when the door of the shop opened and a stranger entered.

"Greeting to you, Master Goldsmith," cried the newcomer. "One might say that you get to work thus early that you may fashion the sunshine into your piece. A broad bar of it lies now across your bench. May you grow rich, gold-worker, for you are an early and sturdy worker."

"Easier wished than realized," laughed Franz. "Riches don't come for the wishing, especially to apprentices. You had better go talk to Master Karl if the profits of my labour is the only subject that you have in mind. And as for other subjects, I can only say my time is precious. So if I can serve you I will listen. If not"——

"You want to be left alone. Well, I can talk just as well while you work."

Back and forth flew the burnisher, and Franz bent over his bench again. He took the stranger for an idler, and did not care to waste further time on him. But the visitor did not allow himself to be thus rebuffed.

"As for Master Karl," he said, "I know him to be a patient, worthy man and an excellent goldsmith, but he cannot do the work which I require. Fifty years ago the case might have been different. I require now a young heart and lisson fingers. In short, I require *you*. If you serve me well, if you accomplish my work, I will pay you handsomely. I will cover your hand three deep with gold pieces; and, more, I guarantee that Master Karl shall allow you to retain them as the legitimate fruits of a genius which is assuredly not in its apprenticeship. What say you, Franz?"

"So much gold? Mine?"

Franz dropped his burnisher, and the lovely fruit-piece almost tumbled to the floor.

"Yours!" replied the stranger, with gravity. "And what I say I mean. Listen, Franz. I live in Germany, and there I secured one of the best of your works. When I return I must take with me the newest and the best—something more wonderful than anything you have heretofore made."

"And should I fail"——

"Not the sight of a coin shall you get, and I am not quite sure that I shall not take you by the ears for trifling with me."

"But why should I fail? Is it anything so very difficult of execution? You may have seen my Lorelay candelabrum." The visitor nodded and smiled. "It almost made the master's fortune for him. Is it anything more difficult than that?"

"Yes. That was the singer. I wish the song. Write me a song in gold, Franz, and receive a thousand pieces for your genius."

"Give me your idea."

"Pooh!" cried the stranger. "I have none. If I had, why should I pay you a thousand pieces of gold? Look to the resources of your genius for it. You have made the Lorelay a singer in gold. I want you now to make me a song in gold. I want no vulgar design, no commonplace trick of the goldsmith's art. Give me music in gold. I have no clearer understanding of my own idea than this. I cannot express it otherwise. Now, will you execute the work for me? Yes, or no, for I must be gone. Like yourself, I have no time to spare. Is it yes?"

Determination stood Franz instead of inspiration.

"I will assume the task!" he answered, boldly.

"In a year from to-day," said the stranger, "bring the work to me, and may Heaven and your fortunate star assist you in the undertaking!"

He threw his card on the bench, waved his hand, and left the shop abruptly.

The card bore no less a name than that of—— No matter whom.

Who can carve for me in gold a singing thought? Who can fashion therein a succession of beautiful sounds? A visible presentment of melody? The façade of the cathedral of Rheims is, they say, frozen music; but it does not suggest a song. That was a happier thought of his who called it a poem in stone. But it is not such frozen music, or music thus molten into gold, that I demand. I ask something more. A person deprived of hearing will watch the lips of a speaker and from their motion understand what is spoken; nay, will, when a word is withheld, apprehend from the mere formation and lines of the lips what that word would have been had it been uttered. So you can imagine a carven face whose lips should, by their position, suggest a word, or even a phrase, just as the face in the wondrous Laocoon suggests an expression of unutterable woe. Just so must this work in gold suggest the song, so that one might look upon it and have the music bubble from his lips.

You see, therefore, how almost hopeless was the task which Franz had imposed upon him.

When old Karl heard of the undertaking he went nearly insane. He buried himself among

his books and read through I know not how many thousand pages of horrible Latin and Greek stuff, with the vague hope that, while fumbling amidst all this rubbish, he might by good fortune come upon some happy inspiration, or some approximation of the idea for which both were now so sedulously seeking. Alas! the books availed him not. The oracles were dumb, and would not be propitiated. The longer he read, the duller grew his brain, and the more hopeless became his quest; until at length, in sheer desperation, he commanded Franz never again to revert to the subject in his hearing, and thenceforth discharged it from his mind. Franz, meanwhile, acted more wisely, but with no better success. He cudgelled his brain night and day, drew design after design in an aimless, unintelligent way, and even fell to dreaming over the matter at night. But all in vain. Each fresh idea was found, upon examination, to embody nothing of value, and after months of patient toiling in the generation of successive delusions, each as worthless as its predecessor, Franz was nearly ready to exclaim that he had undertaken a fool's task which could by no possibility result otherwise than in shamefaced failure. Impressed with such an idea he ceased to give the subject other than desultory thoughts, and applied himself once more to the routine of ordinary business. There are fearful stories told of men who have been buried in trances, and to such graves their friends, warned by some horrible inspiration, have returned again and again, with bated breaths and finger on lip, to see if the dead have moved in their coffins. Franz had buried his idea, to be sure, yet had a vague presentiment, compounded half of hope, half of desire, that its inhumation had been premature. And so he returned to it again and again, and as frequently turned his back upon it, but never without an uneasy sense that some little vitality was still remaining. One evening he grew so nervous from mentally rehearsing his ill fortunes that, with a hope of diverting his mind, he went up into the book-room, where old Karl was, as usual, buried to the ears in one of his ponderous volumes.

"Well, master," said Franz, "your books don't help one much when he is in search of practical ideas, do they?"

"If you mean by that such fool's-errand ideas as those of your patron with the thousand pieces of gold—they don't? The best book to look for such things in is this," retorted the master, rather sharply; for he always grew cross-grained and red in the face when he thought of the time that he had wasted in the matter. And so saying, he tossed a little book across to Franz. "That's a volume of pious legends and monkish miracles," he said, grimly. "If a miracle's what you want, you'll find plenty of them there." And he dropped his face so suddenly that it almost seemed as if he had split open the great volume on his knees with his nose, and buried his head to the helve in it.

"That's all that I'll get out of you to-night," grumbled Franz, as he turned over the pages of the little miracle-book, in a listless, discontented way. He thought that he might as well be doing that as moping down-stairs in the shop, and thinking over his defeats. At length here a word and there a word attracted his attention, until, without knowing it, he had quite lost himself in

THE LEGEND OF ABBOT ERRO.

. . . Old Abbot Erro, of Armentaría, sat with his face bowed above the Sacred Book. It was far into the night. Again and again he had turned the hour-glass, again and again had addressed himself to his studies. He had sat from the time when the sun sank like a blazing world behind the purple hills; and now the thin, tremulous moon hung like a sickle among the ungarnered fields, wherein the stars lay sown like burning seeds. Constellation after constellation had swung up upon Polaris, the glittering pivot of the heavens, and already had Ursa Major swam half his circuit in the circle of perpetual apparition. Still, Abbot Erro bent painfully above the pages of the Sacred Book, with bitten lip, his deep, solemn eyes fixed upon the mysterious lines which had caused him so much doubting solicitude:

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The divine soul within the good man accepted the hidden truth, while his mind, trained in the sophistries and casuistries of the schools, questioned, if it did not deny. He could not understand how, even to Omnipotence, the slow, orderly advance of ten centuries, of three and thirty generations of human life, could be merged into moments. Finite reason rebelled against the infinite thought; and, sick at soul, the good abbot sighed, and, closing the volume, fastened its brazen clasps. But the doubt haunted him. He could not sleep, he could not rest.

When the sun arose Abbot Erro, still pondering upon the mystic words, passed out from the gardens of the monastery. The fresh

fragrance of the forest lured him on, the vernal solitudes invited him. Seated beneath an aged tree, he pondered again the solemn words:

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The sunshine flooded the crowns of the mighty trees, and dripped like yellow rain upon the woodland paths. The brooks rang their flitting bells in hidden pools. The soft winds passed through the leaves like the whispers of invisible beings. But Abbot Erro saw not, heard not. His soul still wrestled with the angel as did Jacob of old, and would not let him go without the blessing.

Presently came the song of a bird from the depth of the wood. Erro listened. It came soft and low, like the gurgle of a liquid flute. What the flower is to the plant, that is song to the bird; and such a song was this that Erro arose and followed the beckoning sound. Fresh and clear came the wondrous notes; but no bird did the good monk see, for the fluttering leaves hid it from his longing eyes. It fled before him, and he followed. The burden of his soul was forgotten. He did not even hear the bell of the monastery tolling to prayers. But he followed the gurgling notes as one might follow the song of the brook beside which he walks —on through the woodland paths, on through the tangled undergrowth and the evergreen thicket, until the elusive song grew faint in the green distance of leaves, and lost itself in the drone of the early bees. Sorrowfully Erro retraced his steps. He felt that something sweet had eluded him for ever. At the gate of the monastery the porter refused him entrance.

"Am I not the abbot?" he asked, mildly. "And yet my brethren refuse me that which they grant to the stranger and the wayfarer."

"The abbot is within at matins."

"Within! Am I not the Abbot Erro? and is not this my charge?"

"Farther down by the wood thou shalt find the ruins of old Erro's monastery; there they have lain for more than a hundred years, and it must be near two centuries ago that Erro himself wandered into the woods and was heard of no more."

Abbot Erro gazed into the faces that surrounded him. They were strange and full of pity. His eyes wandered to the towers of the monastery at whose gates he stood; the tooth of time had not yet gnawed upon them. Then the old man smote his breast and wept aloud. Two centuries had been measured out to him in the song of a bird. He bowed his gray head upon his staff. "Father, oh Father," he murmured, "I thank Thee for the blessed revelation. A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

"Master," cried Franz, "to-morrow I will follow the birds."

True to his determination, Franz was ready with the sun. In his hand was his staff, and his bread-wallet was at his belt. He passed along the village street, singing in his old, happy way. No one heard him; he was too early even for the housewives. How sweet is the early morning. The eyes of the world are pleasant to look into before they are quite awake.

The village was soon behind him. He was out on the cool, brown road, whose grassy borders still glittered with the persistent drops of a midnight shower. The trees shook their tresses at him in the morning breeze.

"Where are ye, oh birds?" cried Franz. "Come and sing me your songs, and tell me how I may fashion them in gold."

He threw himself down by the brook that came sliding and gurgling through the long grass of the fertile meadow, and bathed his forehead in its coolness. "Sing me your song, oh brook!" he cried. But the laughing waters only blew their bubbles in his face, and danced away, clicking their liquid castanets. The little silver-sided fishes came up, and pouted at him with their great solemn mouths, and seemed to be mumbling to themselves their discontent. Franz crumbled a bit of bread for them, then rose to his feet and grasped his staff. "Give me your songs, O insects in the summer grass, and in the nodding sedges!" he cried. Only a gold-belted bee buzzed at his ear, then dropped, and hid itself in the horn of a meadow flower. "Pshaw! ye still-mouthed things," said Franz, "what care ye for the sorrows of a wandering goldsmith, who has come to steal your music?"

Just then he caught sight of a little brown bird that was enjoying a morning swing among the long sedges, and drying its feathers in the early sun. "Whichever way you go, little fellow, I shall follow," muttered Franz, "be it up the blue hills, or on through the notch, and into the smoky valleys beyond." The bird rose from the spray, fluttered for a moment in the air, as a humming-bird does before a flower, then slid and dropped, slid and dropped, as little brown birds are wont to do, whistling with every slide, as if the vocal and muscular efforts were the results of the same impulse. On through the fresh green grass went Franz,

here pausing to pluck a meadow flower for his hat, there to contemplate the inversion of blue sky and sedges in some still pool, wherein the rushes and the lush grasses buried their roots. Then over the fences and into the broad, sepia road, and beneath the overhanging trees; along the deep-flowing brook, which ran by the old mill, with moss-crusted leaves, and rotten, silent wheel; apast the broad, glassy, shadow-haunted pond, wherein the great creamy water-lilies rode at green anchor; apast the low farm-houses, whose wet Vandyck-brown shingles are a feast of colour to the eye, and from whose chimneys the cheery breakfast smoke was just beginning to rise—the air full of birds and sunshine, the brooks of sound and motion, the grasses swarming with insect life, and over the flower-knots the butterflies flapping their drowsy wings, or sailing slowly the air, with black, feathery wings set like the lateens which stud the purple seas of Zante.

Franz felt his soul refreshed and elated; the warm, pure air, washed and purified by the showers of the nights, was wine to his senses. He swung his staff, and shouted to the great sun, whose glory was in the heavens and upon the beautiful earth. At such a time all the sensations of being are pleasures; physical life exists in the midst of its most perfect conditions; the muscles, the nerves, the tissues, the blood, rejoice together, and through them the soul enjoys and exults.

Meanwhile the little brown bird, now fluttering through the matted thicket, now diving into the cool recesses of the nodding trees, now in the sheer caprice of joyous life darting into the blue air and chirping to the sun, was nearing the great hills. It was hard to tell whether man or bird was the happier.

Franz did not regard the road which led circuitously up to the kilns of the charcoal-burners. He planted his staff firmly in the tough, moist sod, and commenced mounting right on the precipitous side among the cedars, which stretched their low, rigid branches as if to intercept him. I need not here recite the history of his upward scramble; how he startled the birds from their nests in the evergreens, or roused the moping hawk which, poised high in the sunshine upon the stark dead limb of some decaying tree, watched the misty landscape with glittering eyes; how he came upon the hot, gray rocks whereon the prickly cactus grows, and where the emerald stag-beetles were sunning themselves. It was quite noon before he reached the bald summit of the highest hill, for he had loitered rather than walked, and now, after a lunch upon the contents of his wallet—a lunch which the birds shared with him—he stretched himself in the thick brown shade of a hemlock clump and slept. Of what should he have dreamed? Men have dreamed music in their sleep. Rousseau dreamed that he stood by the gates of Paradise and heard the angelic voices singing that tune which the church psalmodies have individualized by the dreamer's name. I could not even guess what Franz dreamed. It is hard to prophesy what will fly into that gossamer web which the spider Sleep spins across the brain.

Franz was awakened by the noisy clamour of a flight of crows who were out birds-egging. There they were, floating in the blue heavens like so many black crosses. Then they sank slowly behind the trees. Franz turned over and lay with his elbows buried in the dry crinkly mosses and his chin in his hands. It was a splendid position in which to receive an inspiration, and inspiration, you will remember, was what he was in search of. None came from the crows, however, though a painter might find inspiration in a flight of crows against a saffron sky quite as well as in a group of red-brown cows standing hoof-deep in the moist grasses which rim the meadow pools. Then Franz turned to the robins that were hopping and strutting in their red lapels, like so many martinets. "Ah! if you would only be good enough to give me a lift with an idea," he thought. But they wouldn't. Franz yawned, and drummed a tattoo with his toes. Presently an antiphonal chirping and singing over the slope of the hill, and towards the charcoal-burners' huts, attracted his attention. "Here comes my inspiration," yawned Franz. He rose to his knees and peered over the intervening bushes.

Midnight found him bending over his work in Master Karl's shop!

Like the good old Abbot Erro, Franz had lost nothing by following the birds. It soon became noised throughout the village that Franz, the goldsmith's apprentice, had caught an inspiration up in the summits of the blue hills, and was fixing it in gold. All that the good villagers knew about the hills and the woods was, that they were there; that the former were hard to climb, that the latter were worth so much the cord for cutting and hauling. They wondered what sort of an idea it was, and, indeed, tried hard to find out. But Franz had moved his bench up-stairs into the room which had its windows buried in the leaves of the fragrant trees. There he could work unseen and unmolested. But you could

hear his merry voice all day as he sang over his work.

The months rolled on. Autumn came, and the dolphin woods showed their dying colours to the receding sun. Winter came, and wrestled like an athlete with the leafless trees and laid the meadows in snow. Spring came, and the sun returned, and in its trail rolled the great wave of verdure, the coming in of the full, strong tide of the life of the flowers and the green things. Again the waste places sang; again the brooks went gliding and gurgling through the grass of the meadows. Franz had finished his labours, and when the appointed day arrived he took his staff in hand, and with his wondrous work beneath his arm started upon his journey. His patron met him at the door and embraced him.

"If the work prove not a success," he said, gravely, "you may expect nothing better to-night than a bed in the stable."

"Trust the birds for that," laughed Franz.

In the evening he was ushered into the long drawing-room where were many guests assembled. To his astonishment he beheld his wondrous Lorelay candelabrum set up in the centre of the room, and shedding a mellow light from its blazing branches. Before it, and well in its rays, he set the rose-wood case which contained his golden message from the woods.

"Gentlemen," said the patron, advancing, "you have all admired the elegant genius which has found expression in the Lorelay candelabrum."

"Divine," cried M. Recru, from the Conservatory of Paris.

"Crystallized thought," interjected Professor Vogelkehle, who could reach the high C without catching his breath or winking.

"Enchanting," cried Señor Borrascoso, the eminent Spanish basso.

"My friends," continued the patron, "you see that the Lorelay sings. But who can translate to me the song which lies poised behind her golden lips? No one? Then I have called upon the artist whose handiwork she is, to help me in my dilemma. He has promised me a song in gold."

"Impossible!" cried the critics.

"Yet here it is, in this case, if I mistake not."

All eyes were turned upon it.

"An accordeon—a vile instrument," ejaculated Professor Vogelkehle. "Excuse me, my host, I have an engagement right away."

"A music-box," groaned M. Recru. "And I hate music-boxes."

"Or a hand-organ," sneered Borrascoso. "That is a vulgar genius which substitutes cranks and springs for soul."

"One moment, friends," pleaded the patron, with an encouraging smile at Franz. "Let the workman's work speak for itself."

Franz threw open the case. The guests gathered round. The patron's brow fell. His friends looked at the work, then at each other.

Wrought with wondrous delicacy, there stood in Etruscan gold a five-railed country-fence; its posts rooted in the high grass. Near it there were thick bushes, their foliage enamelled, their blossoms fretted, and set here and there with rain-drops of crystal. Upon the fence, and just by the first post, a single delicate vine twined itself fantastically among the bars into the sign of the treble clef.

The patron shook his head. "It is a fine bit of workmanship," he said, slowly, and with evident disappointment. "Your country fence, with its five rails, corresponds, of course, to the bars and spaces of written music, and the curling vine indicates the treble clef. I suppose that a vivid imagination might infer the song." But there was in his tone which seemed to add, "As I have to supply the vivid imagination, however, I don't propose to pay you any thousand pieces of gold for the affair."

The guests shook their heads. The thing was pretty, in its way; but what of that? Had they been called together for the purpose of viewing a mere bit of delicate goldsmith-craft? Had the critical Recru, the profound Borrascoso, who had composed a mass in G, and the bird-throated Vogelkehle, who could reach the high C without shutting his eyes, been summoned for this? Each felt like a star that had obeyed an attraction and rushed toward the new centre, expecting it to be a sun, and finding it only to be a cheap magnet, such as they sell in the shops for tenpence.

The wise Vogelkehle was the only one whose face did not fall. He held his chin and looked up at the ceiling for a moment, then smiled and cleared his throat. Franz dropped a hidden spring, when lo! from the golden bushes, and from the high grass, flew the birds. Some perched upon the rails; others fluttered, with open bills, between them or above them. A murmur of delight broke from the assembled throng. Their souls were enlightened. Such are nature's notations of the silent, the unsung music of the sunny fields—the music which can be felt, but is not heard. But the wise Vogelkehle saw that the birds in this wondrous mechanism, each in its place, represented a sound, and so, reading them as notes, until the music trippled and rippled from his lips

like the limpid waters of a mountain stream. The little golden birds leaped and fluttered into new positions at the regular beat of time, and when at length their rhythmical sport was over, they flew back into the yellow bushes and the long burnished grass.

Tears stood in Vogelkehle's eyes. He caught the hand of the young gold-worker, and pressed it with fervour. "It is an inspiration," he cried, "for here is a song that none but the birds could have made." And so indeed it was, for I swear to you that I have heard it in the antiphonal songs of the thrushes throughout the long summer afternoons when I have lain beneath the hemlocks, even as Franz lay, waiting for some of nature's pleasant inspirations. Others, too, have heard it, and love it; for well I know that this self-same song which Franz wrought in yellow gold, after the birds had taught it to him up in the blue hills, and which Vogelkehle sang so sweetly that night, is none other than the song which Reichard has set to the words, "*Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern*" ("Thou art so near, and yet so far from me").

And this is what Franz found in following the birds.

W. S. Newell.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!
Hark! from the blackened cymbal that dead tone—
It awes the very rabble multitude.
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had passed unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At Pride's last triumph. Now these measured sounds,
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.
But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon! and these who here
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting-place, nor no delights at home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
Dropp'd from existence, like the wither'd leaf
That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed; when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.
We are indeed
Clay in the potter's hand! one-favour'd mind,
Scarce lower than the angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man,
Framed with like miracle the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour, like this soldier here,
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded to his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.
And there are
Who say that this is well! as God has made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few! court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now
Toiling and troubled, though they pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
Themselves meantime secure their good things here
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord,
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin'd,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
Who shed their brethren's blood,—blind at noon day
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!
O my God!
I thank thee that I am not such as these;
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days,
Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself
And cries aloud against iniquity.

Southey.

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH!

Sad-hearted, be at peace: the snowdrop lies
Buried in sepulchre of ghastly snow;
But spring is floating up the southern skies,
And darkling the pale snowdrop waits below.

Let me persuade: in dull December's day
We scarce believe there is a month of June;
But up the stairs of April and of May
The hot sun climbeth to the summer's noon.

Yet hear me: I love God, and half I rest.
O better! God loves thee, so all rest thou.
He is our summer, our dim-visioned Best;—
And in his heart thy prayer is resting now.

George MacDonald.

THE DILEMMA OF PHADRIG.

A TALE OF THE SHANNON SIDE.

[Gerald Griffin, born in Limerick, 1803, died at Cork, 1840. In his twentieth year he proceeded to London, and found employment there on the daily press and in writing the various tales which made his reputation. In 1838 he joined the Christian Brotherhood (Roman Catholic) of Cork, and two years afterward died of fever. His works are: *The Collegians*—popular at present as the *Colleen Bawn; Card-drawing; The Half Sir; Suil-Dhuv; The Rivals; Tracy's Ambition; Holland-Tide, or Munster Popular Tales; The Duke of Monmouth; Tales of the Jury-Room;* and a volume of poems]

"There's no use in talken about it, Phadrig. I know an I feel that all's over wit me. My pains are all gone, to be sure—but in place o' that, there's a weight like a quern stone down upon my heart, an I feel it blackenen within me. All I have to say is—think o' your own Mauria when she's gone, an be kind to poor Patcy."

"Ah, darlen, don't talk that way—there's hopes yet—what'll I do—what'll the child do witout you?"—

"Phadrig, there's noan. I'm goen fast, an if you have any regard for me, you wont say anythin that'll bring the thoughts o' you an him between me an the thoughts o' heaven, for that's what I must think of now. An if you marry again——"

"Oh, Mauria, honey, will you kill me entirely? Is it *I'll* marry again?"

——"If it be a thing you should marry again," Mauria resumed, without taking any notice of her husband's interruption, "you'll bear in mind, that the best mother that ever walked the ground will love her own above another's. It stands with raisin an natur. The gander abroad will pull a strange goslen out of his own flock; and you know yourself, we could never get the bracket hen to sit upon Nelly O'Leary's chickens, do what we could. Everything loves its own. Then, Phadrig, if you see the flowy potaties—an the top o' the milk—an the warm seat be the hob—an the biggest bit o' meat on a Sunday goen away from Patcy—you'll think o' your poor Mauria, an do her part by him; just quietly, and softly, an without blamen the woman—for it is only what's nait'rel, an what many a stepmother does without thinking o' themselves. An above all things, Phadrig, take care to make him mind his books and his religion, to keep out o' bad company, an study his readin-made-aisy, and that's the way he'll be a blessing an a comfort to you in your old days, as I once thought he would be to me in mine."

Here her husband renewed his promises, in a tone of deep affliction.

"An now for yourself, Phadrig. Remember the charge that's upon you, and don't be goen out venturen your life in a little canvas canoe, on the bad autumn days, at Ballybunion; nor wit foolish boys at the Glin and Tarbert fairs; —an don't be so wake-minded as to be trusten to card-drawers, an fairy doctors, an the like; for it's the last word the priest said to me was, that you were too superstitious, and that's a great shame an a heavy sin. But tee you![1] Phadrig, dear, there's that rogue of a pig at the potaties over——"

Phadrig turned out the grunting intruder, bolted the hurdle-door, and returned to the bedside of his expiring helpmate. That tidy housekeeper, however, exhausted by the exertion which she had made to preserve, from the mastication of the swinish tusk, the fair produce of her husband's conacre of white-eyes, had fallen back on the pillow and breathed her last.

Great was the grief of the widowed Phadrig for her loss—great were the lamentations of her female friends at the evening wake—and great was the jug of whisky-punch which the mourners imbibed at the mouth, in order to supply the loss of fluid which was expended from the eyes. According to the usual cottage etiquette, the mother of the deceased, who acted as mistress of the ceremonies, occupied a capacious hay-bottomed chair near the fireplace—from which she only rose when courtesy called on her to join each of her female acquaintances as they arrived, in the death-wail which (as in politeness bound) they poured forth over the pale piece of earth that lay coffined in the centre of the room. This mark of attention, however, the old lady was observed to omit with regard to one of the fair guests—a round-faced, middle-aged woman, called Milly Rue—or Red Milly, probably because her head might have furnished a solution of the popular conundrum, "Why is a red-haired lady like a sentinel on his post?"

The fair Milly, however, did not appear to resent this slight, which was occasioned (so the whisper went among the guests) by the fact, that she had been an old and neglected love of the new widower. All the fiery ingredients in Milly's constitution appeared to be comprehended in her glowing ringlets—and those, report says, were as ardent in hue as their owner was calm and regulated in her temper.

[1] To you! Beware!

It would be a cold morning, indeed, that a sight of Milly's head would not warm you—and a hot fit of anger which a few tones of her kind and wrath-disarming voice would not cool. She dropped, after she had concluded her "cry," a conciliating courtesy to the sullen old lady, took an unobtrusive seat at the foot of the bed, talked of the "notable" qualities of the deceased, and was particularly attentive to the flaxen-headed little Patcy, whom she held in her lap during the whole night, cross-examining him in his reading and multiplication, and presenting him, at parting, in token of her satisfaction at his proficiency, with a copy of *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, with a fine marble cover and pictures. Milly acted in this instance under the advice of a prudent mother, who exhorted her, "whenever she thought o' maken presents, that way, not to be layen her money out in cakes or gingerbread, or things that would be ett off at wanst, an no more about them or the giver—but to give a strong toy, or a book, or somethen that would last, and bring her to mind now and then, so as that when a person 'ud ask where they got that, or who gev it, they'd say, 'from Milly Rue,' or 'Milly gev it, we're obleest to her,' an be talken an thinken of her when she'd be away."

To curb in my tale, which may otherwise become restive and unmanageable—Milly's deep affliction and generous sympathy made a serious impression on the mind of the widower, who more than all was touched by that singularly accidental attachment which she seemed to have conceived for little Patcy. Nothing could be farther from his own wishes than any design of a second time changing his condition; but he felt that it would be doing a grievous wrong to the memory of his first wife if he neglected this opportunity of providing her favourite Patcy with a protector, so well calculated to supply her place. He demurred a little on the score of true love, and the violence which he was about to do his own constant heart—but like the bluff King Henry, his conscience, "aye—his conscience,"—touched him, and the issue was, that a roaring wedding shook the walls which had echoed to the wail of death within the few preceding months.

Milly Rue not only supplied the place of a mother to young Patcy, but presented him in the course of a few years with two merry playfellows, a brother and a sister. To do her handsome justice, too, poor Mauria's anticipations were completely disproved by her conduct, and it would have been impossible for a stranger to have detected the stepson of the house from any shade of undue partiality in the mother. The harmony in which they dwelt was unbroken by any accident for many years.

The first shock which burst in with a sudden violence upon their happiness was one of a direful nature. Disease, that pale and hungry fiend who haunts alike the abodes of wealth and of penury; who brushes away with his baleful wing the bloom from beauty's cheek, and the balm of slumber from the pillow of age; who troubles the hope of the young mother with dreams of ghastliness and gloom, and fears that come suddenly, she knows not why nor whence; who sheds his poisonous dews alike on the heart that is buoyant and the heart that is broken; this stern and conquering demon scorned not to knock, one summer morning, at the door of Phadrig's cow-house, and to lay his iron fingers upon a fine milch-cow, a sheeted-stripper which constituted (to use his own emphatic phrase) the poor farmer's "substance," and to which he might have applied the well-known lines which run nearly as follows:—

> "She's straight in her back, and thin in her tail;
> She's fine in her horn, and good at the pail;
> She's calm in her eyes, and soft in her skin;
> She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within."

All the "cures" in the pharmacopœia of the village apothecary were expended on the poor animal, without any beneficial effect; and Phadrig, after many conscientious qualms about the dying words of his first wife, resolved to have recourse to that infallible refuge in such cases—a fairy doctor.

He said nothing to the afflicted Milly about his intention, but slipped out of the cottage in the afternoon, hurried to the Shannon side near Money-point, unmoored his light canvas-built canoe, seated himself in the frail vessel, and fixing his paddles on the *towl-pin*, sped away over the calm face of the waters towards the isle of Scattery, where the renowned Crohoore-na-Oona, or Connor-of-the-Sheep, the Mohammed of the cottages, at this time took up his residence. This mysterious personage, whose prophecies are still commented on among the cottage circles with looks of deep awe and wonder, was much revered by his contemporaries as a man "who had seen a dale;" of what nature those sights or visions were was intimated by a mysterious look, and a solemn nod of the head.

In a little time Phadrig ran his little canoe aground on the sandy beach of Scattery, and, drawing her above high-water mark, proceeded to the humble dwelling of the gifted Sheep-shearer with feelings of profound fear and anxiety. He passed the lofty round tower—

the ruined grave of St. Senanus, in the centre of the little isle—the mouldering church, on which the eye of the poring antiquary may still discern the sculptured image of the two-headed monster, with which cottage tradition says the saint sustained so fierce a conflict on landing in the islet—and which the translator of Odranus has vividly described as "a dragon, with his fore-part covered with huge bristles, standing on end like those of a boar; his mouth gaping wide open with a double row of crooked, sharp tusks, and with such openings that his entrails might be seen; his back like a round island, full of scales and shells; his legs short and hairy, with such steely talons, that the pebble-stones, as he ran along them, sparkled—parching the way wherever he went, and making the sea boil about him where he dived—such was his excessive fiery heat." Phadrig's knees shook beneath him when he remembered this awful description—and thought of the legends of Lough Dhoola, on the summit of Mount Callon, to which the hideous animal was banished by the saint, to fast on a trout and a half per diem to the end of time; and where, to this day, the neighbouring fishermen declare that, in dragging the lake with their nets, they find the half trout as regularly divided in the centre as if it were done with a knife and scale.

While Phadrig remained with mouth and eyes almost as wide open as those of the sculptured image of the monster which had fascinated him to the spot, a sudden crash among the stones and dock-weed, in an opposite corner of the ruin, made him start and yell as if the original were about to quit Lough Dhoola on parole of honour, and use him as a relish after the trout and a half. The noise was occasioned by a little rotund personage, who had sprung from the mouldering wall, and now stood gazing fixedly on the terrified Phadrig, who continued returning that steady glance with a half-frightened, half-crying face—one hand fast clenched upon his breast, and the other extended, with an action of avoidance and deprecation. The person of the stranger was stout and short, rendered still more so by a stoop, which might almost have been taken for a hump—his arms hung forward from his shoulders, like those of a long-armed ape—his hair was gray and bushy, like that of a wanderoo—and his sullen gray eye seemed to be inflamed with ill-humour—his feet were bare and as broad as a camel's—and a leathern girdle buckling round his waist secured a tattered gray frieze riding-coat, and held an enormous pair of shears, which might have clipped off a man's head as readily, perhaps, as a lock of wool. This last article of costume afforded a sufficient indication to Phadrig that he stood in the presence of the awful object of his search.

"Well! an who are *you?*" growled the Sheep-shearer, after surveying Phadrig attentively for some moments.

The first gruff sound of his voice made the latter renew his start and roar for fright; after which, composing his terrors as well as he might, he replied, in the words of Autolycus—"I am only a poor fellow, sir."

"Well! an what's your business with me?"

"A cure, sir, I wanted for her. A cow o' mine, that's very bad inwardly, an we can do nothen for her; an I thought may be you'd know what is it ail'ded her—an prevail on THEM" [this word was pronounced with an emphasis of deep meaning] "to leave her to uz."

"Hu'h!" the Sheep-shearer thundered out, in a tone that made poor Phadrig jump six feet backwards, with a fresh yell, "do you daare to spake of *them* before me. Go along! you villyan o' the airth, an wait for me outside the church, an I'll tell you all about it there; but, first—do you think I can get the *gentlemen* to do any thing for me *gratish*—without offeren 'em a trate or a haip'orth?"

"If their honours wouldn't think two tinpennies and a fi'penny bit too little.—It's all I'm worth in the wide world."

"Well! we'll see what they'll say to it. Give it here to me. Go now—be off with yourself—if you don't want to have 'em all a-top o' you in a minnit."

This last hint made our hero scamper over the stones like a startled fawn; nor did he think himself safe until he reached the spot where he had left his canoe, and where he expected the coming of the Sheep-shearer; conscience-struck by the breach of his promise to his dying Mauria, and in a state of agonizing anxiety with respect to the lowing patient in the cow-house.

He was soon after rejoined by Connor-of-the-Sheep.

"There is one way," said he, "of saving your cow—but you must lose one of your childer if you wish to save it."

"O Heaven presarve uz, sir, how is that, if you plase?"

"You must go home," said the Sheep-shearer, "and say nothen to any body, but fix in your mind which o' your three childer you'll give for the cow; an when you do that, look in his eyes, an he'll sneeze, an don't you bless him. for the world. Then look in his eyes again, an he'll sneeze again, an still don't think o'

blessen him, be any mains. The third time you'll look in his eyes he'll sneeze a third time —an if you don't bless him the third time, he'll die—but your cow will live."

"An this is the only cure you have to gi' me?" exclaimed Phadrig, his indignation at the moment overcoming his natural timidity.

"The only cure.—It was by a dale to do I could prevail on them to let you make the choice itself."

Phadrig declared stoutly against this decree, and even threw out some hints that he would try whether or no Shaun Lauther, or Strong John, a young rival of the sheep-shearing fairy doctor, might be able to make a better bargain for him with the "gentlemen."

"Shaun Lauther!" exclaimed Connor-of-the-Sheep, in high anger—"Do you compare me to a man that never seen any more than yourself?—that never saw so much as the skirt of a dead man's shroud in the moonlight—or heard as much as the moanen of a sowlth[1] in an old graveyard? Do you know me?—Ask them that do—an they'll tell you how often I'm called up in the night, and kep posten over bog an mountain, till I'm ready to drop down with the sleep,—while few voices are heard, I'll be bail, at Shaun Lauther's windey —an little knollidge given him in his drames. It is then that I get mine. Didn't I say before the King o' France was beheaded that a blow would be struck wit an axe in that place, that the sound of it would be heard all over Europe?—An wasn't it true? Didn't I hear the shots that were fired at Gibaralthur, an tell it over in Dooly's forge, that the place was relieved that day?—an didn't the news come afterwards in a month's time, that I toult nothen but the truth?"

Phadrig had nothing to say in answer to this overwhelming list of interrogatories—but to apologize for his want of credulity, and to express himself perfectly satisfied.

With a heavy heart he put forth in his canoe upon the water, and prepared to return. It was already twilight, and as he glided along the peaceful shores, he ruminated mournfully within his mind on the course which he should pursue. The loss of the cow would be, he considered, almost equivalent to total ruin —and the loss of any one of his lovely children was a probability which he could hardly bear to dwell on for a moment. Still it behoved him to weigh the matter well. Which of them, now—supposing it possible that he could think of sacrificing any—which of them would he select for the purpose? The choice was a hard one. There was little Mauria, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl—but he could not, for an instant, think of losing her, as she happened to be named after his first wife; her brother, little Shamus, was the least useful of the three, but he was the youngest—"the child of his old age—a little one!" his heart bled at the idea; he would lose the cow, and the pig along with it, before he would harm a hair of the darling infant's head. He thought of Patcy—and he shuddered and leaned heavier on his oars, as if to flee away from the horrible doubt which stole into his heart with that name. It must be one of the three, or the cow was lost for ever. The two first-mentioned he certainly would not lose—and Patcy—Again he bade the fiend begone, and trembling in every limb, made the canoe speed rapidly over the tide in the direction of his home.

He drew the little vessel ashore, and proceeded towards his cabin. They had been waiting supper for him, and he learned with renewed anxiety that the object of his solicitude, the milch-cow, had rather fallen away than improved in her condition during his absence. He sat down in sorrowful silence with his wife and children, to their humble supper of potatoes and thick milk.

He gazed intently on the features of each of the young innocents as they took their places on the suggan chairs that flanked the board. Little Mauria and her brother Shamus looked fresh, mirthful, and blooming, from their noisy play in the adjoining paddock, while their elder brother, who had spent the day at school, wore—or seemed, to the distempered mind of his father, to wear a look of sullenness and chagrin. He was thinner too than most boys of his age—a circumstance which Phadrig had never remarked before. It might be the first indications of his poor mother's disease, consumption, that were beginning to declare themselves in his constitution; and if so, his doom was already sealed—and whether the cow died or not, Patcy was certain to be lost. Still the father could not bring his mind to resolve on any settled course, and their meal proceeded in silence.

Suddenly the latch of the door was lifted by some person outside, and a neighbour entered to inform Phadrig that the agent to his landlord had arrived in the adjacent village, for the purpose of driving matters to extremity against all those tenants who remained in arrear. At the same moment, too, a low moan of anguish from the cow outside announced the access of a fresh paroxysm of her distemper,

[1] Bodiless spirit.

which it was very evident the poor animal could never come through in safety.

In an agony of distress and horror the distracted father laid his clenched fingers on the table, and looked fixedly in the eyes of the unsuspecting Patcy. The child sneezed, and Phadrig closed his lips hard, for fear a blessing might escape them. The child at the same time, he observed, looked paler than before.

Fearful lest the remorse which began to awake within his heart might oversway his resolution, and prevent the accomplishment of his unnatural design, he looked hurriedly, a second time, into the eyes of the little victim. Again the latter sneezed—and again the father, using a violent effort, restrained the blessing which was struggling at his heart. The poor child drooped his head upon his bosom, and letting the untasted food fall from his hand, looked so pale and mournful, as to remind his murderer of the look which his mother wore in dying.

It was long—very long—before the heart-struck parent could prevail on himself to complete the sacrifice. The visitor departed; and the first beams of a full moon began to supplant the faint and lingering twilight which was fast fading in the west. The dead of the night drew on before the family rose from their silent and comfortless meal. The agonies of the devoted animal now drew rapidly to a close, and Phadrig still remained tortured by remorse on the one hand, and by selfish anxiety on the other.

A sudden sound of anguish from the cow-house made him start from his seat. A third time he fixed his eyes on those of his child—a third time the boy sneezed—but here the charm was broken.

Milly Rue, looking with surprise and tenderness on the fainting boy, said,—"Why, then, Heaven bless you, child!—it must be a cold you caught, you're sneezen so often."

Immediately the cow sent forth a bellow of deep agony, and expired; and at the same moment a low and plaintive voice outside the door was heard, exclaiming—"And Heaven bless you, Milly! and the Almighty bless you, and spare you a long time over your children!"

Phadrig staggered back against the wall—his blood froze in his veins—his face grew white as death—his teeth chattered—his eyes stared—his hair moved upon his brow, and the chilling damp of terror exuded over all his frame. He recognized the voice of his first wife; and her pale, cold eye met his at that moment, as her shade flitted by the window in the thin moonlight, and darted on him a glance of mournful reproach. He covered his eyes with his hands, and sunk, senseless, into a chair;—while the affrighted Milly, and Patcy, who at once assumed his glowing health and vigour, hastened to his assistance. They had all heard the voice, but no one saw the shade nor recognized the tone, excepting the conscience-smitten Phadrig.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.[1]

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,[2]
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"

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[1] This ballad was long a great favourite with the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, and it is said to be the narrative of actual events. The above is Sir Walter Scott's version of the ballad, and he affirmed that the hero of the song was a knight called Scott who was murdered by the brother of his betrothed bride. "The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat. It is a low muir on the banks of the Yarrow." The above verses are supposed to have inspired Hamilton of Bangour's ballad of the "Braes of Yarrow," and the scenery of both suggested Wordsworth's poems of "Yarrow Unvisited" and "Yarrow Visited."

[2] *The Tennies* is the name of a farm of the Duke of Buccleuch's, a little below Yarrow Kirk.

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother[1] John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleepin sound on Yarrow."

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow!
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow"

As she sped down yon high high hill
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

OLD BALLAD.

[1] *Good-brother*—Beau-frere; brother-in-law.

ORMONDE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE "O'HARA TALES."

Upon an October evening, in the year 1394, the castle of Kilkenny, which usually held a strong garrison, had its bastions, towers, and other points of defence almost unmanned; its courts almost silent; and but a few very old or very young domestics sat in its great hall, with arms in their hands, and with doubt and anxiety impressed on their features. The castle had sent forth its last regular soldier, together with all its able-bodied serfs, to support their lord, James, Earl of Ormonde, in a battle against the Desmond, touching the rights and bounds of certain lands; and intelligence of the result of the fray was every moment expected.

The lady of the fortress knelt in her private chapel, at "the altar of the holy stone," in fervent, but not faltering, prayer. The pride of name, the pride of feudal animosity, and the love of her martial husband, equally kept her heart unconscious of fear. The utmost condescension of her anxiety was to doubt; but nothing did she, or would she, doubt upon the subject which engrossed her soul, so far as regarded its issue by mortal means. Uncontrolled by a superior power, the Botiller, the Ormonde, the lord of her heart and her life, ever commanded success against a Desmond; and she knelt, therefore, only to pray that the will of God might not, on this occasion, fight against her and hers.

Her orisons ended, she slowly arose, and after bending her head, and crossing her forehead before the altar, paced along the solitary chapel, and issued from it through a low, arched door. Many flights of narrow stone steps, twining upward from the foundations of the castle, upon a level with which was the chapel floor, conducted her to the suite of small rooms leading into her sleeping chamber; thence she gained a lobby, which gave entrance to what was called "The Long Gallery," where, finding herself alone, the lady of Ormonde blew a shrill and loud call upon the little silver whistle which hung from her neck.

But no one answered her; and while her brow assumed a severe expression, she was again about to put the whistle to her lips, when the notes of a trumpet, sounding the signal for defence, reached her apparently from the embattled wall which faced and fell down to the Nore, full forty feet, although its top was still much lower than the foundations of

the fortress it helped to defend. The point from which the martial strain seemed to arise was fully commanded by the end window of the long gallery; and thither the lady of Ormonde repaired, with a more rapid step than was habitual to her.

Arrived at the window, she flung open its casements, and gazed directly downward. Two figures only met her view, those of the individuals whom she expected to find in the gallery on her return from the chapel; namely, Simon Seix, the half-witted foster-brother of her only son (and only child), and that only son himself, mounted on Simon's shoulders, who galloped, pranced, and curveted along the terra-plane of the wall.

"The poor born-natural!" she muttered; "again will he disobey my commands not to leave the castle with his young lord, and leave it to play such antics upon that perilous wall? Doubtless it was he who mimicked the sound of the trumpet which so challenged us."

The lady recollected Simon's talent for imitating the tones of all the instruments of music he had ever heard played, as well, indeed, as the voices of many animals; and even at the moment her surmise was confirmed, for, after he had mimicked the loud neighing and snorting of a battle-charger, as an accompaniment to a devious and seemingly perilous caracole, she saw and heard him blow a second trumpet blast through the hollow of his hand, which might well be mistaken for martial music. It was a strain of victory and triumph; and Simon seemed enamoured of his own performance, for he prolonged the sounds, as though he would never end them, until, at last, they suddenly broke off in a ludicrous cadence as the overmastering shrillness of his lady's whistle cut them short.

Turning up his large gray eyes to the open window far above him, he saw the figure of his offended mistress half bending from it. Her arm was raised, her hand clenched, and she stamped her foot as she signed to him to re-enter the castle. The Lord Thomas—so was called the little boy of seven or eight years on his back—looked up also; but while Simon assumed a face of the utmost fright and affliction, he only laughed merrily, in answer to his mother's signs; and, resisting his foster-brother's attempts to place him on his own feet, obliged Simon still to bear him on his shoulders.

In a few moments the little Lord Thomas appeared before his mother in the gallery. Her first look towards him was one of grave reprehension; but when, presuming on her love, as well as prompted by his own love for her, the boy came bounding forward, the stately lady's brow relaxed, and, thinking of his father, she opened her arms to receive him.

"But where tarries Simon Seix, boy? With him, at least, the overgrown adviser and contriver of all thine antics, I shall call a strict reckoning."

Lord Thomas made a roguish signal to his mother, and then composing his features, spoke in a voice of mock solemnity, as he turned towards the door, "Enter, Simon, and face my lady mother."

The ill-contrived figure of Simon, short, thick, and bandy-legged, dragged itself through the doorway, and halted a few paces past the threshold. His long arms dropped at his sides; his jaw fell; his crooked eyebrows became elevated; his heavy-lidded eyes turned sideways upon the floor; and altogether he presented a very ludicrous caricature of repentance, fear, and self-abasement, of which, however, one-half was only affected; for, with his young lord for an advocate, he really apprehended no grave consequences.

"So, knave, neither your respect for my commands, nor your love and fear of the lord of Ormonde, exposed at this moment to utmost peril, can keep you quietly within the castle with Lord Thomas, as the time requires?"

Simon whiningly, yet with a certain sly expression, replied, "I wot not, gracious lady, wherefore, at this time, aught is required from my Lord Thomas, or from me, his poor, simple servitor, save the bearing which bespeaks joyousness and trouble past."

"And why, sirrah, wot you not?"

"Because, by this hour of the day our good battle hath surely been fought and won, and a Botiller's foot again planted on the neck of a Desmond," answered Simon, confidently.

"Say you so?" continued the lady, her eyes brightening; "and whence come your tidings, sir?"

"From our common thought of what ever must be the fortunes of the Ormonde against his present foe, lady," said the reputed fool; and while he spoke he gave his noble foster-brother an anxious sign to second his interested sycophancy, on which the boy answered:—

"True, Simon; and it would ill become the Ormonde's only son to show by the wearing of a sad face a doubt of his own gallant father."

"List, excellent lady!" adjured Simon, "his nobleness repeats the very words which drew me from the castle by his side."

"Peace, knave!" said the lady, her voice and manner suddenly changing into great

energy as she heard sounds as of the hurried lowering of the drawbridge. "Nay, by my holy saint!" she went on rapidly, while a burst of wailing voices reached her from the hall below, "here have I been sinfully bandying words with an idiot at the moment that I should have been on my bended knees to Heaven! Who comes to greet us? who waits below?" she cried, pacing towards a side-door of the gallery, through which she was about to pass when arrested by the sound of many feet. She paused, and grew pale. Presently old John Seix, the father of Simon, clad in complete mail, and looking jaded and agitated, presented himself before her, while the few servants left in the castle crowded behind him. Her eyes met his, and with eager gaze and compressed lips she motioned him to speak.

"The noble Ormonde lives, dear lady," answered the old man; and there he paused.

"But the battle is lost, John Seix?" she said, apparently with calmness. Evasively he replied that his lord, in quick retreat upon Kilkenny, close pressed by the Desmond, had despatched him to bid his lady summon the town's people, that some of them might help to garrison the castle, and others hasten to join his army at Green's-bridge, a mile up the river, where he purposed making a last brave stand against the foe.

"All shall be done," answered his lady; and thereupon despatched one domestic to the authorities of the town, over whom the house of Ormonde held despotic sway, and another to the tower, to ring the alarm. "John Seix," she resumed, walking up and down the gallery, "however may betide this last struggle, I give way to no fears for the dear and precious life of the Ormonde; be he a prisoner at the present moment, a Desmond hath never lived who dares to harm a hair of his head."

"Hark, lady, to the noise which comes faintly down the river," said, to her surprise, Simon Seix, the half-fool, speaking seriously and steadily, as he gracelessly moved from a corner in which he had hitherto been standing unnoticed, though, perhaps, not without noticing all he saw and heard, and edging round by the wall, approached the end window of the gallery.

"Ay, and so it does!" exclaimed his mistress, hurrying to the point of observation before him; "and, for the nonce, Simon, well have you spoken."

She gained the open window. Quick as a flash her glance shot at once up the river to the bridge, and there fixed itself. The October evening began to close in, sunless and heavy; yet it was not so dark as to prevent her from distinguishing the general features of things at some distance.

The faint shouting and uproar still came down the Nore; but nothing of moment as yet occurred upon the bridge. In a very short time, however, the tumult growing louder, she saw a large body of armed men pour over it in disorder; some rallied at the country side of the bridge, some between its battlements, and some at its town side. The lady of Ormonde knew that these were her husband's men hotly pursued by the Desmond, and now preparing to make their last stand. Much time was not allowed to prepare them; nor did they long resist the fierce attack of their assailants.

Old Seix, watching her from the interior of the gallery, needed nothing but her action, and the expression of her countenance, to tell him the issue of the fray, and to impart to his own bosom the successive emotions which agitated hers.

"All is over, lady of Ormonde?" demanded Seix.

"It is, John," she answered; "our base hinds fly like the poor deer they are only fit to tend, scattered and wild, over the distant country."

"Do the Desmonds pursue?" again asked the house-steward.

"Gallantly!" replied the lady; "and all in a body—not a man stays on the bridge."

"Then we have some pause, dear mistress, since none of them hasten this way."

"Ay, I grant you, if our townsmen enter the castle in time. But where linger they? false churls! Begone, thou, John Seix, and assay to rouse their sluggish spirit! But no—hold an instant—it may—it may be so!" She interrupted herself by speaking these last words in a joyous, hopeful tone, as she again looked up the river.

"The Ormondes, lady?" questioned the old man.

"By Heaven! I do believe it is, John Seix. Some five or seven mounted men have parted from the confused body of pursuers and pursued beyond the bridge—and now regain it—now spur fiercely over it—and one keeps ahead of the others—and now I lose him and them as they turn into the town. Quick, quick, John Seix, and mount the turret over the grand gate—thither they repair, whoever they be—quick, old man! I wait you here."

The house-steward did as he was commanded. Shortly after he had gained his place in the turret seven horsemen galloped up the ascent from the near end of the town, led by one of

noble bearing. But as it was now deep twilight, and the riders kept their vizors down, he could not, at a first glance, tell whether they were friends or foes. Coming nearer, he descried a banner which they bore, and his heart beat with joy, for it was the banner of the Ormonde. To his challenge, as they drew rein before the gate, they gave the gladdening pass-word; and he hastened from the turret to admit them.

Meanwhile his lady impatiently awaited his return to the gallery. Leaving the window, she threw herself into a seat, quickly arose, paced the gallery, stopped, listened, took her son's hand, and proceeded rapidly to the door.

She had again heard the unbarring of the gate, and the lowering of the drawbridge. Now she distinguished hasty steps ascending through the castle to the gallery. A few paces from the door she stood still: a knight clad in full armour entered. In height and figure he resembled her husband; but his vizor was down. Upon that she fixed her eye. An instant of silence, when the knight, slowly raising his hand, put up his vizor—it was the Desmond!

She did not scream or start, for her heart had misgiven her, and spared her a surprise which might have betrayed the heroic lady into some show of weakness which she would have scorned.

"I know you, Desmond," she said, endeavouring to look down his deep and fearful stare; "ay, and I knew you before you revealed yourself."

"It is well, madam, that we can meet thus calmly, for it hits the fashion of the time, and the change of—"

"Of what?" she interrupted, almost sternly; "the change of what? what change? Think you, Desmond, that, for an hour's mishap, the first he ever knew from *your* hand, at least, the lord of Ormonde, or I, his wife, yield to you? think you our spirit bends or snaps so soon? think you that the cowards who fled from you on yonder bridge are a tithe of the Ormonde's loyal vassals and fighting men? or, did he stand alone to-night, in his own wide lands, think you he has no other friends to take his part?"

"What other friends?" asked Desmond.

"Hark in your ear—true English friends! ay, Desmond, and with one who loves the Ormonde to lead them on—with England's king to bid them on!" she continued, exultingly. "He lands to-day at Waterford."

"Hush!" cried Desmond, as he perceived that Simon, the natural, had drawn near them so cautiously, that his steps were not heard. "Now, sirrah, do you dare to pry into the discourse of your lady and myself?"

Simon humbly denied any such bold and sinful design; and reproved and chidden, he withdrew, while Desmond went on with what he had to say.

"Lady, 'tis passing strange I should not have heard of this: but, let the king be at Waterford, I shall have loyal friends to wait on him there by day-dawn; you can have none—"

"The Ormonde may think of having some there before day-dawn, Desmond."

"Alack the day, lady!" said Desmond, sighing.

"Ha!" she cried, receding from him, "when *you* put on that seeming grief, there must be a black tale for me to hear, in good sooth! Speak, man! Have you passed your coward knife through his noble heart?"

"The Ormonde forced me to the field, lady, in just defence of my bounds of lands: but I bore him no ill blood; his life I never sought; and, had I seen it threatened, would have saved it: but the last melée was fierce upon the bridge, and he fell ere I knew that—"

"Dead! my Ormonde dead?" she cried, clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes on Desmond.

"I bore his banner to your gate; please you to see it in the hall? Could he have drawn living breath when that was done?"

"I think no," she answered; "and you have reached him, then? And now, Desmond, 'tis in your mind that all looks clear for the fulfilling of an old oath." Stern despair was in her tones as she uttered these words.

"Sweet lady, pass we that worthless matter—an error of mere youth, and nought besides—unless we add an outbreaking of passionate love, as pure and true as—"

"Insolent fool as well as villain!" again interrupted the lady. "Where are you, boy? Come hither to my side, and hold fast by my hand—hither, hither! ha! as she turned round, and looked towards the end of the now darkened apartment. "My child hath left the gallery—with his poor fool, too! and left it for what company!—for what chances! Desmond, I leave you to go seek him—only aid me in the task; and promise not to part us when I find my boy, and I will kneel down to bless you."

Terrible fears of Desmond's designs began to press on her mind, and she scarce knew what she said. Her unwelcome visitor earnestly promised to do as she requested him;

and they left the gallery by different doors. Desmond hastened to the hall, where, taking Dicken Utlaw, his personal attendant, aside, he said to him in a whisper—"Dicken, if by some secret outlet the young spawn of the Ormonde hath evaded us, we nearly lose our present game. Search well the courts and outbuildings—"

The calls and cries of the afflicted mother, echoing through the castle, interrupted his speech. She rushed into the hall, still uttering the name of her child. "You have murdered him, too!" she exclaimed, wildly, stopping before Desmond. "Ay, you! even while we spoke above, some devils in your service spirited him away. Give place!" She darted past him, and left the hall, to engage in another search.

Desmond followed close in her steps to receive the child for himself when he should be found. His confidential follower explored every hiding-place out of doors without success; and then Dicken and some trusty comrades mounted their horses to ride to the town, and through all the surrounding country.

Some time before the lady of Ormonde missed them, Simon Seix, stealing on tiptoe to the nearest side-door, had carried the child out of the gallery in his arms. By private and obscure passages, upon which, as he whispered to his young charge, the Desmond's men would not have yet mounted guard, they gained nearly the same spot, under the window of the long gallery, where, some hours before, he had enacted to the little Lord Thomas the parts of battle-charger and of trumpeter. Here he put the boy on his feet, and stooping down groped upon the terra-plane of the wall. "My father showed me this more than once," said Simon; and, while speaking, he contrived to loosen a small stone, and extract it from the surrounding ones. A ring appeared: he tugged at it with all his might, and a square portion of the smooth, small flags moved, were displaced, and discovered narrow steps winding downwards through the thickness of the wall.

"Now, noble son of the noble Ormonde, and most noble foster-brother of a born-natural, remember all you promised me while we whispered together at the window over our heads," resumed Simon. "Here be the steps which will free us of the castle; and, though dark, still trust to my guidance, for the sake of your dear lady-mother, and of your—"

"I am not afraid, witless," interrupted the child; "take my hand, and lead me after you."

Without another word Simon safely conveyed him to the bottom of the turning steps. Here they stood in utter darkness, the misnamed fool groping with his two hands over the rough surface which temporarily opposed their further progress. A joyful exclamation soon told, however, that he had found what he sought; and the next moment a part of the wall (here but of a slight thickness), framed in iron, moved inward on hinges, and they saw, through a low arched opening, only a few feet from them, the river, the sound of whose rapid dash they had heard as they descended.

A rugged bank, broken by eddies, and interrupted by little coves of the river, sloped from the foundation of the wall into the Nore. Along this, his back turned to John's bridge and the town, with his young foster-brother once more astride on his shoulders, Simon was soon hurrying. The wall made an abrupt turn, striking off at right angles, inland: he turned with it, and still pursued its course.

"There is the paddock, truly; but where is my lord's favourite horse for the chase?" he said, after having made considerable way—"nay, I see him—and now for a hard ride, without saddle, and a *suggaun* bridle in hand."

Some hay was piled in the paddock: from it he adroitly and quickly spun his *suggaun*—fastened it on the head of the fleet courser—placed the child on the animal's back—vaulted up behind him—and a few minutes, over hedge and ditch, brought them to a highway.

"For Waterford, Raymond!" cried Simon, shaking his hay bridle: "and we have need to see the end of the twenty-and-four Irish miles in little more time than it will take to count them over!"

"'Tis well to be a fool, ay, and a sleepy fool too, at times, Simon, else neither Raymond, nor his riders for him, would know the road so well," said the child.

"There be tricks in all born crafts, your little nobleness," replied Simon, "else how would fools, or even wise men, win bread? In sooth, I deemed I might catch a needful secret behind the arras, though I wot not of the road till I bethought me of treading lightly back from the window to hear what was said."

It was night—but a moonlight one—when the hoofs of their courser beat hollowly along the banks of the Suir: they had avoided the town, and followed the widening of the river a little distance beyond it. Unpractised as were his eyes to such a sight, Simon was soon aware that a great many ships floated on the moonlit water; that boats moved to and from them; and that large bodies of soldiers, destined for

taking the field against the formidable young Irish chief, Arthur Mac Murchad O'Kavanah, were every moment landing. While he looked, a sentinel challenged him. He reined up his foaming horse, and answered by giving the name of the Lord Thomas of Ormonde, demanding at same time to see the king. The soldier scoffed at his request; and, as Simon insisted, his words grew rough and high. A group of noble-looking men, who, from a near elevation of the bank, had been watching the disembarkment, drew towards the spot; and one, a knight, completely clad in splendid armour, advanced alone from the rest, saying, "The Lord Thomas of Ormonde to have speech of the king? where bides this Lord Thomas, master mine?"

"I am the Lord Thomas of Ormonde!" answered Simon's little charge, spiritedly, and as if in dudgeon that he had not been at once recognized.

"Thou, gramercy, fair noble?" continued the knight, good-naturedly, as he touched his helmet. "And on what weighty matter wouldst thou parley with King Richard?"

"An you lead me to him, like a civil knight and good, Richard himself shall learn," replied the child.

"Excellent well spoken," whispered Simon to his charge; "abide by that fashion of speech."

"By our lady, then, like civil knight and good, will I do my devoir by thee, Lord Thomas of Butler," resumed the knight, "little doubting that the king will give ready ear to thy errand, for passing well he affects one of thy name, the Lord James, Earl of Ormonde."

"Which noble earl is mine own father," said the boy.

The knight showed real interest at this intelligence; and commanding the horse which bore Simon and the child to be led after him, walked towards the town of Waterford.

Half an hour afterwards, mounted on a fresh steed, and accompanied by their patron and a body of well-armed soldiers, our adventurers galloped back to Kilkenny. The knight had pressed their stay till morning; but Lord Thomas and Simon convinced him that for the sake of the lady of Ormonde this ought not to be. She required not only to have her son restored to her, but also to be protected against the Desmond, who, ere morning's dawn, might work her irremediable harm. Finding these reasons good, the friendly knight resolved to bear them company.

Upon the road he arranged with Simon various plans of action; and upon a particular point was wholly governed by the simpleton's advice. Simon said that there was but one vassal of the Desmond in Kilkenny Castle, who, after the tidings they had to communicate, would at all hazards attempt to spill blood. "Then can ye not make free with his before I enter the castle-hall?" demanded the knight. Simon demurred, but proposed an alternative. "We will make him drunk with wines till he sleeps soundly," said he; "and then, upon hearing my signal, a child may enter."

The knight assented, but added, "Success still hangs upon the chance of the Desmond's army not having yet marched from the field to greet their lord in the Ormonde's fortress; for, though our liege comrades here may well suffice to master the knaves already within its walls, they could not withstand thousands."

Notwithstanding this, the party gained unchallenged the secret door through which Simon had escaped. All had dismounted, and, conducted by him, were now ushered stealthily into the castle; and their hopes grew high when it appeared that Desmond's army had not yet come forward.

Simon entered the hall of the castle, leading his foster-brother by the hand. By the light of a tripod, suspended from the arched roof, he saw his old father stretched on the tiled floor, mournfully supporting his head upon his hand, and guarded by a soldier. At the oak table sat Dicken Utlaw, the man whom Simon had meant when he spoke of the single follower of Desmond whose hand would be prompt to shed the blood even of his liege king in defence of his lord, or in revenge of his discomfiture. A wine-cup and a flagon stood at the ruffian's hand, by means of which he had already anticipated, half-way, Simon's designs upon him.

Utlaw's voice was high and angry as the two truants appeared before him; and, in fact, he was roundly expressing his wrath against them for the useless chase they had led him over all the neighbouring roads, and from which he had only lately returned. So soon as his eyes met theirs he started up, roaring forth commands to the armed man who stood guard over old Seix, to secure the door.

"It does not need," answered the boy; "we come hither to be your prisoners, good Dicken."

"Ay, thou vagrant imp! and whence come ye so suddenly, after all our chase, as if ye grew out of the ground, or were blown in upon a wind?" asked Utlaw.

"Perchance even as thou sayest we come,"

answered Simon, "for all this evening we have footed it merrily with the fays of Brandon Hill; and be patient now, sweet Dicken Utlaw," as the bravo raised his sheathed sword, "and but suffer us to enact for your pleasure one of the dances they taught us, and I will coax my father, the house-steward, to whisper thee in what corner of the cellar thou mayest chance on a magnum of such renowned wine as has scarce filled to-night the empty flagon at thy hand."

Dicken became somewhat quieted; and growling an exhortation to the sentinel to guard all his prisoners well, strode off to avail himself of the ready instructions of old Seix. During his brief absence Simon studied the features of the soldier who rested on his tall spear near the door, and drew comfort from their tranquil and even benevolent expression. Utlaw returned to his seat at the oak table, called the wine good, and gulped it down rapidly: it was of great power, and well did Simon know the fact. But it also seemed capable of making him obliging, for he consented to see the fashion of the dance practised by the hill elves; and accordingly Simon, with a whisper to the child, performed a vagary so grotesque that the drunken savage laughed hoarsely in his cup, and the guard smiled quietly at his post.

Simon continued his frolics till the critical powers of Dicken began rapidly to desert him. Very soon afterwards he slept profoundly, snorting like the swine he was. Simon, now preparing for his most important feat, proposed that Lord Thomas should take a war-horse—namely, an old weapon at hand, and ride it about the hall to the notes of the trumpet. The boy was soon mounted, and Simon, taking up a useless scroll of parchment, and rolling it loosely, applied it to his mouth.

Before he would blow his signal blast, however, he glanced into the face of the sentinel, and afterwards to the half-open door. The man was still smiling good-naturedly at the gambols of the little Lord Thomas; and, in the gloom without Simon caught glimpses of armed men, one of whom presently entered, unseen by the soldier, and bent watchfully over the snoring Dicken. "Now to the charge!" cried Simon, addressing his foster-brother; and to the astonishment of the sentinel, of the knight who had just stealthily come in (Simon's friend at Waterford), and of every one in the castle, a perfect trumpet sound rang through the spacious building.

Dicken sprang to his feet, half-conscious, and was instantly felled to the ground by a blow of the knight's battle-axe. Old Seix arose, and seized his sword. Simon armed himself with the weapon upon which the child had been astride, and placed himself spiritedly, though grotesquely, before him. The sentinel quickly brought his spear to his hip, and stood upon the defensive, regarding the stranger knight (who wore his vizor down) with a threatening look; but a second knight now gaining that person's side, rendered his hostility vain. Almost at the same moment an uproar and a clash was heard through the castle: presently the lady of Ormonde ran shrieking into the hall; and she shrieked wildly again, though not in the same cadence, as she caught up her child to her bosom. She was quickly followed by Desmond, now the prisoner of some of Simon's friends. The bold lord had fought desperately, and bled from his wounds, though the rage which was upon him did not allow him to think of them.

"What treachery is this? and what villains be these?" he exclaimed as he came in; "who calls himself chief here?"

The knight who wore his vizor down raised his arm, and touched his breast in answer.

"Then call thyself by such name no longer!" continued Desmond; and with that he suddenly freed himself from his guards, snatched the sentinel's long spear, and aimed a thrust at the knight.

"Traitor! stay thy hand!" exclaimed his antagonist, in a voice of high and dignified command; "thou knowest not what thou doest, nor that indeed thy feudal sceptre is here broken in pieces. Look at me now!" he exposed his face.

"Richard—the king!" faltered Desmond, dropping on his knee, as the lady of Ormonde and all in the hall knelt with him.

JOHN and MICHAEL BANIM.

VOX POPULI.

When Mazarvan the magician
  Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
  Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumour ended
  When he came to Khaledan:
There the folk were talking only
  Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets;
  Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous
  Where Badoura is unknown.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A slanting ray of evening light
  Shoots through the yellow pane,
It makes the faded crimson bright,
  And gilds the fringe again;
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadows on the walls.
And since those trappings first were new
  How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
  Hath come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
This curious lattice-work—of shade.
Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
  The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
  Acorn and fleur-de-lis,
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore, as now we call,
  When the first James was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
  Hither his train would bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broidered vest and buckled shoe,
On damask cushions set in fringe,
  All reverently they knelt,
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge,
  In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle
  The sunbeam long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
  Of their inscription-stone,
And there in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold!
Out-stretched together are express'd
  He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
  In attitude of prayer,
Long visaged clad in armour he,
With ruffled arms and bodice she,
Set forth in order as they died,
  The numerous offspring bend,
Together kneeling side by side,
  As if they did intend
For past omissions to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
  But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
  Still fill the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vaults below.
And now the polished modern squire
  With all his train appear.
Who duly to the hall repair,
  At season of the year,
And fill the seat with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.
Perchance all thoughtless as they tread
  The hollow sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dread,
  Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest.
The plumed hearse, the servile train
  In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
  And stop before the gate,
Brought many a distant alley through
To join the final rendezvous.
And when this race is swept away,
  Each in their narrow beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
  Shine gaily o'er their heads,
While other faces, strange and new,
Shall occupy the Squire's pew.

JANE TAYLOR.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE LEAGUE.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land:
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's impurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour dress'd,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was pass'd from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath rais'd the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his Holy Name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.[1]

[Edgar Allan Poe, born in Baltimore, January, 1811; died in the Baltimore hospital, 7th October, 1849. The story of Poe's life is one of the saddest. Left an orphan at three years of age, he was adopted by Mr. Allan of Baltimore, who educated him, and made many endeavours to save him from the ruin in which his reckless habits ultimately involved him. Gifted with considerable genius, which won for him many friends who were anxious to help and to respect him, and who afforded him repeated opportunities to redeem his character, he had, unhappily, too little self control to overcome the evil habits which he frankly owned and despised. His tales of the *Gold Bug* (the *Gold Beetle* it is called in the English editions of his works); the *Murders in the Rue Morgue;* the *Mystery of Marie Roget;* and the *Purloined Letter*, were received with much favour. His poem of the *Raven* obtained for him remarkable popularity; but he was unable to derive much advantage from the reputation he achieved. He exhausted the patience of his friends one after another, and at length died in an hospital from the effects of a cold caught during a drunken orgy. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* says: "Poe's great power lay in writing tales, which rank in a class by themselves, and have their characteristics strongly defined." Admiring his talent, we can only think of his career with the more regret.]

"Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio."—SENECA.
"There is nothing more odious in knowledge than too much acuteness."

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième, No.* 33, *Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain.* For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening—I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forebore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose *in* the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd.*"

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet."

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

[1] From *Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humour.* By Edgar Allan Poe. New York: Widdleton.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then. I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well. The disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honour of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendency over the illustrious personage whose honour and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendency," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare"—

"The thief," said G., "is the minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendency complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister, since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged personally

in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly, then, upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G.; "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggrel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disturbance in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed, "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police-officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough research of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hôtel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" and here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:—

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for 50,000 francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? in what way?"

"Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of spunging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the prefect, a little discomposed, "*I* am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give 50,000 francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after

several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for 50,000 francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labours extended."

"So far as his labours extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed; but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a school-boy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'Even and Odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our school-boy replies 'Odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd:' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus:—'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even:' he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the school-boy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows:—'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the school-boy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the

felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigation; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice* without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration *of the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg, but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also that such *recherches* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherche* manner is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets—this the prefect *feels;* and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the differential calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the* reason *par excellence.*"

"'*Il y a à parier,*'" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "'*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*' The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as in Latin '*ambitus*' implies 'ambition,' '*religio*' 'religion,' or '*homines honesti,*' a set of *honourable* men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, "that if the minister had been no more than a mathematician, the prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this cheque. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him, however, as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intriguant.* Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses,* to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not

upon the premises. I felt also that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some colour of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor or simile may be made to strengthen an argument as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiæ*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent *momentum* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed which of the street signs, over the shop-doors, are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the overlargely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it."

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must have always been at *hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments, and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filagree card-rack of pasteboard that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across

the middle, as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper; so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really rivetted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reverse direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, redirected, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile?* Would it not have been better at the first visit to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object, apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni;* but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalini said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*—an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the prefect terms 'a certain per-

sonage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why? It did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humouredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank-sheet the words—

——————"'So dire a project
Is worthy of Thyestes, if not of Atreus.'

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée.*"

EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY.

Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laughed at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would laugh at it too!—*Merry Beggars.*

There's nothing here on earth deserves
  Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
  When we could do so well without it:
If folks would let the world go round,
  And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found
  To frighten us poor laughing sinners:
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

One plagues himself about the sun,
  And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise,—how long he'll run,—
  And when he'll leave us altogether:
Now matters it a pebble-stone
  Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
  At last they'll plague him out of heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Another spins from out his brains
  Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
  Reviewed and laughed at for his labours,
Fame is *his* star! and fame is sweet;
  And praise is pleasanter than honey,—
I write at just so much a sheet,
  And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

My brother gave his heart away
  To Mercandotti, when he met her,
She married Mr. Ball one day—
  He's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer too—and sighed,
  And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
  And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
  But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
  But sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the sage's brightest star,
  Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
  Please God, I'll keep on "never-minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
  A laughter mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers
  Is half a pain and half a pleasure:
And why be grave instead of gay?
  Why feel athirst while folks are quaffing?—
Oh! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
  There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

G. M. FITZGERALD.

TO LUCASTA

(ON GOING TO THE WARS).

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
  That, from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
  To war and arms I flee.

True; a new mistress now I chase—
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.[1]

[1] Lucasta was a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, who married another lover, believing Lovelace dead. He was born 1618, died 1658.

GENIUS, TALENT, SENSE, AND CLEVERNESS.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

The first of these words I use in the sense of most general acceptance, as the faculty which *adds* to the existing stock of power and knowledge, by new views, new combinations, &c. In short, I define GENIUS as originality in intellectual construction, the moral accompaniment and actuating principle of which consists, perhaps, in carrying on the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.

By TALENT, on the other hand, I mean the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books or other conservatories of intellect.

By SENSE I understand that just balance of the faculties which is to the judgment what health is to the body. The mind seems to act *en masse*, by a synthetic, rather than an analytic process; even as the outward senses, from which the metaphor is taken, perceive immediately, each as it were by a peculiar tact or intuition, without any consciousness of the mechanism by which the perception is realized. This is often exemplified in well-bred, unaffected, and innocent women. I know a lady on whose judgment, from constant experience of its rectitude, I could rely almost as on an oracle. But when she has sometimes proceeded to a detail of the grounds and reasons for her opinions—then, led by similar experience, I have been tempted to interrupt her with, "I will take your advice;" or "I shall act on your opinion; for I am sure you are in the right. But as to the *fors* and *becauses*, leave them to me to find out." The general accompaniment of SENSE is a disposition to avoid extremes, whether in theory or in practice, with a desire to remain in sympathy with the *general mind* of the age or country, and a feeling of the necessity and utility of *compromise*. If Genius be the initiative, and Talent be the administrative, Sense is the *conservative* branch, in the intellectual republic.

By CLEVERNESS (which I dare not with Dr. Johnson call a *low* word, while there is a sense to be expressed which it alone expresses) I mean a comparative readiness in the invention and use of means, for the realizing of objects and ideas—often of ideas which the man of genius only could have originated, and which the clever man perhaps neither fully comprehends nor adequately appreciates, even at the moment that he is prompting or executing the machinery of their accomplishment. In short, Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain in the hand. In literature, Cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit—Genius and Sense by humour.

If I take the three great countries of Europe, in respect of intellectual character—namely, Germany, England, and France, I should characterize them thus,—premising only that in the first word of the two first tables I mean to imply that Genius, rare in all countries, is equal in both of these, the instances equally numerous—and characteristic therefore not in relation to each other, but in relation to the third country. The other qualities are more general characteristics.

GERMANY,—*Genius, Talent, Fancy.*

The latter chiefly as exhibited in wild combinations, and in pomp of ornament. N.B. *Imagination* is implied in Genius.

ENGLAND,—*Genius, Sense, Humour.*

FRANCE,—*Cleverness, Talent, Wit.*

So again, with regard to the forms and effects in which the qualities manifest themselves, *i.e.* intellectually.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture-gallery (the reader will excuse the confessed inadequacy of this metaphor) we find individuality everywhere, mere portrait nowhere. In all his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same human nature, which is everywhere present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits,—their shapes, tastes, and odours.

CRITICISM.

As soon as a critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him;—as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest *trait* against the author, his censure immediately becomes personal injury—his sarcasms personal insults. He ceases to be a CRITIC, and takes on him the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded—that of a gossip, backbiter, and pasquilant; but with this heavy aggravation, that he steals with the unquiet, the deforming passions of the

world, into the museum; into the very place which, next to the chapel and oratory, should be our sanctuary, and secure place of refuge; offers abominations on the altar of the Muses, and makes its sacred paling the very circle in which he conjures up the lying and profane spirit.

MODERN SATIRISTS.

In this age of personality—this age of literary and political gossiping, the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail. The most vapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest, purely from the number of contemporary characters named in the patchwork notes (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the text), and because, to increase the stimulus, the author has sagaciously left his own name for whispers and conjectures.

MATERIALS OF POETRY.

Good sense is the *body* of poetic genius, fancy its *drapery*, motion its *life*, and imagination the *soul* that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

ILL-DESERVED COMMENDATION.

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving.

SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.

Shakspeare, no mere child of nature—no automaton of genius—no passive vehicle of inspiration, possessed by the spirit, *not* possessing it,—first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge became habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class—to that power which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion,—the one Proteus of the fire and the flood; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, into the unity of his own *ideal*.

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short, for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge: never pursue literature as a trade. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession, i.e.* some regular employment which does not depend on the will of the moment; and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by an alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight, as a charge and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour. The *hope* of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them will, in all works of genius, convert the stimulant into a *narcotic*.

SHADOW.

It falls before, it follows behind,
  Darkest still when the day is bright;
No light without the shadow we find,
  And never shadow without the light.

From our shadow we cannot flee away;
  It walks when we walk, it runs when we run;
But it tells which way to look for the sun;
  We may turn our backs on it any day.

Ever mingle the light and shade
  That make this human world so dear;
Sorrow of joy is ever made,
  And what were a hope without a fear?

A morning shadow o'er youth is cast,
  Warning from pleasure's dazzling snare;
A shadow lengthening across the past,
  Fixes our fondest memories there.

One shadow there is, so dark, so drear,
  So broad we see not the brightness round it;
Yet 'tis but the dark side of the sphere
  Moving into the light unbounded.

ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

A WISH.[1]

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favour'd sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied!
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side!

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name!

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aërial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead!

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give;
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home!
To have before my mind—instead

Of a sick room, a mortal strife,
A turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] From *The Dramatic and Lyric Poems* of Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co.

PREJUDICE.

Among the hardy pioneers who first settled along the borders of the Ohio, was an Englishman, with two sons. These were twins, and his only children. He was half husbandman and half hunter, and the two boys followed his double vocation. They were seldom separated, and never seemed happy but in each other's society. If one was engaged in any employment, the other must share it. If one took his rifle and plunged into the forest in pursuit of the wild deer, the other, as a matter of course, took his, and became his companion. Thus they grew up together, participating in each other's pleasures and fatigues and dangers. They were therefore united, not only by the ties of kindred and a common home, but by a thousand recollections of sylvan sports, and wild adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, enjoyed or experienced in each other's company.

About the time that these brothers were entering upon manhood, the French and Indian war broke out along our western frontier. In one of the bloody skirmishes that soon followed the father and the two sons were engaged. The former was killed, and one of the twins, being taken by the French troops, was carried away.

The youth that remained returned after the fight to his father's home; but it was to him a disconsolate and desolate spot. His mother had been dead for years; his father was slain; and his only brother, he that was bound to him by a thousand ties, was taken by the enemy and carried away, he knew not whither. But it seemed that he could not live in separation from him. Accordingly, he determined to visit Montreal, where he understood his brother had been taken; but about this time he was told that he had died of wounds received in the skirmish which had proved fatal to the father and brought captivity to the son.

The young man, therefore, for a time abandoned himself to grief; but at last he went to Marietta, and after a few years was married, and became the father of several children. But the habits and tastes of his early life were still upon him, and after some years he migrated farther into the wilderness, and settled down upon the banks of the Sandusky river. Here he began to fell the trees and clear the ground,

and had soon a farm of cultivated land sufficient for all his wants. . . .

But the forester was still a moody and discontented man. His heart was indeed full of kindness to his family; but the death of his brother had left a blank in his bosom, which nothing seemed to fill. Time, it is true, gradually threw its veil over early memories, and softened the poignancy of regret for the loss of a brother who had seemed a part of himself, and whose happiness was dearer than his own. But still, that separation had given a bias to his mind, and a cast to his character, which no subsequent event or course of circumstances could change; he was at heart a solitary man, yearning indeed for the pleasure of society, yet always keeping himself aloof from mankind. He had planted himself in the wilderness, far from any other settlement, as if purposely burying himself in the tomb of the forest.

There was one trait which strongly marked the character of this man; and that was a detestation of everything French. This, doubtless, originated in the fact that his brother's captivity and death were chargeable to the French army, and he naturally enough learned to detest everything that could be associated with the cause of that event which darkened his whole existence. A striking evidence of this deep and bitter prejudice was furnished by the manner in which the forester treated a Frenchman who lived on the opposite side of the Sandusky river, and who was, in fact, the only person that could be esteemed his neighbour. Being divided by a considerable river, the two men were not likely to meet except by design; and as the Frenchman was advised of the prejudice of his neighbour against his countrymen, there was no personal intercourse between them.

Thus they lived for many years, their families sometimes meeting; but quarrel and altercation almost invariably ensued upon such occasions. In all these cases it was the custom of the farmer to indulge in harsh reflections upon the French character, and each action of his neighbour was commented upon with bitterness. Every unfavourable rumour touching the Frenchman's character, however improbable, was readily believed; and his actions, that deserved commendation rather than blame, were distorted into evil, by misrepresentation or the imputation of bad motives.

Thus these two families, living in the solitude of the mighty forest, and impelled, it would seem, by the love of sympathy and society, to companionship, were still separated by a single feeling—that of *prejudice*. The two men, so far as they knew, had never met, and had never seen each other; but that strange feeling of the human breast, that judges without evidence, and decides without consulting truth or reason, parted them like a brazen wall. Under circumstances when everything around might seem to enforce kindness upon the heart; even here, amid the majesty of nature's primeval forest, and away from the ferment of passions engendered amid towns and villages; to this lone spot the tempter had also migrated, and put into the bosom of man the serpent of an evil passion.

Thus things passed till the two men had numbered nearly eighty years. At last the rumour came to the farmer that the Frenchman was dying, and it was remarked that a smile, as of pleasure, passed over his furrowed face. Soon after, a messenger came, saying that the dying Frenchman wished to see his neighbour, and begging him, in the name of Heaven, to comply with his request. Thus urged, the old man took his staff, proceeded to the river, and being set across in a boat, advanced toward the Frenchman's cabin. As he approached it he saw the aged man reclining upon a bed of bear-skins, beneath a group of trees, near his house. By his side were his children, consisting of several grown-up men and women. They were kneeling, and in tears, but as the farmer approached they rose, and at a sign from their dying father stood a little apart, while the stranger approached. The Frenchman held out his hand, and said in a feeble voice, "Brother, I am dying—let us part in peace."

Our old farmer took the cold hand, and tears, unwonted tears, coursed down his cheeks. For a moment he could not speak. But at last he said, "My friend, you speak English, and you call me brother. I thought you was a Frenchman, and I have ever esteemed a Frenchman as an enemy. And God knows I have cause, for I had once a brother, indeed. He came into life at the same hour as myself, for we were twins; and all our early days were passed in undivided companionship. Our hearts were one, for we had no hopes or fears, no wants or wishes, no pleasures or pastimes, that were not mutually shared. But in an evil hour I was robbed of that brother by the French army. My father fell in the fight, and since that dark day my life has been shadowed with sorrow."

A convulsion seemed to shake the emaciated form of the sick old man, and for a time he could not speak. At last he faltered forth, "Have you never seen your brother since that day?"

"Never," said the other.

"Then you see him, here!" said the Frenchman, and falling backward upon his couch of skins, a slight tremor ran over his frame, and he was no more.

The explanation of the scene was this. The lifeless man was indeed the brother of the farmer. After being taken by the French troops, as has been related, he was conducted to Montreal, where he was detained for nearly two years. After his release he retraced his steps to his former home, on the banks of the Ohio, but found his birth-place deserted; he also learned the death of his father and the departure of his brother. For years he sought the latter in vain, and at last returned to Montreal. Here he married, and after some years removed, with a numerous family, to the borders of the Sandusky. He at length discovered that his nearest neighbour was his brother; but having found himself repulsed as a Frenchman, and treated rather like a robber than a friend, a feeling of injury and dislike had arisen in his breast, and therefore he kept the secret in his bosom till it was spoken in the last moments of existence.

Thus it happened, in the tale we have told, that prejudice, obstinately indulged, prevented the discovery of an important truth, and kept the mind that was the subject of it wrapped in gloom and sorrow for years, which might otherwise have been blessed by the realizing of its fondest hopes. And thus prejudice often prevents a man from discovering that the object of his dislike, could he see and know him as he is, is indeed a man, and, as such, a brother.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH (PETER PARLEY).

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WORDSWORTH.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

[**Alexander Pope**, born in Broad Street, London, 22d May, 1688; died at Twickenham, 30th May, 1744. "In the eighteenth century," said Professor Wilson, "the reputation of Pope may be called the most dazzling in English literature." He was famous as a poet, as a translator, and as a letter-writer. The *Quarterly Review* thus sums up his claims to the regard of posterity:—"Pope is the poet of common life; and keeping this in our recollection, if we are to decide by the quantity and variety of pleasure afforded, by the value of the knowledge imparted, or the sound morality inculcated, whom should we place before him but Shakspeare alone? In what other poet's works can we find, with so little intermixture of what is base and corrupt, so many, such various, and such copious sources of delight and improvement?" Of his numerous works it is only necessary to mention the following in the order of their publication: *Pastorals; Essay on Criticism; The Rape of the Lock; Windsor Forest; The Temple of Fame; Translation of Homer; The Dunciad, a heroic poem; An Essay on Man*, from which our extracts are taken. In connection with this poem it will be interesting to read the observation of a recent critic in the *British Quarterly Review*: "Pope is not the exponent of the higher range of religious and philosophical ideas, but he is in a peculiar degree the mirror of the social passions and sentiments, the modes and tone of his day."]

MAN'S DUTY.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
Far as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam?
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green?
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,

From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth!
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

Cease, then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

LIFE'S COMPENSATION.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north?—at York 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And e'en the best by fits what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole:
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise,
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind!

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all,
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To those we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;

Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride;
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain:
E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this,—Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

HAPPINESS.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below:"
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd;
And where no wants no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of man.
For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads:
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind:
Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

LOST DAYS.[1]

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in hell, who thirst alway?
I do not see them here: but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath:
"I am thyself—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself" (lo! each one saith),
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

[1] From *Harper's Magazine.*

HEREDITARY HONOURS.[1]

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

"Si tu es pot de chambre, tant pis pour toi."—VOLTAIRE.

Hereditary honours are certainly the most rational of human devices. It was an excellent idea to suppose that a man propagated his virtues to the most distant posterity. Few notions have succeeded better in keeping the world in order. In fact, it was the best method of granting to the multitude the inestimable gift of a perpetuity of dependence. Had the idea stopped with the king or chief magistrate, it would not have been half so beautiful, or a hundredth part so useful. So far, a reason for the custom is obvious to the most superficial. Hereditary distinction, it is said, preserves a people from the wars and tumults that might arise from the contests of elective distinction. Very well—I do not dispute this assertion—it is plausible. But dukes and earls?—if their honours were not hereditary, would there be contests about *them?* The world suffers itself to be disturbed by individuals wishing to be kings, but it would not be so complaisant to every man that wished to be a lord. "On ne desarrange pas tout le monde pour si peu de chose," we should not have wars and discords, as the seeds of that sort of ambition. We do not, then, grant hereditary honours to these gentry as the purchase of peace—we do not make them as a bargain, but bestow them as a gratuity. Our reasons, therefore, for this generosity are far deeper than those which make us governed by King Log to-day, because yesterday we were governed by his excellent father King Stork—so much deeper, that, to plain men, they are perfectly invisible. But a little reflection teaches us the utility of the practice. Hereditary superiority to the few necessarily produces hereditary inferiority to the many—and it makes the herd contented with being legislatively and decorously bullied by a sort of prescriptive habit. Messieurs the Eels are used to be skinned—and the custom reconciles them to the hereditary privilege of Messeigneurs the Cooks.

CHAPTER II.—THE MEETING.

"As it fell upon a day."

There is a certain country, not very far distant from our own: in a certain small town, close to the metropolis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady, of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman—an attorney-at-law—and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One day she was walking in the woods in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm-tree, she perceived a young man, habited in a most handsome dress that seemed a little too large for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long, dark locks sweeping over his forehead—and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself—

"Singular destiny!—fearful thought! Shall I resist it?—shall I flee? No! that were unworthy of the name I bear! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honours—not a break in their lineage—shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction? Away the thought!"

The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an earl-marshal, or a grand falconer at the least. The young gentleman stood still, so also did the young lady—the young gentleman stared, the young lady sighed. "Fair creature!" quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in a somewhat violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture.

Full of the becoming terror of a damsel of romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream. "What!" said the youth, mournfully, "do *you*, too, fear me?" Laura was affected almost to tears—the youth took her hand.

I shall not pursue this interview further—the young people were in love at first sight—a curious event, that has happened to all of us in our day, but which we never believe happens to other people. What man allows another man to have had any *bonnes fortunes?* Yet, when we see how the saloons of the theatres are filled by what must once have been *bonnes fortunes*, the honour must be confessed to be of rather a vulgar description! But what am I doing? Not implying a word against the virtue of Miss Laura. No, the attachment between her and the unknown was of the most platonic description. "They met again and oft;" and oh, how devoutly Laura loved the

[1] From the *New Monthly Magazine.*

young cavalier! She was passionately fond of rank:—it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer's son—smaller people are only brought in to be laughed at—odd characters — white-stockinged quidnuncs — fathers who are to be cheated—brothers to be insulted: in short, the great majority of human creatures are Russell-squared into a becoming degree of ludicrous insignificance. Accordingly, to Miss Laura, a lover must necessarily be nothing of a Calicot—and she reflected with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family! But what was that something? She was curious —she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed colour—he bit his lip —he thrust both hands into his breeches-pockets. "I cannot tell you what I am," said he: "no! charming Laura, forgive me—one day you will know all."

"Can he be the king's eldest son?" said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father. "Ah!" quoth the former, squeezing the attorney's hand, "your family have been good friends to mine." "How!" cried the attorney—"Are we then acquainted! May I crave your name, sir?"

The lover looked confused—he mumbled out some excuse—just at present, he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose—he looked like a man who might have shot another in a duel. "Aha!" said the attorney, winking; and lowering his voice—"I smell you, sir—you have killed your man—eh!" "Ha!" cried the stranger; and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER III.—THE LAWYER MATCHED.

"But let us change the theme."—MARINO FALIERO.

It was now clear:—the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combater. This redoubled in Laura's bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is nothing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich—if rich, he could marry him to his daughter; if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward. An attorney is a bow—a crooked thing with two strings to it. It was in the wood that the lawyer met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree. "Strong, strong," muttered he; "yes, it is worth buying." "Are you a judge of trees, sir?" quoth the attorney. "Hum—yes, of a peculiar sort of tree." "Have you much timber of your own?" "A great deal," replied the stranger coolly. "Of the best kind?" "It is generally used for scaffolding." "Oh, good deal!" The lawyer paused. "You cannot," said he, archly, "you cannot conceal yourself; your rank is sufficiently apparent." "Good heavens!" "Yes, my daughter says she heard you boasting of your hereditary distinctions—four hundred years it has existed in your family." "It has indeed!" "And does the property—the cash part of the business, go with it?" "Yes! the government provide for us." "Oh, a pension!—hereditary too?" "You say it." "Ah! 'tis the way with your great families," said the lawyer to himself, "always quartered on the public." "What's that he mutters about quartered!" inly exclaimed the stranger with emotion. "It is from our taxes that their support is drawn," continued the lawyer. "Drawn, sir!" cried the stranger aloud. "And if it be not the best way of living, hang *me!*" concluded the lawyer. "*You,*" faltered the stranger, clasping his hands: "horrible supposition!!!"

CHAPTER IV.—ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS.

"Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with tranquil grace."—*Childe Harold.*

"You will really marry me then, beautiful Laura," said the stranger kneeling on his pocket-handkerchief. Laura blushed. "You are so—so bewitching—and—and you will always love me—and you will tell me who you are." "After our marriage, yes,"—said the stranger somewhat discomposed. "No! now —now,"—cried Laura, coaxingly. He was silent. "Come, I will get it out of you. You are an eldest son." "Indeed I am," sighed the stranger. "You have an hereditary title?" "Alas! yes!" "It descends to you?" "It does!" "You have a—a—the means to support it?" "Assuredly." "Convince me of that," said the lawyer, who had been listening unobserved, "and my daughter is yours—let you have killed your man a hundred times over!" "Wonderful liberality!" cried the stranger, enthusiastically, and throwing himself at the lawyer's feet.

CHAPTER V.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"The soul wears out her clothes."—PLATO.—Apparently not!

The stranger wore a splendid suit of clothes. The mystery about him attracted the admiration and marvel of the people at the little inn at which he had taken up his lodging. They were talking about him in the kitchen one morning when the boots was brushing his coat. A tailor from the capital, who was travelling to his country-seat, came into the kitchen to ask why his breakfast was not ready. "It is a beautiful coat!" cried the boots, holding it up. "What a cut!" cried the chambermaid. "It is lined with white silk," said the scullion, and she placed her thumb on the skirts. "Ha!" said the tailor,—"what do I see! it is the coat of the Marquis de Tête Perdu: I made it myself." "It is out—it is out!" cried the waiter. "The gentleman is a marquis. Gemini, how pleased Miss Laura will be!" "What's that, sir? so the strange gentleman is really the Marquis de Tête Perdu?" asked the landlady. "John, take the *fresh* eggs to his lordship." "Impossible!" said the tailor, who had fixed on the fresh eggs for himself. "Impossible!" and while he laid his hand on the egg-stand, he lifted his eyes to heaven. "Impossible! the marquis has been hanged this twelvemonth!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE DEPARTURE.

"They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his time plays many parts,
Of which the end is death."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Good heavens! how strange," said the lawyer, as he dismissed the landlord of the little inn. "I am very much obliged to you—only think—I was just going to marry my daughter to a gentleman who had been hanged!" Laura burst into tears. "What if he should be a vampire!" said she: "it is very odd that a man should live twelve months after hanging." Meanwhile the stranger descended the stairs to his parlour; a group of idlers in the passage gave hastily way on both sides. Nay, the housemaid, whom he was about, as usual, to chuck under the chin, uttered a loud shriek and fell into a swoon. "The devil!" said the stranger, glancing suspiciously round; "am I known, then?" "Known! yes, you *are* known!" cried the boots—"The Marquis de Tête Perdu." "*Sacre bleu!*" said the stranger, flinging into the parlour in a violent rage. He locked the door. He walked up and down with uneven strides. "Curse on these painful distinctions—these hereditary customs!" cried he vehemently, "they are the poison of my existence. I shall lose Laura; I shall lose her fortune; I am discovered. No, not yet; I will flee to her, before the boots spreads the intelligence. I will force her to go off with me—go off!—how many people have I forced to go off before!"

To avoid the people in the passage, the stranger dropped from the window. He hastened to the lawyer's house—he found Miss Laura in the garden—she was crying violently, and had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; the stranger offered her his own. Her eyes fell on a marquis's coronet, worked in the corner, with the initials "T. P." "Ah! it is too true, then," said she sobbing; "the—the Marquis de Tête Perdu—" Here her voice was choked by her emotion. "Damnation! what—what of him?" With great difficulty Laura sobbed out the word "H—a—ng—e—d!" "It is all up with me!" said the stranger, with a terrible grimace, and he disappeared. "Oh! he is certainly a vampire," wept the unfortunate Laura; "at all events, after having been hanged for twelve months, he cannot be worth much as a husband!"

CHAPTER VII.—THE PHILOSOPHER.

"The tendency of the age is against all hereditary demarkations."—M. ROYER DE COLLARD.

It was a melancholy dreary day, and about an hour after the above interview it began to rain cats and dogs. The mysterious stranger was walking on the highroad that led from the country town; he hoped to catch one of the public vehicles that passed that way towards the capital. He buttoned up the fatal coat, and took particular care of the silk skirts. "In vain," said he, bitterly, "is all this finery; in vain have I attempted to redeem my lot. Fate pursues me everywhere. D——n it! the silk will be all spotted; I may not get another such coat soon: seldom that a man of similar rank," here the rain set full in his teeth and drowned the rest of his soliloquy. He began to look round for a shelter, when suddenly he beheld a pretty little inn, standing by the roadside: he quickened his pace, and was presently in the traveller's room drying himself by the fire. There was a bald gentleman, past his grand climacteric, sitting at a little table by the window, and reading "Glumenborchiusisiculorum on the propriety of living in a parallelogram, and moving only in a right angle." Absorbed in his own griefs, the stranger did not notice his companion—he continued to dry his shirt-sleeves, and mutter to himself.

"Ah!" said he, "no love for me; never shall I marry some sweet, amiable, rich young lady; the social distinctions confine me to myself. Odious law of primogeniture! hateful privileges of hereditary descent!"

The bald gentleman, who was a great philosopher, and had himself written a large book in which he had clearly proved that "man was not a monkey," started up in delight at these expressions—"Sir," said he, warmly, holding out his hand to the stranger, "your sentiments do credit to your understanding—you are one of the enlightened few whose opinions precede the age. Hereditary distinctions! they are indeed one of the curses of civilization." "You speak truly, venerable sir," said the stranger sighing. "Doubtless," continued the sage, "you are some younger son deprived of your just rights by the absurd monopoly of an elder brother." "No, I am myself the elder son; I myself exercise, and therefore deplore, that monopoly." "Noble young man!—what generosity!—see what it is to be wise!" said the philosopher: "knowledge will not even allow us to be selfish."

The stranger kindled into enthusiasm, and into eloquence. "What," said he, "what is so iniquitous as these preordinations of our fate against our will? We are born to a certain line—we are accomplished to that line alone—our duty is confined to a certain routine of execution—we are mewed up like owls in a small conventual circle of gloom—we are paid sufficient for what we perform—we have, therefore, no incentive to our enterprise and ambition—the greater part of our life is a blank to us. If we stir abroad into more wide and common intercourse with mankind, we are perpetually reminded that a stamp is upon us—we cannot consult our inclinations—we must not marry as we please—we can never escape from ourselves—" "And," pursued the philosopher, who liked to talk himself as well as to listen; "and while so unpleasant to yourself are these dangerous and hateful hereditary distinctions, what mischiefs do they not produce to your fellow-creatures!—condemned to poverty, they are condemned to the consequences of poverty;—ignorance and sin—they offend, and you hang them!" "Hang—them!" "Ah!" the benevolent stranger covered his face with his hands. "What philanthropic tenderness!" said the philosopher; "Pardon me, sir, I must introduce myself: you may have heard of me; I am the author Slatterenobigioso; you, so enlightened, are probably an author yourself; perhaps you have turned your attention to morals, and are acquainted with the true nature of crime." "Ay," groaned the stranger, "I am acquainted with its end." "Or perhaps biography, the great teacher of practical truths, made you first learn to think. For my part I amuse myself even now by taking the lives of some of the most remarkable of my contemporaries." "Indeed!" said the stranger with inexpressible dignity, and then putting on his hat with an air, he stalked out of the room, saying over his left shoulder in a voice of conscious pride—"And I, sir, have done the same."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE JEALOUSY.

"She wrongs his thoughts."—*The Corsair.*

"Ah, miss!" said the tailor, as he passed through the country town on a high trotting horse, and met the unfortunate Laura walking homeward with *The Sorrows of Werter* in her hand: "Ah! so the spark has carried himself off. How could you be so taken in? What! marry a ——" "I know what you would say," interrupted Laura haughtily, "and I beg you will be silent. You knew him, then." "Ay, by sight. I have seen him on trying occasions, sure enough. But you will meet him no more, I guess: he is wanted in town to-morrow morning." "Gracious heaven! for what?" said Laura, thinking the Marquis de Tête Perdu was again apprehended for not having been hanged sufficiently. "Why—be prepared—miss, he is going to tie the noose." "Wretch! perfidious wretch!" shrieked Laura, as her fear now changed into jealousy; "do you mean that he is going to lead another to the altar?" "Exactly, miss!" said the tailor, and off went his high-trotting horse.

CHAPTER IX.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"It is not for myself I do these things, but for my country."

PLUTARCH'S APHORISM WHEN IN PLACE.
Common Aphorism among all Placemen.

"Poor cousin Jack!" said the lawyer, as he was eating his breakfast; "he has been playing very naughty pranks, to be sure: but he is our cousin, nevertheless: We should pay him all possible respect. Come, girl, get on your bonnet; you may as well come with me: it will divert your mind." "La! papa: but, to be sure, there will be a great crowd. It is a most affecting sight; and, after all, I think a drive may do me good." "That's right, girl," said the father: and they were soon on the road to the capital. They arrived at an open space, but filled with spectators; they beheld a platform, raised above the heads of the people;

Laura grew very faint with anxiety and heat. She heard the spectators talking to each other. "They say," observed one, "that it is with great difficulty he was persuaded to the calling —it has been four hundred years in the family —he took himself away, but came back when he heard the fees were augmented—you know he gets all the clothes." "There's poor cousin Jack," quoth the attorney: "how pale he is!"

Laura looked. To the side of cousin Jack, who was about to be hanged, moved a well-known figure. "The Marquis de Tête Perdu!" cried the lawyer aghast. "My lover! my lover!" screamed Laura. "My eye! that's the hereditary hangman!" said a by-stander with open mouth. "Hereditary hangman!" said an English lord, who was by chance an attendant at the spectacle. "Hereditary hangman! —what a burlesque on the peerage!"

Is it a burlesque truly, or is the one about as wise as the other?

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:—
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Oh! where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;—
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach;
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast!
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

THOMAS NOEL.

KING ARTHUR'S FEAST.

[Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, born in Norfolk, 1769; died at Malta, 7th January, 1846. He filled several important diplomatic posts. In his school-boy days he evinced much poetical talent, and during the controversy about Chatterton's Rowley poems he produced a translation of the Saxon poem on the victory of Athelstan at Brunnenburgh into the English of the fourteenth century which astonished everybody. He was associated with Canning in the publication of the *Anti-Jacobin*, to which he contributed many pithy satires. But his most notable flight was the "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." This was supposed to be written by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, harness and collar makers. It was a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, displaying flashes of poetry which made many regret that Mr. Frere did not devote more of his time to literature. But it has a special literary interest for us as being the first introduction into English of the Italian style of composition, which Byron afterwards rendered so famous by his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The latter, writing to Mr. Murray, frankly acknowledged his debt to Mr. Frere, and we are glad to be able to give our readers an extract from the Whistlecraft verses.]

The Great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British isle;
And all were entertain'd, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and litter'd in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles, and ragouts, and various crimes:
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard:
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe—
The din of manful oaths and female squalling:

The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions;

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and foreigners with foreign features.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlightened conversation
Of minstrels, menials, courtezans, and boors,
(Although appropriate to their meaner station)
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts, and stabs,
Occasioned by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

We must take care in our poetic cruise,
And never hold a single tack too long;
Therefore my versatile, ingenious muse,
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's court has never had its match;
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch:
There manners were refined and perfect—saving
Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

They looked a manly, generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

The ladies look'd of an heroic race—
At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen;
Their dresses partly silk and partly woollen.

THE MINISTER'S HOUSEKEEPER.[1]

[Harriet Beecher Stowe born in Litchfield, America. She is a daughter of Lyman Beecher, D.D., and assisted her sister in the management of a school at Hartford, from her fifteenth until her twenty-first year, when she became the wife of Calvin E. Stowe, D.D. Her first important publication was a series of sketches of the Pilgrims to the New World, entitled *Mayflower*. In 1852 she published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which immediately obtained immense popularity in England as well as in America. Before the end of the year upwards of a million copies had been sold in England. The work was translated into almost every known language, and dramatic versions were represented on every stage in Europe. The publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is believed to have sounded the doom of slavery; and for this the author merits the gratitude of all countries and all ages. Mrs. Stowe afterwards wrote *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, giving the original facts and documents upon which the story is founded; *Dred; The Minister's Wooing; Agnes of Sorrento; Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands;* and numerous miscellaneous works. The *Westminster Review* gives the following estimate of her literary rank: "Whatever else she may write or may not write, *Uncle Tom* and *Dred* will assure her a place in that highest rank of novelists who can give us a national life in all its phases—popular and aristocratic, humorous and tragic, political and religious."]

SCENE—The shady side of a blueberry pasture.—Sam Lawson with the boys picking blueberries.—Sam, *log.*

"Wal, you see, boys, 'twas just here,—Parson Carryl's wife, she died along in the forepart o' March: my cousin Huldy, she undertook to keep house for him. The way on't was, that Huldy, she went to take care o' Mis' Carryl in the fust on't, when she fust took sick. Huldy was a tailoress by trade; but then she was one o' these 'ere facultised persons that has a gift for most anything, and that was how Mis' Carryl come to set sech store by her, that, when she was sick, nothin' would do for her

[1] From *Oldtown Fireside Stories*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

but she must have Huldy round all the time: and the minister, he said he'd make it good to her all the same, and she shouldn't lose nothin' by it. And so Huldy, she staid with Mis' Carryl full three months afore she died, and got to seein' to everything pretty much round the place.

"Wal, arter Mis' Carryl died, Parson Carryl, he'd got so kind o' used to hevin' on her 'round, takin' care o' things, that he wanted her to stay along a spell; and so Huldy, she staid along a spell, and poured out his tea, and mended his close, and made pies and cakes, and cooked and washed and ironed, and kep' everything as neat as a pin. Huldy was a dreffal chipper sort o' gal; and work sort o' rolled off from her like water off a duck's back. There warn't no gal in Sherburne that could put sich a sight o' work through as Huldy; and yet, Sunday mornin', she always come out in the singers' seat like one o' these 'ere June roses, lookin' so fresh and smilin', and her voice was jest as clear and sweet as a meadow lark's—Lordy massy! I 'member how she used to sing some o' them 'are places where the treble and counter used to go together: her voice kind o' trembled a little, and it sort o' went thro' and thro' a feller! tuck him right where he lived!"

Here Sam leaned contemplatively back with his head in a clump of sweet fern, and refreshed himself with a chew of young wintergreen. "This 'ere young wintergreen, boys, is jest like a feller's thoughts o' things that happened when he was young: it comes up jest so fresh and tender every year, the longest time you hev to live; and you can't help chawin' on't tho' 'tis sort o' stingin'. I don't never get over likin' young wintergreen."

"But about Huldah, Sam?"

"Oh, yes! about Huldy. Lordy massy! when a feller is Indianin' round, these 'ere pleasant summer days, a feller's thoughts gits like a flock o' young partridges: they's up and down and everywhere: 'cause one place is jest about as good as another, when they's all so kind o' comfortable and nice. Wal, about Huldy,—as I was a sayin'. She was jest as handsome a gal to look at as a feller could have; and I think a nice, well-behaved young gal in the singers' seat of a Sunday is a means o' grace: it's sort o' drawin' to the unregenerate, you know. Why, boys, in them days, I've walked ten miles over to Sherburne of a Sunday mornin', jest to play the bass-viol in the same singers' seat with Huldy. She was very much respected, Huldy was; and, when she went out to tailorin', she was allers bespoke six months ahead, and sent for in waggins up and down for ten miles round; for the young fellers was allers 'mazin' anxious to be sent after Huldy, and was quite free to offer to go for her. Wal, after Mis' Carryl died, Huldy got to be sort o' housekeeper at the minister's, and saw to everything, and did everything: so that there warn't a pin out o' the way.

"But you know how 'tis in parishes: there allers is women that thinks the minister's affairs belong to them, and they ought to have the rulin' and guidin' of 'em; and, if a minister's wife dies, there's folks that allers has their eyes open on providences,—lookin' out who's to be the next one.

"Now, there was Mis' Amaziah Pipperidge, a widder with snappin' black eyes, and a hook-nose,—kind o' like a hawk; and she was one o' them up-and-down commandin' sort o' women, that feel that they have a call to be seein' to everything that goes on in the parish, and 'specially to the minister.

"Folks did say that Mis' Pipperidge sort o' sot her eye on the parson for herself: wal, now that 'are might a' been, or it might not. Some folks thought it was a very suitable connection. You see she hed a good property of her own, right nigh to the minister's lot, and was allers kind o' active and busy; so, takin' one thing with another, I shouldn't wonder if Mis' Pipperidge should a thought that Providence p'inted that way. At any rate, she went up to Deakin Blodgett's wife, and they two sort o' put their heads together a mournin' and condolin' about the way things was likely to go on at the minister's now Mis' Carryl was dead. Ye see, the parson's wife, she was one of them women who hed their eyes everywhere and on everything. She was a little thin woman, but tough as inger-rubber, and smart as a steel-trap; and there warn't a hen laid an egg, or cackled, but Mis' Carryl was right there to see about it; and she hed the garden made in the spring, and the medders mowed in summer, and the cider made, and the corn husked, and the apples got in the fall; and the doctor, he hedn't nothin' to do but jest sit stock still a meditatin' on Jerusalem and Jericho and them things that ministers think about. But Lordy massy! he didn't know nothin' about where anything he eat or drunk or wore come from or went to: his wife jest led him 'round in temporal things and took care on him like a baby.

"Wal, to be sure, Mis' Carryl looked up to him in spirituals, and thought all the world on him; for there warn't a smarter minister no where 'round. Why, when he preached on

decrees and election, they used to come clear over from South Parish, and West Sherburne, and Old Town to hear him; and there was such a row o' waggins tied along by the meetin'-house that the stables was all full, and all the hitchin'-posts was full clean up to the tavern, so that folks said the doctor made the town look like a gineral trainin'-day a Sunday.

"He was gret on texts, the doctor was. When he hed a p'int to prove, he'd jest go through the Bible, and drive all the texts ahead o' him like a flock o' sheep; and then, if there was a text that seemed agin him, why, he'd come out with his Greek and Hebrew, and kind o' chase it 'round a spell, jest as ye see a feller chase a country bell-wether, and make him jump the fence arter the rest. I tell you, there wa'n't no text in the Bible that could stand agin the doctor when his blood was up. The year arter the doctor was app'inted to preach the 'lection sermon in Boston, he made such a figger that the Brattle Street Church sent a committee right down to see if they couldn't get him to Boston; and then the Sherburne folks, they up and raised his salary; ye see, there ain't nothin' wakes folks up like somebody else's wantin' what you've got. Wal, that fall they made him a Doctor o' Divinity at Cambridge College, and so they sot more by him than ever. Wal, you see, the doctor, of course he felt kind o' lonesome and afflicted when Mis' Carryl was gone; but railly and truly, Huldy was so up to everything about house, that the doctor didn't miss nothin' in a temporal way. His shirt-bosoms was pleated finer than they ever was, and them rufles 'round his wrists was kep' like the driven snow; and there warn't a brack in his silk stockin's, and his shoe-buckles was kep' polished up, and his coats brushed; and then there warn't no bread and biscuit like Huldy's; and her butter was like solid lumps o' gold; and there wern't no pies to equal hers; and so the doctor never felt the loss o' Mis' Carryl at table. Then there was Huldy allers oppisite to him, with her blue eyes and her cheeks like two fresh peaches. She was kind o' pleasant to look at; and the more the doctor looked at her the better he liked her; and so things seemed to be goin' on quite quiet and comfortable ef it hadn't been that Mis' Pipperidge and Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Sawin got their heads together a talkin' about things.

"'Poor man,' says Mis' Pipperidge, 'what can that child that he's got there do towards takin' the care of all that place? It takes a mature woman,' she says, 'to tread in Mis' Carryl's shoes.'

"'That it does,' said Mis' Blodgett; 'and, when things once get to runnin' down hill, there ain't no stoppin' on 'em,' says she.

"Then Mis' Sawin, she took it up. (Ye see, Mis' Sawin used to go out to dress-makin', and was sort o' jealous, 'cause folks sot more by Huldy than they did by her.) 'Well,' says she, 'Huldy Peters is well enough at her trade. I never denied that, though I do say I never did believe in her way o' makin' button-holes; and I must say, if 'twas the dearest friend I hed, that I thought Huldy tryin' to fit Mis' Kittridge's plumb-coloured silk was a clear piece o' presumption; the silk was jist spiled, so 'twarn't fit to come into the meetin'-house. I must say, Huldy's a gal that's always too ventersome about takin' 'sponsibilities she don't know nothin' about.'

"'Of course she don't,' said Mis' Deakin Blodgett. 'What does she know about all the lookin' and seein' to that there ought to be in guidin' the minister's house? Huldy's well meanin', and she's good at her work, and good in the singers' seat, but Lordy massy! she hain't go no experience. Parson Carryl ought to have an experienced woman to keep house for him. There's the spring house-cleanin' and the fall house-cleanin' to be seen to, and the things to be put away from the moths; and then the gettin' ready for the association and all the ministers' meetin's; and the makin' the soap and the candles, and settin' the hens and turkeys, watchin' the calves, and seein' after the hired men and the garden; and there that 'are blessed man jist sits there at home as serene, and has nobody round but that 'are gal, and don't even know how things must be a runnin' to waste!'

"Wal, the upshot on't was, they fussed and fuzzled and wuzzled till they'd drinked up all the tea in the teapot; and then they went down and called on the parson, and wuzzled him all up talkin' about this, that, and t'other that wanted lookin' to, and that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman. The parson, he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further. He didn't ask Mis' Pipperidge to come and stay there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind; but he said he'd attend to matters himself. The fact was, the parson had got such a likin' for havin' Huldy 'round, that he couldn't think o' such a thing as swappin' her off for the Widder Pipperidge.

"But he thought to himself, 'Huldy is a good girl; but I oughtn't to be a leavin' every-

thing to her—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis' Carryl did;' and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out of his study, and want to tew 'round and see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh; but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy, she'd jest say 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study, and go on her own way.

"'Huldy,' says the minister one day, 'you ain't experienced out doors; and, when you want to know anything, you must come to me.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy.

"'Now, Huldy,' says the parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey-eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy; and she opened the pantry-door, and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs's barn. Folks said Scroggs killed it; though Scroggs, he stood to it he didn't: at any rate, the Scroggses, they made a meal on't, and Huldy, she felt bad about it 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys; and says she, 'Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do. I was just ready to set her.'

"'Do, Huldy?' says the parson: 'why, there's the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a struttin' and a sidlin' and a quitterin,' and a floutin' his tail-feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over again.

"'But,' says Huldy, 'you know *he* can't set on eggs.'

"'He can't? I'd like to know why,' says the parson. 'He *shall* set on eggs, and hatch 'em too.'

"'O doctor!' says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—'I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs.'

"'Why, they ought to,' said the parson, getting quite 'arnest: 'what else be they good for? you just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em.'

"So Huldy, she thought there wern't no way to convince him but to let him try: so she took the eggs out, and fixed 'em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn't take the idee at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the parson; and the parson's wig got 'round so that his cue stuck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin' his p'ints o' doctrine; and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; so finally he made a dive, and ketched him by the neck in spite o' his floppin', and stroked him down, and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"'There, Huldy,' he says, quite red in the face, 'we've got him now;' and he travelled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came behind jist chokin' with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"'Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs, and set him down,' says the parson, when they got him to the nest: 'you see he is getting quiet, and he'll set there all right.'

"And the parson, he sot him down; and old Tom, he sot there solemn enough, and held his head down all droopin', lookin' like a rail pious old cock, as long as the parson sot by him.

"'There: you see how still he sets,' says the parson to Huldy.

"Huldy was most dyin' for fear she should laugh. 'I'm afraid he'll get up,' says she, 'when you do.'

"'Oh, no, he won't!' says the parson, quite confident. 'There, there,' says he, layin' his hands on him, as if pronouncin' a blessin'. But when the parson riz up, old Tom, he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

"'Stop, now!' says the parson. 'I'll make him get down agin: hand me that corn-basket; we'll put that over him.'

"So he crooked old Tom's legs, and got him down agin; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"'That'll do the thing, Huldy,' said the parson.

"'I don't know about it,' says Huldy.

"'Oh, yes, it will, child! I understand,' says he.

"Just as he spoke, the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"'I'll make him stay down, confound him,' says the parson; for, ye see, parsons is men,

like the rest on us, and the doctor had got his spunk up.

"'You jist hold him a minute, and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess;' and out he went to the fence, and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"Old Tom, he wilted down considerable under this, and looked railly as if he was goin' to give in. He staid still there a good long spell, and the minister and Huldy left him there and come up to the house; but they hadn't more than got in the door before they see old Tom a hippin' along, as high-steppin' as ever, saying, 'Talk! talk! and quitter! quitter!' and struttin' and gobblin' as if he'd come through the Red Sea, and got the victory.

"'Oh, my eggs!' says Huldy. 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"'I'll have him killed,' said the parson: 'we won't have such a critter 'round.'

"But the parson, he slep' on't, and then didn't do it: he only come out next Sunday with a tip-top sermon on the 'Riginal Cuss' that was pronounced on things in gineral, when Adam fell, and showed how everything was allowed to go contrary ever since. There was pig-weed, and pusley, and Canady thistles, cut-worms, and bag-worms, and canker-worms, to say nothin' of rattlesnakes. The doctor made it very impressive and sort o' improvin'; but Huldy, she told me, goin' home, that she hardly could keep from laughin' two or three times in the sermon when she thought of old Tom a standin' up with the corn-basket on his back.

"Wal, next week Huldy, she jist borrowed the minister's horse and side-saddle, and rode over to South Parish to her Aunt Bascome's,—Widder Bascome's, you know, that lives there by the trout-brook,—and got a lot o' turkey-eggs o' her, and come back and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin'; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

"Huldy never said a word to the minister about his experiment, and he never said a word to her; but he sort o' kep' more to his books, and didn't take it on him to advise so much.

"But not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be a fattin' with the buttermilk. Mis' Pipperidge set him up to it; and jist then old Tim Bigelow, out to Juniper Hill, told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig.

"So he sent for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen right out by the well, and have it all ready when he came home with his pig.

"Huldy, she said she wished he might put a curb round the well out there, because in the dark, sometimes, a body might stumble into it; and the parson, he told him he might do that.

"Wal, old Aikin, the carpenter, he didn't come till most the middle of the arternoon: and then he sort o' idled, so that he didn't get up the well-curb till sundown; and then he went off and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day.

"Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl, he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig. He'd tied up his mouth to keep him from squeelin'; and he see what he thought was the pig-pen,—he was rather near-sighted,—and so he ran and threw piggy over; and down he dropped into the water, and the minister put out his horse and pranced off into the house quite delighted.

"'There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig.'

"'Dear me!' says Huldy: 'where have you put him?'

"'Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure.'

"'Oh, dear me!' says Huldy: 'that's the well-curb; there ain't no pig-pen built,' says she.

"'Lordy massy!' says the parson: 'then I've thrown the pig in the well!'

"Wal, Huldy, she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was dead as a door-nail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much; and the parson he took to a great Hebrew book in his study; and says he, 'Huldy, I ain't much in temporals,' says he. Huldy says she kind o' felt her heart go out to him, he was so sort o' meek and helpless and larned; and says she, 'Wal, Parson Carryl, don't trouble your head no more about it; I'll see to things;' and sure enough, a week arter there was a nice pen, all ship-shape, and two little white pigs that Huldy bought with the money for the butter she sold at the store.

"'Wal, Huldy,' said the parson, 'you are a most amazin' child: you don't say nothin', but you do more than most folks.'

"Arter that the parson set sich store by Huldy that he come to her and asked her about everything, and it was amazin' how everything she put her hand to prospered. Huldy planted marigolds and larkspurs, pinks and carnations, all up and down the path to the front door, and trained up mornin' glories and scarlet-runners round the windows. And she was always a gettin' a root here, and a sprig there, and a seed from somebody else: for Huldy was

one o' them that has the gift, so that ef you jist give 'em the leastest sprig of anything they make a great bush out of it right away; so that in six months Huldy had roses and geraniums and lilies, sich as it would a took a gardener to raise. The parson, he took no notice at fust; but when the yard was all ablaze with flowers he used to come and stand in a kind o' maze at the front door, and say, 'Beautiful! beautiful! why, Huldy, I never see anything like it.' And then when her work was done arternoons, Huldy would sit with her sewin' in the porch, and sing and trill away till she'd draw the meadow-larks and the bobolinks, and the orioles to answer her, and the great big elm-tree overhead would get perfectly rackety with the birds; and the parson, settin' there in his study, would git to kind o' dreamin' about the angels, and golden harps, and the New Jerusalem; but he wouldn't speak a word, 'cause Huldy, she was jist like them woodthrushes, she never could sing so well when she thought folks was hearin'. Folks noticed, about this time, that the parson's sermons got to be like Aaron's rod, that budded and blossomed: there was things in 'em about flowers and birds, and more 'special about the music o' heaven. And Huldy, she noticed, that ef there was a hymn run in her head while she was 'round a workin' the minister was sure to give it out next Sunday. You see, Huldy was jist like a bee: she always sung when she was workin', and you could hear her trillin', now down in the corn-patch, while she was pickin' the corn; and now in the buttery, while she was workin' the butter; and now she'd go singin' down cellar, and then she'd be singin' up over head, so that she seemed to fill a house chock full o' music.

"Huldy was so sort o' chipper and fair spoken, that she got the hired men all under her thumb: they come to her and took her orders jist as meek as so many calves; and she traded at the store, and kep' the accounts, and she hed her eyes everywhere, and tied up all the ends so tight that there wa'n't no gettin' 'round her. She wouldn't let nobody put nothin' off on Parson Carryl, 'cause he was a minister. Huldy was allers up to anybody that wanted to make a hard bargain; and, afore he knew jist what he was about, she'd got the best end of it, and everybody said that Huldy was the most capable gal that they'd ever traded with.

"Wal, come to the meetin' of the Association, Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Pipperidge come callin' up to the parson's, all in a stew, and offerin' their services to get the house ready; but the doctor, he jist thanked 'em quite quiet, and turned 'em over to Huldy; and Huldy, she told 'em that she'd got everything ready, and showed 'em her pantries, and her cakes, and her pies, and her puddin's, and took 'em all over the house; and they went peekin' and pokin', openin' cupboard-doors, and lookin' into drawers; and they couldn't find so much as a thread out o' the way, from garret to cellar, and so they went off quite discontented. Arter that the women set a new trouble a brewin'. Then they begun to talk that it was a year now since Mis' Carryl died; and it r'ally wasn't proper such a young gal to be stayin' there, who everybody could see was a settin' her cap for the minister.

"Mis' Pipperidge said, that so long as she looked on Huldy as the hired gal, she hadn't thought much about it; but Huldy was railly takin' on airs as an equal, and appearin' as mistress o' the house in a way that would make talk if it went on. And Mis' Pipperidge, she driv' 'round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' 'Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way the parson and Huldy was a goin' on might make talk. And they said they hadn't thought on't before, but now, come to think on't, they was sure it would; and they all went and talked with somebody else, and asked them if they didn't think it would make talk. So come Sunday, between meetin's there warn't nothin' else talked about; and Huldy saw folks a noddin' and a winkin', and a lookin' arter her, and she begun to feel dreffal sort o' disagreeable. Finally Mis' Sawin she says to her, 'My dear, didn't you never think folk would talk about you and the minister?'

"'No: why should they?' says Huldy, quite innocent.

"'Wal, dear,' says she, 'I think it's a shame; but they say you're tryin' to catch him, and that it's so bold and improper for you to be courtin' of him right in his own house,—you know folks will talk,—I thought I'd tell you 'cause I think so much of you,' says she.

"Huldy was a gal of spirit, and she despised the talk, but it made her dreffal uncomfortable; and when she got home at night she sat down in the mornin'-glory porch, quite quiet, and didn't sing a word.

"The minister he had heard the same thing from one of his deakins that day; and when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, 'Why don't you sing, my child?'

"He hed a pleasant sort o' way with him, the minister had, and Huldy had got to likin' to be with him; and it all come over her that

perhaps she ought to go away; and her throat kind o' filled up so she couldn't hardly speak; and, says she, 'I can't sing to-night.'

"'Says he, 'You don't know how much good your singin' has done me, nor how much good *you* have done me in all ways, Huldy. I wish I knew how to show my gratitude.'

"'O sir!' says Huldy, '*is* it improper for me to be here?'

"'No, dear,' says the minister, 'but ill-natured folks will talk; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you will marry me. You'll make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?'

"Wal, Huldy never told me jist what she said to the minister,—gals never does give you the particulars of them 'are things jist as you'd like 'em,—only I know the upshot, and the hull on't was, that Huldy she did a consid'able lot o' clear starchin' and ironin' the next two days; and the Friday o' next week the minister and she rode over together to Dr. Lothrop's in Oldtown; and the doctor, he jist made 'em man and wife, 'spite of envy of the Jews,' as the hymn says. Wal, you'd better believe there was a starin' and a wonderin' next Sunday mornin' when the second bell was a tollin', and the minister walked up the broad aisle with Huldy, all in white, arm in arm with him, and he opened the minister's pew, and handed her in as if she was a princess; for, you see, Parson Carryl come of a good family, and was a born gentleman, and had a sort o' grand way o' bein' polite to women-folks. Wal, I guess there was a rus'lin' among the bunnets. Mis' Pipperidge gin a great bounce, like corn poppin' on a shovel, and her eyes glared through her glasses at Huldy as if they'd a sot her afire; and everybody in the meetin' house was a starin', I tell *yew*. But they couldn't none of 'em say nothin' agin Huldy's looks; for there wa'n't a crimp nor a frill about her that wa'n't jis' *so;* and her frock was white as the driven snow, and she had her bunnet all trimmed up with white ribbins; and all the fellows said the old doctor had stole a march, and got the handsomest gal in the parish.

"Wal, arter meetin' they all come 'round the parson and Huldy at the door, shakin' hands and laughin'; for by that time they was about agreed that they'd got to let putty well alone.

"'Why, Parson Carryl,' says Mis' Deakin Blodgett, 'how you've come it over us.'

"Yes,' says the parson, with a kind o' twinkle in his eye. 'I thought,' says he, 'as folks wanted to talk about Huldy and me, I'd give 'em somethin' wuth talkin' about.'"

IL PENSEROSO.

Il Penseroso and *L'Allegro* are two of the most perfect poems in our language. The first, "most musical, most melancholy," the second, a gleam of sunshine; and both containing beautiful thoughts "married to immortal verse." It is curious to observe how many of our most popular quotations are to be found in these two poems, and yet how comparatively few of the present generation know the poems themselves. This omission—or neglect, shall we call it?—must be due to the fact that whilst readers, books, and journals have multiplied vastly during the present century, discrimination in what is read does not grow in equal ratio. *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro* appeared for the first time in 1645, when Milton was about thirty-seven years of age, in the collected edition of his poems, English and Latin, edited by the poet. The Rev. John Mitford, one of the ablest biographers and critics of Milton, says of these poems: "They have all the pastoral beauties and sweet descriptions of our older poets, embellished and heightened by a richer style and a more refined combination. It has been more than once observed that these poems, short as they are, have collected in one splendid view all that can be said on their respective subjects."[1]

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,

[1] See Dr. Channing's essay on the "Moral Qualities of Milton," page 161, and note, page 267, *Library*, vol. i.

All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee, calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string.
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchef'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste the bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friars' lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

TIME.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

Amidst the thrilling leaves, Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near;
Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And call'd the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain's flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God! Thy voice to know,
And *not to be afraid!*

MRS. HEMANS.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE.

[**Rev. Edward Irving,** born in Annan, Dumfriesshire, 1792; died in Glasgow, 6th December, 1834. Distinguished chiefly as the originator of the sect called, after him, Irvingites. His principal published works are: *For the Oracles of God—Four Orations; For Judgment to Come; Babylon and Infidelity Foredoomed of God; Sermons, Lectures, and Occasional Discourses*, &c. The following sketch is taken from the *Anniversary*, edited by Allan Cunningham, and is written in the form of a letter to a friend (Cunningham.)]

There is nothing for which I envy former times more than for this, that their information was conveyed from one to another so much by word of mouth, and so little by written letters and printed books. For though the report might chance to take a fashion and a mould from the character of the reporter, still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age —inexperienced ignorant youth, to wise and narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditionary memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I know not whether it be more pleasant to look back upon the ready good-will, the heartfelt gladness, with which the venerable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past times—the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardships and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made, upon us whom they favoured with the tale. Of their many traditions which I have thus received, I select for your use one of the most pious and instructive, as well as the most romantic and poetical. Now, I have such a reverence for the traditions of past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing and altered nothing in what I am about to relate, whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.

A branch of my mother's family who lived in Nithsdale, and whom you knew well as distinguished amongst the clergy of that district for faithfulness, had cultivated the most intimate brotherhood with another family, likewise of the Scottish clergy, who, when the father died, betook themselves to Glasgow, where the blessing of God continued to rest upon the widow and the fatherless. When about to repair to that city, to serve our distinguished countryman, my dear and honoured master, Dr. Chalmers, I received a charge from my mother's aunt, now with the Lord, not to fail to pay my respects to the old lady and her children, of whom I had seen the only daughter when on a visit to our part of the country. Thus intrusted with the precious charge of an old and faithful family friendship, and with this also for my only introduction, I proceeded to the house of the old lady and inquired for her daughter. The servant who admitted me, mistaking my inquiry as if it had been for the old lady herself, showed me into a large apartment; and deeming, I suppose, that I was well acquainted with her mistress, she shut the door and went away.

When I looked around, expecting some one to come forward to receive me, I saw no one but a venerable old woman, seated at the further end of the room, who neither spoke nor removed from her seat, but sat still looking at her work, as if the door had not been opened and no one had entered; of which, indeed, I afterwards found she was not conscious, from her great infirmity of deafness. I had therefore time to observe and contemplate the very picturesque and touching figure which was before me. She sat at her spinning-wheel, all dressed in black velvet, with a pure white cap upon her head, an ancient plaited ruff about her neck, and white ruffles round her wrists, from under which appeared her withered hands, busily employed in drawing the thread, which her eyesight was too feeble to discern. For as I had now drawn near, I observed that her spinning-wheel was of the upright construction, having no heck, but a movable eye which was carried along the pirn by a heart-motion. She afterwards told me that it had been constructed on purpose to accommodate her blindness, under the direction of her son, a gentleman in a high office in London: for she had so much difficulty in reading, and was so dull of hearing, that it was a great relief to her solitude to employ herself with a spinning-wheel, which also preserved her habits of early industry, and made her feel that she was not altogether useless in the world. I felt too much reverence for this venerable relic of a former generation that was now before me, to stand by, curiously perusing, though I was too much impressed immediately to speak; besides feeling a little embarrassed how I should make my approach to a stranger for whom I instinctively felt so

much reverence, and with whom I might find it so difficult to communicate.

Having approached close up to her person, which remained still unmoved, I bent down my head to her ear, and spoke to her in a loud and slow voice, telling her not to be alarmed at the sight of a stranger, of whose presence she seemed to be utterly unconscious, for that I was the friend of one near and dear to her. I know not whether it was from her being accustomed to be thus approached and spoken to, in consequence of her infirmity of sight and hearing, but she was less surprised than I had expected, and relieved me from my embarrassment by desiring me to sit down beside her; so I sat down, and told her of her ancient and true friends, whose remembrances and respects, thus delivered, she seemed highly to prize; and as I touched upon a chord which was very sweet to her memory, she began to talk of her departed husband, and of my departed grand-uncle, who had been long co-presbyters and fast brethren, and had together fought the battles of the kirk, against the invasions of moderation and misrule. I loved the theme, and love it still; and finding what a clear memory and fine feeling of ancient times she was endowed withal, I was delighted to follow her narratives, as she ascended from age to age, so far as her memory could reach.

When she found that I had so much pleasure in her recollections of former times, she said that she would tell me a story of a still older date, which her father had oft told her, and in which he was not a little concerned. So, pushing her wheel a little away from her, and turning her face round towards me, for hitherto, for the convenience of my speaking into her ear, she had looked towards her wheel, she began and told me the following history, of which I took a faithful record in my memory, and have oft told it since to pious and well-disposed people, though never till this hour have I committed any part of it to paper. I shall not attempt to recall her manner or expressions, but simply recall the very remarkable events of Divine Providence which she related to me.

After the restoration of Charles II., when the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland were required to conform to the moderate Episcopacy which he sought to introduce, the faithful ministers of the kirk were contented, with their wives and children, to forego house and hall, and to tear themselves from their godly people, rather than suffer the civil power to bring guilt upon its own head, and wrath upon the land, by daring, like Uzziah, to enter into the sanctuary of the church and intermeddle with its government and discipline. But when the civil authorities of the realm, not content with this free-will resignation of all they held of their bounty, would require the ordained ministers of the Word to shut their mouths and cease from preaching the gospel of the grace of God to perishing sinners, they preferred to obey God rather than man, and the Head of the church, whose vows were upon them, rather than the head of the state, who had ventured to usurp the power of the keys, instead of resting contented with the power of the sword, which by right appertaineth to them.

The first who suffered in this contending for Christ's royal office in his house was James Guthrie, professor of divinity in the university of Edinburgh. He was the first of that time who was honoured with the martyr's crown, and having witnessed his good confession unto the death, his head, according to the barbarous custom of those evil days, was placed upon a pole over one of the ports of the city of Edinburgh, called the West Port, which lies immediately under the guns of the castle, and looks towards the south and west, the quarter of Scotland where the church ever rallied her distressed affairs. And at the same time a proclamation was made at the cross, and other high places of the city, forbidding any one, under peril of instant destruction from the castle, to remove that head of a rebel and traitor to the king. The body was given to his sorrowful kindred, amongst whom was a youth, his nephew, of great piety and devotedness to the good cause of Christ and his church, of strong and deep and tender affection to his uncle, in whose house he had lived, and under whose care he had studied until he was now ripe for the ministerial office, and might ere this have been planted in the vineyard, but for the high and odious hand with which ungodly power and prelatical pride were carrying it in every quarter of poor suffering Scotland. This youth, his heart big with grief to see his uncle's headless trunk, vowed a vow in the presence of God and his own conscience, that he would, in spite of wicked men, take down from the ignominious gate his uncle's reverend head, and bury it beside his body.

Full of this purpose, and without communicating it to any one, he went his way, at high noon, and climbed the city wall, and from beneath the guns of the castle, in broad daylight, he took down his uncle's head, wrapped it in a linen napkin, and carried it away with him; whether overawing by his intrepidity the

garrison, or by his speed outstripping them, or whether protected by the people, or favoured by the special providence of God, my venerable narrator stayed not to tell, but as he vowed, he was honoured to perform, and in the same grave was the martyr's head buried with his body.

Soon was it noised abroad what this devoted and fearless youth had done, who, regardless of his life, was disposed to walk abroad and at large as usual, and abide whatever revenge and violence might be permitted to do against him. But his kindred and the steadfast friends of the distressed church, perceiving from this heroic and holy act what such a youth might live to perform, set themselves by all means to conceal him from the public search which was set on foot; and to save him from the high price which was placed upon his head. Finding this to be almost impossible in the hotness of the search which the lord-provost, zealous in the cause of Prelacy, whereof he was a partisan, had set on foot, they sought to convey him beyond seas. This was not difficult at that time, when Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide in, and many of her nobles and gentlemen found it better to leave their lands and habitations and follow their religion in foreign parts, than, by following it at home, to suffer fines, forfeitures, imprisonment, and death. These noble witnesses by exile, for that cause for which the ministers and the people witnessed by death, were glad to find pious scholars or ministers who would accompany them as chaplains to their households and tutors to their children; and the name of Guthrie had already risen to such distinction in the service of Christ and of his church, that little difficulty was found in obtaining for the proscribed youth honourable shelter and occupation in a foreign land.

But here, said the venerable matron, I should have told you that young Guthrie was knit to Edinburgh by a tie which made it more after his heart to abide in the face of threatening death than to accept the protection of any noble family or the shelter of a foreign land. For the providence of God, to give in this youth a notable example of true faith as well as of high devotion, had fast knit his heart to a maiden of good degree and fervent piety, as the sequel of this sad history will prove, being no other than the only daughter of the lord-provost of the city, who with such zeal and bitterness was seeking her lover's life. To this true love religion had been the guide and minister, as she was destined to prove the comforter; for the soul of this young maiden had been touched with the grace of God, and abhorring the legal doctrines of the curates, she cast in her lot with the persecuted saints, and in the hiding-places from the wrath of man, where they worshipped God with their lives in their right hand, these two hearts grew together, as it were, under the immediate eye and influence of the Holy Spirit; and now that they were knit together in the bands of faithful love, they were called upon to sacrifice their dearest affections to the will of God.

She, knowing her father's zeal and speed to serve the cruel edicts of the reigning powers, was not only content to part with the proscribed youth, but anxious to hasten his escape from the danger to which he was continually exposed from her father's diligent search; and he, though very loath to leave his heart's desire under the sole authority of a father who sought his life, and persecuted the saints of God, was fain at length to yield to the remonstrances of all his friends, and become an exile from his native land. Yet did these pious lovers not part from each other until they had plighted their mutual truth to be for one another while they were spared upon this earth, and to fulfil that vow by holy wedlock, if Providence should bless them to meet in better days. And so they parted, never to meet again in this world of suffering and sorrow.

All this passed unknown to her father, and, indeed, hardly known to herself; for the events of the uncle's martyrdom, and the nephew's piety and proscription, had awakened the maiden's heart to the knowledge of an affection whose strength she had not dreamed of; and all at once, setting her father, whom next to God she honoured, in direct hostility to him whom more than all men she loved, there was neither time nor room, nor even possibility, to give heed to any other thought than how she might prevent the man whom most she honoured from slaying the man whom most she loved. Fearful predicament for one so young and uncounselled! but a more fearful predicament was reserved for her.

She was her father's only child, and he was a widower; so that all his affections and hopes centred in her alone. Her fear of God made her mind beautiful, and her walk and conversation as becometh godliness. Her father also bore himself tenderly towards her predilections for the persecuted preachers, thinking thereby the more easily to win her over to his views, not finding in his heart to exercise harsh authority over such a child. Sore, sore was her heart as she thought on her exiled lover

and her affectionate father, who lay in her heart together, and yet she must not speak their names together; than which there is no trial more severe to a true and tender mind. To sit beside her father, night after night, and not dare mention the name of him over whom she brooded the livelong day, was both a great trial, and seemed likewise to her pure conscience as a great deception. But aye she hoped for better days, and found her refuge in faith and trust upon a good and gracious Providence.

But Providence, though good and gracious unto all who put their trust therein, is oft pleased to try the people of the Lord, and make them perfect through sufferings, which truly befell this faithful but much-tried lady.

Her father, seeing the hopes of his family centred in his only daughter, naturally longed to see her united to some honourable and worthy man, which, above all things, she feared and sought to prevent, well knowing that the man to whom she had betrothed herself could not be he. Her father's official rank and good estate made her hand to be sought by young men of high family, with whom he would have been glad to see her united; but her own disinclination, to the cause of which he must remain a stranger, continually stood in the way, until at length, what at the first he respected as a woman's right, he came at length to treat as a child's perverseness; and being accustomed to obedience, as the companion and colleague of arbitrary men leagued in the bad resolution of bowing a nation's will from the service of God, he was tender upon the point of his authority, especially over a child whom he had so cherished in his bosom.

At length, when his patience was well-nigh worn out, the eldest son of a noble family paid his court to the betrothed maiden, and her father resolved that he should not be gainsaid. When she saw that there was no escape from her father's stern and obstinate purpose, she resolved to lay before him the secret of her heart. Terrible was the struggle, for she dreaded her father's wrath; and yet at times she would hope from a father's kindness.

But when he heard that she had given her affections to the man who had defied his authority and set at nought the proclamation of the state, his wrath knew no bounds. His dignity as chief magistrate, which had been braved by that young man; his religion, which had been contended against by him and his fathers; his prospect of allying his family to the nobles of the land; and, above all, the joy of heart which he had set upon his beautiful, his obedient, and his only child, arose together in his mind, and made him sternly resolve that she should not have for a husband the man of her own choice. It was in vain she pleaded a woman's right to remain unmarried if she pleased. It was in vain she pleaded a Christian woman's duty not to violate her faith, nor yet to give her hand to one, while her will remained another's. When she found her father unrelenting, and that he would oblige her upon her obedience to marry the man of his choice, she felt that she had a duty to perform likewise unto him whom he would make her husband.

But whether God would, in her case, teach unto all young maidens a lesson how they betroth themselves without their father's consent, or whether he would show to betrothed maidens an example of true-heartedness and faithfulness to their plighted troth, it was so ordered that this pious and dutiful child should find both a hard-hearted father and a hard-hearted husband, who vainly thought that their after-kindness would atone for their present cruelty. But, alas! it fared to her and them as she had told them beforehand, that they were mingling poison in their cup, and together, a father and a husband, compassing her death. Oh that this tale of sorrow might prevent such deeds of stern authority and unrelenting wilfulness! This young woman, who had borne a lover's peril of death and a lover's exile from his land, and hidden her sorrows in her breast, without a witness, through the strength of her faith, could not bear the unnatural state in which she now found herself placed, but pined away, without an earthly comforter, and without an earthly friend. Resignation to the will of God, and a conscience void of offence, bore her spirits up, and supported her constitution for the space of twelve months only, when she died, without a disease, of a blighted and withered heart. Yet not until she had brought into this world of sorrow an infant daughter, to whom she left this legacy written with her dying hand:—

"I bequeath my infant daughter, so long as she is spared in this world, to the care of William Guthrie, if ever he should return to his native land; and I give him a charge before God, to bring up my child in the faith of her mother, for which I die a martyr, as he lives a banished man."

All this misery had passed unknown to her faithful lover, who had no means of intercourse with his own land, and least of all with that house in it from which his death-warrant had issued and vigilant search gone out against

him. But shortly after these things were consummated, a full opportunity was given to him and every brave-hearted exile, to take share in that great demonstration which was made by William of Orange for the Protestant cause in Britain. Without delay William Guthrie hastened to Edinburgh, where all the faithful sufferers for the truth were now overwhelmed with joy. But for him, alas! there awaited in that place only sorrow upon sorrow.

Sorrow, they say, will in a night cover the head of youth with the snows of age; sorrow, they say, will at once loose the silver cord of life, and break the golden pitcher at the fountain; and surely hardly less wonderful was the change wrought on William Guthrie's heart, which grew cold to the land of his fathers, and indifferent to the church for which the house of his fathers had suffered so much. For in his absence also, his cousin or brother, I wot not which, the persecuted minister of Fenwick, and the author of the *Trial of the Saving Interest in Christ*, with other principal works of practical godliness, had been violently ejected from his parish, and died of sorrow for the suffering church. Wherefore the youth said that he would turn his back upon the cruel land for ever, and with his staff go forth and seek more genial heavens.

They sought to divert his grief, but it was in vain. They sought to stir him up to exercise his gift and calling of a minister, but it was in vain. His faculties were all absorbed in the greatness of his grief, and the vigour of his heart was gone. One thing only bound him to that cruel city, the charge he had received of the infant child, whom God spared only for a short season after his arrival, and then removed to himself. Upon this, true to his purpose, he took his staff in his hand and turned his face towards England, which hath often yielded shelter since to many a Scotchman tossed in his own land with envious and cruel tempests, and by the way he turned into the town of Dumfries, being desirous to take solemn leave of some of his kindred before leaving his native land for ever.

His friends soon saw of what disease he was pining, and being men of feeling, they gave themselves to comfort and heal him. Being also men truly devoted to the church, they grieved that one who had proved himself so faithful and true should thus be lost from her service. They meditated, therefore, how they might win him back unto God and to his duty from this selfish grief which had overclouded all his judgment. But wisely hiding their intent, they seemed only to protract his visit by friendly and familiar attentions, taking him from place to place, to show him the monuments of those who, in the much-persecuted dale of the Nith, had sealed their testimony with their blood; skilfully seeking to awaken the devotion of the martyr, that it might contend with the sorrow of the broken-hearted lover. And from day to day, as thus they endeavoured to solace and divert his grief, they would point out to him how, now that the church had gotten rest, she was threatened with a hardly less grievous evil, arising out of the want of well-educated and well-principled ministers, who had been mostly cut off by martyrdom, imprisonment, or exile. And as they spoke to him of these things, they would gently, as he could bear, press upon him their grief and disappointment that he who was fitted by his learning and devotedness to be an example and a help to many should thus surrender himself to unavailing grief, and forsake the church which his fathers had loved unto the death. And being now removed from Edinburgh, the scene of his sufferings, the seat of business and bustle and hard-hearted men, and dwelling amongst the quiet scenes and noble recollections of his country, he felt a calm and repose of soul which made it pleasant to abide amongst his friends.

Now in the neighbourhood of Dumfries there is a parish called Irongray, and in the remote parts of this parish, in a sequestered hollow amongst the hills, looking towards the south and west, whence least danger came, but on every other side surrounded with summits which command the whole of Nithsdale, the foot of Annandale, and a great part of Galloway—in this hollow are to be seen at this day, nearly as they were used, tables and seats cut out of stone, at which the persecuted people of the country were wont to assemble from the face of their enemies and meet their pastors, who came forth from their caves and dens of the earth to administer to them the precious memorials of the dying love of our Lord! for which they are called, to this day, the communion-tables of Irongray. And as they were filled by one company after another, some were stationed upon the summits round about to keep watch against the approach of their persecutors.

To these communion-tables of Irongray would William Guthrie wander forth and meditate upon the days of old; and then there would come over his heart a questioning of his backwardness and opposition to the work of the Lord, like the voice which spake to Elias in the cleft of the rock of Sinai, saying, "What

dost thou here, Elias?" Now it so happened at that time, that the faithful people of Irongray were without a pastor, and God was preparing to give them one according to his own mind. Little wist William Guthrie why God permitted that darkening of his glory, and hiding of his face, in his soul. Little knew he for what end God had loosened him from Edinburgh, and from Angus, the seat of his fathers, driven him from his station, and "tossed him like a ball in a wide country." Little thought he wherefore he was turned aside from his heedless course, and drawn and kept for a season at Dumfries.

The people of Irongray, as I said, were, in the south, like the people of Fenwick in the west, a home and a rallying place unto the distressed of the Lord; and if aught under heaven, or in the providence of God, could hallow a spot, which may not be until Jerusalem be rebuilt and his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, then would these communion-tables of stone, from which so many saints, famishing saints, were fed with heavenly food, have hallowed the parish of Irongray. But though there may not be any consecrated places under this dispensation, there is a providence, be assured, which extendeth itself even to the places where worthy and zealous acts have been done for the testimony of God and of his Christ. And in no way was this faithfulness unto a well-deserving and much-enduring parish shown more, than in that providence which drew this much-tried and faithful youth to their borders.

Haply moved thereto, and guided by the friends of the youth, who longed for his stay, the heads of the parish came and entreated him to become their pastor, offering him all affection and duty. Whereupon our worthy was much pressed in spirit, and sorely straitened how he should refuse, or how he should accept the entreaties of the people; and then it was that his heart said, "What art thou, foolish man, who settest thyself up against the providence of God? Hast thou suffered like Job, or like any of the cloud of witnesses? wilt thou leave that land unto which thou hast received thy commission to preach the gospel? What would she thou mournest advise thee to do in this strait? How wouldst thou most honour and best please her whom thou believest to be a saint of God? Would it not be in caring for those with whom she preferred to cast in her lot, and unto whose society she bequeathed her child?" And thus, after sore strugglings between the righteousness of duty and the inclination of grief, between the obedience of the Head of the church and the idolatry of a departed saint whom he loved as his own soul, he surrendered himself to the call of the heads of the parish, and was ordained over the flock. Yet so far as nature was concerned, there was a blank in his heart which he preferred should remain a blank, rather than seek the fellowship of any other woman. Year passed over year, and found him mourning; for thirty years he continued to deny himself the greatest comfort and joy of human life, though drawn thereto by a true and tender heart; but after this long separation unto the memory of her who had proved herself so faithful unto him, he at length yielded to the affections of the living, and married a wife. "Of which marriage," said the venerable old mother who told me the history, "I am the fruit."

Such was the history of her father; after hearing which, you may well believe, my dear friend, I was little disposed to listen to anything besides. My desire for traditions was swallowed up in deep sympathy with the wonderful narrative which I had heard, and I felt disposed to withdraw to my own reflections. But the worthy and venerable woman would not suffer me to depart until she had taken me to her own little apartment and shown me a small picture, but whether of her father or of her husband, who was minister of the neighbouring parish of Kirkmahoe, I cannot now recall to my remembrance. She also showed me the Bible on which she was wont to read, and told me it had been the Bible of a Queen of England. I took my leave; and not many weeks after, I followed her body to the grave: so that this story, if it contain any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the Kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend, may the Lord make us worthy of our sires!

SOLITUDE.

High on the bare bleak hills the shepherd lies,
Watching his flocks which spot the green below;
Above him spread the gray and sullen skies,
And on the mountains round the unbroken snow,
What voice instructs him there?—The winds that blow.
What friend has HE?—His dog. Yet with these twain
He grows a prophet of the frost and rain,
And well the fox's cunning learns to know.
There lies he, and through coming years must lie,
More lonely than the lonely hills; for they
Have mute companions, like themselves in form;
But *he* must live alone till life decay,
See nothing save his dog, his flocks, the sky,
Hear nothing save the old eternal storm!

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.[1]

In a dream of the night, I was wafted away
To the moorlands of mist, where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairn-Table, the clear shining dew,
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells and mountain-flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness,
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, O! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scen'ry of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones, who with Cameron were lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheath'd,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brows was unbreath'd;
With eyes turn'd to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in-concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire thro' the dark cloud descended:
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding:
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before you,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

JAMES HISLOP.

[1] This poem was inspired by the remembrance of the death of Richard Cameron and others in the skirmish at Airsmoss on the 22d July, 1680.

CUMNOR HALL.

[**William Julius Mickle**, born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, 1734; died at Wheatly, Oxfordshire, 25th October, 1788. He translated the *Lusiad* of Camoens, and contributed a number of poems to Evans' *Ancient Ballads* and other publications. He is best known as the author of the following ballad, which suggested the plot of the novel *Kenilworth*. Sir Walter Scott, referring to Mickle, remarked that he was "a poet who, though by no means deficient in the higher branches of his art, was eminent for the powers of verbal melody above most who have practised this department of poetry."]

The dews of night did falle,
The moone (sweet regente of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Halle,
And many an oake that grew therebye.

Now noughte was heard beneathe the skies,
(The soundes of busye life were stille),
Save an unhappie ladie's sighes
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," shee cried, "is thys thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to mee,
To leave mee in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privitie?

No more thou com'st with lover's speede,
Thy once-beloved bryde to see;
But bee she alive, or bee she deade,
I feare (sterne earle)'s the same to thee.

Not such the usage I received,
When happye in my father's halle;
No faithless husbande then me grieved;
No chilling fears did me appalle.

I rose up with the cheerful morne,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gaye;
And, like the bird that hauntes the thorne,
So merrillie sung the live-long daye.

Say that my beautye is but smalle,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that halle,
Where (scornful earle) it well was prizede.

And when you first to mee made suite,
How fayre I was, you oft woulde saye!
And, proud of conquest—plucked the fruite,
Then left the blossom to decaye.

Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale—the lily's deade—
But hee that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fledde.

For knowe, when sickening griefe doth preye,
And tender love's repay'd with scorne,
The sweetest beautye will decaye;
What flow'ret can endure the storme?

At court I'm tolde is beautye's throne,
Where everye lady's passing rare:
The eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing—not so fair.

Then, earle, why didst thou leave those bedds,
Where roses and where lilys vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken—when those gaudes are bye?

'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are faire;
Some countrye swayne might mee have won,
And thoughte my beautie passing rare.

But, Leicester (or I much am wronge),
Or 'tis not beautye fires thy vowes;
Rather ambition's gilded crowne
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I pleade
(The injured surelie may repyne),
Why didst thou wed a countrye maide,
When some fair princesse might be thyne?

Why didst thou praise my humble charmes,
And, oh! then leave them to decaye?
Why didst thou win me to thy armes,
Then leave me to mourne the live-long daye,

The village maidens of the plaine
Salute me lowly as I goe;
Envious, they marke my silken trayne,
Nor think a countesse can have woe.

The simple nymphs! they little knowe
How far more happy's their estate,—
To smile for joye—than sigh for woe,—
To be *contente*, than to be *greate*.

How fare lesse bleste am I than them?
Dailye to pyne and waste with care!
Like the poor plante, that from its stem
Divided—feels the chilling ayre!

Nor (cruel earle!) can I enjoye
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proude my peace destroye,
By sullen frownes, or pratings rude.

Laste nyghte, as sad I chanced to straye,
The village deathe-belle smote my eare,
They winked asyde, and seemed to saye,
Countesse, prepare—thy end is neare.

And now, when happye peasantes sleepe,
Here sit I lonely and forlorne,
No one to soothe me as I weepe,
Save Phylomel on yonder thorne.

My spirits flag—my hopes decaye—
Still that dread deathe-belle strikes my eare,
And many a boding seems to saye,
Countesse, prepare—thy end is near."

Thus sore and sad that ladye grieved,
In Cumnor Halle so lone and dreare;
Full manye a heartfelte sigh shee heaved,
And let falle many a bitter teare.

And ere the dawne of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall so long and dreare,
Full many a piercing screame was hearde,
And many a cry of mortal feare.

The deathe-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
An aerial voyce was hearde to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Arounde the towers of Cumnor Halle.

The mastiffe howled at village doore,
The oaks were shattered on the greene;
Woe was the houre—for never more
That haplesse countesse e'er was seene.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feaste and sprightly balle;
For ever since that drearie houre
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Halle.

The village maides, with fearful glance,
Avoid the antient moss-growne walle;
Nor ever leade the merrye dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Halle.

Full manye a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wepte the countess' falle,
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Halle.

TIME.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
Of their strange venture happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LAIRD OF MACNAB.

The late Laird of Macnab was the last relic of the ancient, stern, feudal system—*vere ultimus Gothorum*. Chief of a tribe, compared with which, in his opinion, the Campbells and the Grahams were as mushrooms, the worthy laird acknowledged no superior, not even those whose heads were decorated with regal crowns. He possessed extraordinary energies of mind and body. Although his education, like that of many other persons of family in the days of his youth, had been very defective, his information was singularly extensive. He was a man of great tact and shrewdness, and, oh! what a fund of genealogy failed with him! His corporeal was as vigorous as his mental frame. I have seen him, at "drucken writers' feasts," put to the blush many a three-bottle man; and, with steady hand, and head apparently inaccessible to the fumes of Bacchus, drink to the speedy resurrection of those of his juvenile companions who were compelled to hug the carpet. And these feats were achieved at the advanced age of eighty-four, and after having spent what is called an exceedingly rough life. On these occasions, Macnab was wont to moralize on the woful degeneracy of the present race. Sitting as erect as if he had been impaled, with his back at least four inches distant from that of his chair,—to have reclined against which, even for one moment, he would have considered a scandalous disparagement of his strength, and a disgraceful compliance with modern effeminacy,—thus would the veteran chieftain speculate on the inequality of past and present mortals:—"By the L—d! I kenna what to mak o' the puir deevils now-a-days. They have nae mair fusion in their wames than a withered docken. Twa or three hours spinnin' about a wheen meeserable lang-nebbed bottles, is eneuch to cowp them heels ower craig. This is ane o' the blessed effects of the Union, an' be damned till't! By my saul, it wasna keekin through a mill-stane to see whatna change the pock-puddin' Southron tykes would mak in our auld gusty Scotch diet, as sune as they got their nebs i' the ither side o' Tweed. The vera sight of a haggis is eneuch to turn their stamachs inside out; and as to hotch-potch, and crappit-heads, 'the puir, ignorant creatures,' as our King Jamie weel said, 'are no' worthy o' having the like o' them to sain their wizened thrapples.' And our Scotch fowk are takin' after them,—deil burst them! The feck o' their dinners made up o' jeelies, tarts, and

sicklike trashtrie, and a meikle ashet in the middle, with naething in't I can mak onything o', gin it be na snaw taen frae a dyke, wi' a wheen green leaves amang't. Wha, the foul fiend, can drink a haill night on such a shilpit foundation, I wad like to ken? O the blythe days lang since gane! I mind as weel as if it were yesterday, fifty years bygane, there was auld Keppoch, Glenaladale, and myself, gaed doun to honest Luckie Merrylies's, in the Canongate, just by way o' takin' a freenly glass in her canny howff.—By my saul, freends we might weel be ca'd, for we never crossed the ootside o' Luckie's door for five weeks; drinkin' and drinkin', till I wad nae hardly thocht it a marvel if we had grown into fish, and the very fins had come oot at our backs. Ay, ay, those were days indeed, and braw callants lived in them! But noo—Oich! oich!"

In this lugubrious manner would the good laird soliloquize, ever and anon carrying the glass to his mouth, and now and then bestowing a rueful glance on his prostrate and degenerate cronies. The following anecdote exhibits the mountain chief in all his territorial supremacy, and displays a lofty and magnanimous contempt for the petty, paltry regulations established by the sons of vulgar trade.

Like many other proprietors of large but unproductive estates, the Laird of Macnab was often under the necessity of compromising his dignity by granting bills for his various purchases. These bills, for many years, were always discounted at the Perth bank, and when due, he no more dreamed of putting himself in the slightest degree out of the way by returning his scraps of paper, conformably to the established rules of trade, than of paying the national debt. In fact, it would have been a dangerous experiment to have hinted to him the propriety of what he considered a most degrading and unchieftain-like practice. The directors of the bank, knowing their money to be sure, humoured him, as being a character of no ordinary description. His acceptances were therefore never (strange to say) noted or protested; indeed, such an impertinent procedure on their part, might have brought down like a torrent the furious chief, and a score or two of his gillies, to sack great Perth.

Unluckily for him, one of "thae *damnable bits o' paper*" found its way to the Stirling bank, an establishment with which the laird had no connection. Agreeably to his *auld use and wont*, he gave himself no trouble about the matter. It was in due course noted and protested, of which due intimation was sent to him. The laird treated these various notices with the most sovereign contempt. He was, however, effectually roused, by the alarming information that a writ of *horning* and *caption* had been taken out against him, and that, in consequence, a clerk belonging to the bank, accompanied by two messengers, would proceed on the following Friday to Achlyne House, for the special purpose of taking him into custody. Even this dire communication the laird received with unruffled composure.

On that "portentous morn," which threatened him with "durance vile," he took aside an old woman who had been long attached to the family, and who was highly regarded by her master for her shrewdness as well as fidelity. "Shanet," said he, "there are three landloupers, a clerk and twa limbs o' Satan, in the shape o' messengers, coming ower the hills the day frae Stirling, to tak me awa bodily, and to clap me within the compass o' four stane wa's; and for what, think ye?—a peetiful scart o' a guse's feather—deil cripple their soople shanks. It would ill become me to hae ony hobbleshow wi' sicklike vermin; so I'll awa up to ma lord's at Taymouth, and leave you, my bonny woman, to gie them *their kael through the reek.*" Having thus primed the old lady, he departed.

The transaction now recorded having occurred upwards of half a century ago, it is proper to mention, that the line of travelling between Stirling and Achlyne was of a most rugged and toilsome description, and only passable by pedestrians. The clerk and his legal myrmidons, therefore, did not reach the place where they expected their prey till it was nearly dusk. The ancient carline had been long on the outlook, and going to meet them, she invited them into the house in the most *couthy* and kindly manner. "O, sirs!" quoth she, "ye maun be sair forfoughen wi' your langsome travel. Oor Hieland hills are no for them that hae breeks on, I reckon. Sit doon, sit doon, and pit some meat in yere wames, for atweel they maun be girnin and wamling like knots o' edders. The laird's awa to see a freend, and will be back momently. What gars ye glower at that daftlike gate, sirs? There is what ye're wantin' in that muckle kist, in bonnie yellow gowd, fairly counted by his honour this blessed mornin'. Wha would hae thocht ye wad hae been sae langsome in coming up here; chields like you, that are weel kent to be greedy gleds after the siller. But bide ye till the laird comes in, and ye will get what ye want." So saying, she spread before them a plentiful store of mountain delicacies, not forgetting kippered salmon and braxy ham—fare congenial to hungry

stomachs. Nor, it may be opined, was the *gude* glenlivet spared on this occasion. The clerk and his legal understrappers, delighted with the intelligence that the cash was forthcoming (for the directors of the bank were unwilling to take the chief captive if it could possibly be avoided), threw themselves tooth and nail upon the welcome eatables, which vanished before them with a celerity truly surprising. But it was the special object of cunning Shanet that they should do ample justice to her glenlivet.—Like Caliban, they deemed the liquor not earthly; and so zealous were they in paying their respects to the *greybeard*, that they were speedily in a very unfit state to retread their steps to Stirling. No word of the laird yet. Seeing they had got to the precise pitch she wanted, says Shanet, "Deil tak me, gin I ken what's come ower the laird; nae doot he maun be up at the Yerl's, and ye canna expeck he can leave the company o' sic grand fowk on the like o' your account. Na, na; ye'll just tak your beds here, and the first thing ye'll get to your hansell in the mornin' will be a sonsie breakfast and weel-counted siller."

There was no alternative, and being, moreover, hardly able to stand, the proposal was far from disagreeable. The clerk, in respect of his gentility, was bestowed in an apartment by himself; the messengers were put in another, containing a single bed for their accommodation. One of the latter worthies, feeling, towards the morning, his entrails scorched with that intolerable heat consequent on mighty over-night potations, got up in quest of some friendly liquid. To aid him in his search, he opened the window-shutter—when the first object which saluted his astonished organs of vision almost petrified him into stone. The sight was indeed rather alarming—a human figure dangling in the winds of heaven from a branch of an ancient oak in the front of the house.

As soon as the wretched terrier of the law had recovered what small sense he possessed, he made a shift to stagger to the bedside, and roused his brother in tribulation, who, when he beheld the horrid spectacle, was assailed with the most dreadful agonies of terror and consternation. To add to their miseries, the door was locked. Bells there were none in the Highlands in those days; but they stamped and kicked on the floor with dreadful energy and clamour. After keeping the poor devils in a state of unspeakable terror for a space of time which appeared to them an eternity, the old woman unlocked the door, and presented a visage in which were expressed all the united horrors of countenance attributed to the infernal furies. "What, the foul fiend, gars he mak sic a din for?" shouts the fearful beldam. Quaking every limb, the only words their lips could give utterance to, were, "What's—what's that on the tree?" "What's that on the tree!" cried the carline, in a dismally hollow and elritch tone of voice; "it's a bit clerk-body frae the bank o' Stirling that cam here last night to deave the laird for siller,—we've taen and hangit him, *puir elf.*" The effect of this appalling disclosure was electrifying. Fear added wings to their speed,—and the terrified brace of messengers never looked behind them for the first ten miles on their road to Stirling.

Now what almost frightened into convulsions two such exquisitely sensitive personages as messengers are in general, was a bundle of straw, artificially stuffed by Shanet into some ancient garments of the laird's, which she had suspended from the tree in the manner described. The innocent clerk, during all this stramash, was quietly reposing in his bed; and if he dreamed at all of suspensions, it was that of the writ of *horning* and *caption*. When he got up, he was surprised at the non-appearance of his companions, nor could he extract the smallest information on the subject from trusty Shanet. Being therefore deprived of his legal tools, no other resource was left for him but to "plod homewards back his weary way."

To conclude: so tremendous an account did the messengers give of their expedition, that no temptation could have induced twenty of them to venture on a similar errand, unless backed by a regiment of a thousand strong.

Literary Gazette.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied –
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

THOMAS HOOD.

A SOLDIER'S LOVE SONG.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, born 1612; executed at Edinburgh, 21st May, 1650. One of the most daring soldiers who devoted life and fortune to the Stuart cause; and no mean verse-writer, as the following will testify.[1]]

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert's too small,
That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shunn'st the prize to bore,
Or that thou sett'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I would solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
And goest on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

He was the reputed author of other poems; few of them, however, can be ascribed to him without doubt. He was at Brussels when he first heard of the execution of Charles I., and the lines supposed to be written on that occasion are the best authenticated of all his compositions. They contain a promise which he fulfilled in action:—

"I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

[Henry Mackenzie, born in Edinburgh 19th August, 1745 (the day on which the standard of Prince Charles Edward was raised in the north); died 14th January, 1831. He was educated for the legal profession, and his services to the Tory party obtained for him in 1804 the appointment of comptroller of taxes for Scotland. As the author of the *Man of Feeling*, the *Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigne*, he early won fame as a novelist. He also wrote several dramatic pieces—the *Spanish Father*, the *Prince of Tunis*, the *Shipwreck, or Fatal Curiosity*, the *Force of Fashion*, and the *White Hypocrite*—but none of them obtained favour on the stage. He was the editor of the *Mirror* and the *Lounger*, two periodicals after the model of the *Spectator;* they extended to 211 numbers, and of these 99 were written by Mackenzie. In the former publication first appeared the story of *La Roche*, which Scott regarded as one of the author's finest efforts on account of the "unexampled delicacy and powerful effect with which he described the sublime scene of the sorrows and resignation of the bereaved father." As a novelist Scott's estimate of him was, in brief, that—"Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition."]

More than forty years ago an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had

arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. —— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. —On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. —— and his house-keeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow, and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones.

"Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could possibly be moved anywhere."

"If he could be moved to our house," said her master.

He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—"My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers."—"Not a Christian!" exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a Christian!"

"There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."

"But Mr. ——," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness:—She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery."

"That is right," replied his landlord—

"I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead

of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ——'s hand); but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

"You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher, "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings: hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of everything but philosophy or religion: he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are won't to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."

"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions."

"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."

"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. —— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved; and forgot for a moment to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. ——, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, —so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed and the passions they excited, with many other topics, in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ——, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.

"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Mademoiselle with a sigh.

"That's an odd remark," said Mr. ——, smiling. She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their

dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the ladies; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ——'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier."

"La Roche!" exclaimed he in reply.

"Alas! it was she indeed!"

The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. ——;

"I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."

"Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when —how—where did she die?—Where is her father?"

"She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions:—Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up

in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased;—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. —— was not less affected than they.—La Roche arose.—"Father of mercies!" said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! —My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of wordly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which, we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated.—But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears.—The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope; Mr. —— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh! my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. —— had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand,

"You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."

"I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours."

"It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr ——'s heart was smitten:—and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

ST. STEPHENS.

"Do this," cries one side of St. Stephen's great hall;
"Do just the reverse," the minority bawl:
As each has obtain'd, or desires to obtain,
Or envies the station he wish'd for in vain.
And what is the end of this mighty tongue-war?—
Nothing's done for the state, till the state is done for.

SAMUEL BISHOP (1796).

THE HONEST MAN.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unfix or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or, glittering, look it blind:
Who rides his sure and easy trot
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh,
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit!
His words and works, and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations; when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run;
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.

Who when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others' faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the marksman safe and sure
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

HERBERT.

MAN'S LIFE.

Man's life is but a cheating game
At cards, and Fortune plays the same,
Packing a queen up with a knave,
Whilst all would win yet none do save
And loose themselves: for Death is it
That lastly cuts, and makes his hit.

THOMAS BANCROFT (1639).

THE STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.[1]

The main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time ran through the valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of its wildest defiles, by a storm which rendered my horses ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench, and looking with drowsy curiosity towards the window—for there was no bed except my host's, of which I did not choose to deprive him—I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute re-appeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

"There it is again!" said I. "What is that, in the name of God?"

"It is Lelia's lamp!" cried the young man eagerly, who was a son of our host. "Awake, father! Ho, Batista!—Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca.[2] The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the

[1] From "Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Rhine." By Leitch Ritchie.—[*Heath's Picturesque Annual.*]

[2] The Valley of Anzasca has been for many centuries known for its gold-mines. The *minerali* are those whose occupation it is to look for ore. In stormy nights small lights are to be seen upon the hills, which are supposed to indicate the presence of gold.

other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing — at one moment rich and at another starving; and in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour; ranking in this respect with gamesters, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the minerali sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and, although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leaned back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austrian liras,[1] she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection: but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman. The "heiress of old Niccoli" was the designation made use of when parents would endeavour to awaken the ambition of their sons, as they looked forward to what *might* be some years hence: but Lelia, in her own person, was a nonentity.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression "not unwell" rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry, in spite of the doctrines of a certain school you have in England, unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian minerali inspired her, and, in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen: and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and

[1] The Austrian lira, equal to about eight-pence half-penny English.

desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to flee: her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leaned upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she wondered *how* long the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and *why* he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was *delicacy* in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in such a situation; there was *modesty* in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and, what perhaps was as valuable as either even to the gentle Lelia, there was *admiration*, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear, and yet so soft —so powerful, yet so melodious! It haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own: but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at *her* feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen —and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting.

"My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the

scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—"To-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words,—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness:—what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment?—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's-length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—aye, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God. After this is over, let the old man stand aside, or pass away, when it pleases Heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drunk of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia,—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the dregs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the by-standers; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sirs," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold, cautious voice among the relations of the suitor. "Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist,—"it is but a word—a sound. Speak!" Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into

the midst of the circle. "Speak *not!*" he shouted, "I forbid!" Lelia sprung towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian—drunkard—madman!—what would you here?" "You *cannot* provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!" Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before! Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave *me* to clear my doorway of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations, "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he, "from *you*. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am POOR. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livras!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand livras, and he shall have his bride. Neighbour Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livras"—He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even

that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words and the weakness of her constitution; but on his all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the *higher* her spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people! Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked; vows were offered up, and pilgrimages and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens, and auguries. *Sortes* were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky—

"The stars which are the poetry of heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long, impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure

arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered anything resembling a complaint —"It is so cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By-and-by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that *his* remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell.—Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant.

"Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leaned her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

Such is the story of the storm-lights of Anzasca, and the only part of it which is mine is the translation into the language of civilized men of the sentiments of a rude and ignorant people.

LEITCH RITCHIE.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

The silver cord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funereal spoken;
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or delved is the grassy clod.
And what for mourning man is left?
O what is left—but God!

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
The flowers they wore are faded;
The twilight dun hath veiled the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded:
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep
From our heart of hearts are riven;
And what is left us when we weep?
O what is left—but heaven!

BOWRING.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

"Take ye the world! I give it ye for ever,"
Said Jupiter to men; "for now I mean ye
To hold it as your heritage: so sever
The earth like brothers, as ye please, between ye."

All who had hands took what they could: the needy
Both old and young, most busily employ'd 'em;
The farmer had the fields; the lord, more greedy,
Seized on the woods for chase, and he enjoy'd 'em.

To get his share the merchant took all sly ways;
The abbot had the vineyards in partition;
The king kept all the bridges and the highways;
And claimed a tenth of all things in addition.

Long after the division was completed
Came in the poet—absent, not at distance:
Alas, 'twas over—not to be repeated—
All given away, as if he'd no existence.

"Ah, woe is me! 'mid bounty so unbounded,
Shall I, thy truest son, be thus neglected?"
He cried aloud, and his complaint resounded,
As he drew near Jove's throne quite unexpected.

"If in the Land of Visions you resided,"
Said Jove, "and anger feel, to me don't show it.
Where were you when the world was first divided?"
"I was close by thee," answer'd the poor poet.

"With glory of thy face mine eyes were aching,
And music fill'd mine ears while gifts you squander'd;
The earthly for the heavenly thus forsaking,
Forgive my spirit that a while it wander'd."

"What's to be done?" said Jove—"the world is given;
Fields, chases, towns, circumference, and centre.
If you're content to dwell with me in heaven,
'Tis open to you when you please to enter."

[*The Tatler.*] C. P. J.

SONG.

Yellow, yellow leaves!
All grown pale with sighing
For the sweet days dead,
For the sad days dying:
Yellow, yellow leaves,
How this parting grieves!

Yellow, yellow leaves!
Falling, falling, falling;
Death is best when hope
There is no recalling:
Yet, O yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves!

ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

THE BITTER WEDDING: A SWISS LEGEND.

BY J. R. WYSS.[1]

One fine summer morning, many hundred years ago, young Berthold set out with a very heavy heart from his alpine hut, with the view of reaching in the evening the beautiful valley of Siebenthal, where stood his native village, and where he designed to be an unknown and silent guest at the dancing and festivity of certain merry-makers.

"Ah, heavens!" sighed he, "it will be a *bitter* wedding: had I died last spring it were better with me now."

"Fiddle faddle!" exclaimed a snarling voice from the roadside. "Fiddle faddle! Where Master Almerich touches his fiddle there it goes merrily—there is the hurly-burly, dirling the bottoms out of the tubs and pitchers! Good morning, my child! Come, cheer up, my hearty, and let us trudge on together in good fellowship!"

The young herdsman had stopped when he first heard the croaking voice, and now he could not speak for laughing. An odd-looking dwarfish figure, mounted upon one leg and a half, and propped upon a crutch, with a nose as long as one's thumb, made half-a-dozen wry faces as he hobbled up quite out of breath from a foot-path on the left side of the road. Behind the dwarf trailed an enormous fiddle, on which lay a large wallet,—appurtenances which seemed to be attached to the little odd figure by way of ballast, lest the rush of the wind down the valley should sweep it away.

"Good morning!" Berthold at last roared out; "you are a merry fellow, Master Fiddler, and shall be a comfort to me to-day. In spite of my misfortunes I could not help laughing at the sight of you and your hugeous fiddle. Take it not amiss; a laugh has been a rare thing with me for many a day."

"Has it indeed," rejoined the dwarf, "and yet so young! Perhaps you are heart-sick, my son?"

"Yes, if you will call it so," replied the herdsman. "Here, in our mountains and valleys, a great many fellows run about fancying themselves in love, while they are all the time eating, drinking, and sleeping as sound as any marmot, and in one year's time will easily pass from Margaret to Rosamond. That is all a mockery; I would much rather die than forget Siegelind,—though with me all rest and joy are for ever gone."

"Aye, aye," replied Master Almerich, "I thought you were going to the dance, my hearty. I heard you crying out of a bitter wedding, and I thought to myself, 'Aha! he does not get the right one.'"

"Ah! that's true enough," replied Berthold; "*he* does not get the right one,—that Hildebrand. I will tell you the whole matter, Master Almerich, as you seem to be going the same way, if I understood you aright."

"Ah, yes, good heavens!" sighed the dwarf; "surely, surely, if I had only got a pair of stout legs; look you here, my dear child, what a miserable stump is this for crawling down the mountain! I am asthmatic too, and my throat has been enlarging these last fifty years; and that wallet has galled my back sore all yesterday in climbing over the rough hills—Heaven knows when I shall get to the wedding! There was such a talking of that feast on the other side of the mountain, that, thought I to myself, I will go thither also and make some money; so I took my fiddle and began to crawl up the ascent; yesterday I became quite exhausted, and now I must lay me down here by the side of the road and submit to fate. Tell me all about the wedding when you return, my hearty,—if the wolves have not swallowed or hunger killed me before that time."

With these words the dwarf, apparently exhausted, sunk down with a deep and melancholy sigh on the nearest stone, threw his bundle on the grass, and stretched out his bony hand as if to take a last farewell of young Berthold, who in silence leaned upon his staff, gazing on the fiddler and quite unable to comprehend what ailed him.

"Master," began the herdsman, "how you sink! you have left all your gay spirits at home. Although it is a weary journey for me as well as you, I will yet endeavour to carry your wallet and fiddle, so I may enjoy your company on the road. You must really hear what presses upon my soul,—perhaps I may obtain some relief in speaking it out, and you will have some pithy word of comfort for me."

The dwarf thanked him heartily for his kind offer, and quickly transferred his wallet and fiddle to the stout shoulders of the herdsman,—then took his crutch, whistled a merry tune, and trudged gaily on by the side of Berthold.

"It is a long story, this wedding," begun the herdsman; "but I will be as brief as possible, for it still grieves me to the heart when I think about it, and whoever can understand it

[1] From *Foreign Tales and Traditions, selected chiefly from the Fugitive Literature of Germany.*

at all, understands it soon,—my sufferings will never be at an end, though I should talk the whole day about it.

"In the village there, below us, old Bernhard has a pretty sweet girl of a daughter, Siegelind; he has lived for many years in a nice little cottage, and his wife Gertrude with him, close by the stream, where the road strikes off into the wood. Their employment is to make wooden spoons for the herdsmen, by which, and the help of a goat and a couple of sheep, they gain a scanty livelihood.

"Last winter, having gone thither and got some ashen spoons and cups nicely cut, I thought with myself: That will do exactly,—my father is already old, and sends me with the cattle to the mountain in spring, and if I only behave there as becomes a herdsman, I descend in autumn and marry Siegelind, and find myself a right free, happy man.

"Ah! Master Almerich, my words do poor justice to my heart; my feelings always get the start of them, and reason comes limping after!

"I beheld Siegelind, you see, moving actively about,—wearing a cheerful countenance late and early,—all goodness and discretion from top to toe, and pretty too,—overflowing with gay spirits and merry songs without number: all that my eye, my ear, and my heart drunk in smoothly,—she was satisfied, and the old people too; so in summer I was to go to the mountains, and at harvest-home to the wedding, and she gave me this waistcoat to wear on the hills in remembrance of her.

"Meanwhile the spring came, and old Bernhard traversed the forest selecting the finest stems for his carving work, and exerting all his skill to provide us with fine furniture against the wedding.

"So one morning he was ascending the mountain merrily, through those ravines where there are some marvellously fine trees, when a little man, in an odd sort of dress, hastened to meet him, screaming violently, and beckoning and calling him so earnestly that he could not but go with him. They soon reached a barn, where he found the wife of the little dwarfish stranger lying sick and in extremity. Her he relieved and cured; but for me—bride, peace, and happiness were lost from that hour."

"Ah, good heavens!" exclaimed Almerich; "you are talking bravely, whilst I am almost starving—hop, hop, hop—we are trudging incessantly on, and my stomach is as empty as a bagpipe; yesterday evening—nothing; this morning—nothing; oh that brave wedding-dance; the fiddle runs off, and Master Almerich is starving here!"

"Now, now, the deuce!" bawled the herdsman; "what have you got here in this cursed wallet? Here am I toiling on with this plagued bag, rubbing the very skin off my shoulder. I thought there were at least ham and cheese and fresh bread in it; if not, why should I be smothered under such a bundle of rags!"

"Softly, softly, my son!" replied the fiddler, "there are treasures in it; an old barret-cap of Siegefried, and an old sword-belt of Dieterich, and a couple of old leathern soles of Ylsan, child!—These are no everyday concerns, my hearty! They are all sacred relics to him who understands the thing; they are worth a whole mountain of sweet wine and seven acres of thick golden wheat to him who knows their value!"

"It may be so," said the herdsman, "I only wish we had a few cups of milk in the place of your treasures; but if it is so with your stomach, my good master, look you here, I have a mouthful of meagre goat-milk cheese, which I meant to serve me for the night; but never mind, I am little disposed to eat."

Berthold now produced his provisions, and Almerich devoured them as greedily as if he meant to swallow the herdsman after them by way of dessert. The bread was quickly devoured, and honest Berthold saw his supper devoured beforehand; then the fiddler wiped his mouth, leaped briskly up, was again in good spirits, and stumped away before the herdsman as freshly as if nothing had ailed him. All this, however, seemed very odd to Berthold; and when he again felt the annoyance of the wallet, he drew a sigh so deep that it echoed back from the neighbouring rocks.

"Lack-a-day!" said Almerich again, "the poor lad has lost his bride and his peace of heart; I have been so concerned about him that I could not eat a bit!"

"That fellow could devour the Stockhorn,"[1] thought Berthold somewhat angrily; "the club-foot is not in his right senses, I believe.

"It was really too bad," began he at last aloud; "the dwarf in the barn returned a profusion of thanks to old Bernhard, and said: 'I am a foreign miner, and have lost the road with my good wife; so I have nothing to reward you with for your kind services, save a little bit of cheese and a few draughts of wine. So take that, and remember the poor fellow who gave you what he could, and will pray that Heaven may reward you farther.'

[1] The Stockhorn, a well-known rock behind Erlenbach in the Siebenthal.

"To old Bernhard the crumb of cheese and the few spoonfuls of wine seemed poor enough, and he accepted the little bottle and piece of cheese only to get rid of the importunity of the dwarf, who would take no refusal.

"Towards noon Bernhard was proceeding to his village; the road was long, and feeling fatigued he lay down in the shade of a tree, took out the gift of the dwarf, and begun to eat and to drink. Meanwhile my evil stars bring young Hildebrand, the most miserly fellow in the village, in his way:—'God bless you, Father Bernhard!'—'Thank you, my son.' Thus the conversation proceeded. The niggard sees the old man comfortably enjoying his repast; so he sets himself down beside him and takes a share. There they eat and eat for about an hour,—the wine never gets less, and the cheese is never done, and both behold the miracle till their hair stands on end.

"All was now over, Master Fiddler, and poor Berthold was undone!

"Hildebrand chose words as polished as marble; they went down with Bernhard as smoothly as honey; my dear sweet Siegelind was pledged to the rich miser with the marvellous cheese for her dowry. The old man was quite beside himself,—the young man talked finely,—they were to outdo the whole village and keep their secret to themselves; I was called a miserable wretch, and the spirit of mischief just brought me into their way in time to hear the whole sad story."

"Ah! good heavens!" again exclaimed Almerich, "I am undone with cold; it is turning a cold rainy day, and my bones are too naked! —Hew, hew! how the storm blows into my very soul! This day will be my death,—I thought so before. Go, my son, I give you the fiddle in a present,—leave me the wallet here, I will stretch myself out to die upon it."

"The mischief's in it!" grumbled Berthold; "if matters are to go on this way, we shall be a year and a day hence still travelling this cursed road. Hark ye, old boy, you are an odd fellow! with crutches, without meat and drink, and without a worsted coat, wandering through our rough country with a fiddle as big as yourself, and a wallet as heavy as seven three-stone cheeses! That may indeed be called a tempting of Providence! Why the deuce do you drag after you that ass's burden of old rubbish, and have not the convenience of a cloak in your bundle?"

"It is all very true," said Almerich; "I am not yet accustomed to be the lame, feeble man you see me. Thirty years ago I skipped like a leveret over hills and dales; but now, farewell to friend Almerich, I shall never leave this place; however, it is all one,—perish here or die there, a dying bed is ever a hard one, even though it should be of down and silk."

"Now really," replied Berthold, "you are too whimsical, fiddler. The cold blast never hurts a tough fellow who is accustomed to run about the mountains,—there, slip into my coat and walk smartly on, for a shower is approaching and that rascally wallet is weighing me down."

"Patience, child, patience!" said Almerich, "that coat is quite warm from your shoulders, —I feel very comfortable in it,—slowly, gently; your story of the marvellous cheese and wine has quite restored me to warmth—how did the matter go on?"

"You rogue and rascal," thought Berthold to himself, and then continued his lamentable tale.

"How did it go on!—Gertrude sang to the same tune as her husband; Siegelind grew sad and lost her colour and strength; the old boy urged the matter, and Hildebrand too,—Bernhard was anxious to get the rich and proud son-in-law, and was in great fear lest the enchanted wine should soon dry up,—the young fellow had money in his eye, and wished to turn the bewitched cheese to usury,—thus the wedding was determined on, and I was left in sadness upon my mountain. I tried to forget it; I thought Siegelind could not have borne me in her heart, otherwise she would not, to escape death and martyrdom, have married the red-haired Hildebrand. Last night I could find neither rest nor sleep upon my straw; I must go and see her with my own eyes take that miser for her husband. Near the village I will wrap up my head and dye my hands and cheeks with berries, so that nobody will know me; and in the bustle of the wedding, when everything is turning topsy-turvy, not a living soul will care for poor Berthold. When all is over I will, so it please Heaven, become wise again; or if not, my head will turn altogether, and that will be a blessing too."

"My good child," said the dwarf, "all that will pass over. Now, I perceive well that it is a hard journey and a bitter wedding too for you; it is however good luck, my child, that you have me for a companion. I will fiddle till your heart leaps again; your sorrow grieves me as much as if it were my own."

Whilst talking thus a few drops of rain fell which proved the prelude to a heavy shower; and although the travellers had already gone a

considerable way, they were still far from the end of their journey, and gush after gush the rain poured upon their head till the water run down from their hats as from a spout.

Berthold trudged silently on, sighing frequently and heavily under his burden,—he could have sworn that it increased a pound's weight every step; nevertheless it was impossible for his good nature to think of giving it back to the poor cripple in such a tempest. The moisture began to trickle through his waistcoat, and run in a cold stream down his back; he wished himself, the dwarf, and the wedding, all far enough, but stalked sullenly on through the mud as if he had been wading through the highest alpine grass.

The fiddler limped close behind him, croaking occasionally through his raven throat an old spring song which told of sunshine and singing-birds and pleasure and love. He then drew himself snugly together, and expatiated on the excellence of the herdsman's coat, which he said was quite water-proof; next he called to Berthold to step leisurely, to pay particular attention to the wallet and fiddle, and not to overheat himself.

The herdsman would have lost all patience and courage a thousand times over in dragging his hundredweight of a load and playing the fool to the crazy fiddler, if he had not been ashamed to throw away the burden which he had volunteered to carry, and to forsake the person whose company he had himself invited. But in his heart he vowed deeply and solemnly never again to lend his coat to a fiddler, nor give away his cheese, nor carry a fiddle and wallet,—and after all be mocked and laughed at by such an odd quiz of a fellow! "If," thought he at last, "the upshot of all this is a fever in the evening which carries me quickly off—be it so—it remains a bitter wedding."

After a few hours of rain the two companions reached the valley, where a swollen and rapid torrent rushed across their path, which had swept away every vestige of the little bridge that led to the village, with the exception of a single small plank; the herdsman heeded not the narrow footing, and was stepping boldly across, when the fiddler began to roar out lustily about the dangers of the path; "For my life and soul I will not move from this spot! Neither cat nor rat could pass over there,—I would be a dead man if I ventured on that cursed plank! Let them fiddle yonder who can swim,—I wish I was in a down bed with my fiddle for a pillow!"

"Don't make such a noise about it!" cried Berthold; "if our journey has led us as far as this, we shall surely get on a little farther; if I have brought the fiddler this length to the bitter dance, I will also bring him to the wedding-house—though I am a fool, I am nevertheless a good-natured one."

With these words the herdsman took off the fiddle and wallet from his back, and supplied their place with the dwarf, whom he carried over as easily as a bundle of straw. Then he fetched the fiddle, wallet, and crutch, which lay as heavy as so many stones upon his shoulders.

"Well, the best of it now is," said he, "that we shall soon reach the village—either my head is turned or that wallet is filled with flesh and blood, and Master Almerich's body is stuffed with chaff!"

"Nonsense!" replied the fiddler with a broad grin. "You have behaved well, child; it would be a great pity if the bride yonder should not get you; you have the genuine patience of the lamb in you, yet I perceive you have also strength enough, with your heart in the right place, and as much wisdom as there is any need of in the country. Come, let us paint your cheeks and take out the old cap you will find in my wallet, and the green waistcoat, and get that belt about you; then take up the rest of the things and follow me; to-day you shall be the fiddler's boy, and not a living creature know you."

The fiddler opened his wallet and threw out the disguise to Berthold—shut it hastily again—painted his face with cranberries, and his beard and eyebrows with a bit of coal, and then they walked gaily on the last quarter of an hour towards the village.

Evening was just coming on, and the sun broke out all at once from under the clouds—the birds began to sing cheerfully—the flowers opened their leaves as if to listen, and Berthold felt his clothes sooner dried than if he had been sitting close to a large fire.

In a few minutes our wanderers mingled with the merry wedding-guests; noise and merriment was echoing all around, and no one looked sad but Siegelind, who kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the ground. The old fiddler was welcomed with shouts of applause; the rain had prevented the arrival of the band of fiddlers and pipers who had been invited on the occasion, and everybody pronounced it a piece of marvellous good luck for the wedding, that Master Almerich should have got through.

"Now, children!" exclaimed the old boy, "fetch us something to drink, and some cheese

and bread,—and do not forget that youth who has dragged myself as well as my fiddle here to-day."

The guests ran about to execute the old fiddler's commands, and even Gertrude and Bernhard seemed well-pleased and brought whatever was on the table. Poor Berthold's heart was bleeding; he kept, however, eating and drinking that he might not be obliged to speak. Meanwhile the old fiddler put dry strings on his instrument, and began to tune it so stoutly that it thrilled through marrow and bone, and quickly drew the attention of all upon the musician.

"Bless me!" whispered Bernhard to Gertrude, "upon my faith it is the very dwarf who gave me the bewitched wine and cheese! Be gentle to him, wife, and say not a single word."

All at once the fiddler struck up so stoutly and briskly upon his fiddle that the very house shook; blow upon blow, he commenced such a furious strain that the whole company leaped up from their benches, and began dancing as if they were mad. "Heigh! heigh!" shouted the people, "*there* is a fiddle;" and everyone capered and whirled through the wedding-chamber as if they danced for a wager. The young people led out the dance, and the old ones hobbled as fast after them as they could; nobody remained in her place but Siegelind —who wished herself ten thousand miles away from the merriment—and Berthold, who looked steadfastly and sorrowfully upon his beloved.

In the midst of his fiddling Master Almerich beckoned to the beautiful bride to step near to him: "there stands a little bottle yonder where your bridegroom has been seated, and some old cheese with it—I daresay it will not be the worst in the house—I would taste a little of it—this playing makes me a little nice in the palate."

The good-natured bride was little interested in the preservation of the precious articles; she brought them and placed them upon a chair beside him, thinking the old man might take as much as he could eat.

The dwarf quickly laid his fiddle aside, raised the bewitched bottle in his right hand, and the cheese in his left, and exclaimed with a loud voice: "Well, my good people, well, here's the health of that beautiful bride there and her sweetheart; may she live long and joyfully!"

"Long and joyfully!" resounded through the room, while fifty bonnets and hats were tossed up into the air.

But horror-struck and deadly pale did Hildebrand and Bernhard and Gertrude become when they saw the wondrous wine and enchanted cheese in Almerich's uplifted fist. "Dares he—can he—will he," darted through their hearts; but woe and alas! in one turn of his hand the glutton with his large ox mouth had swallowed the bewitched draught and marvellous cheese without leaving a morsel!

A roar of passion from the red-haired Hildebrand, and a gush of tears from Gertrude, now terrified the people; while old Bernhard stood like one petrified. A cheerful smile flew over the countenance of Siegelind, and Berthold rose boldly from his bench, and stood ready to use his fists upon Hildebrand if he should dare to touch the fiddler.

"You rogue! you beggar!" at last exclaimed Hildebrand, "who told you to give that old fool of a fiddler that gift of Heaven? You may now give your house, and your bride too, to the rabble; I do not care a straw more for you and all that remains to you!"

With words of venom and execration Hildebrand rushed out of the room, while, silent and terrified, the outraged Bernhard and his crowd of guests looked after him. "I am a dead man!" at last exclaimed Bernhard, "my child and we all are ruined; the wedding-feast and the adornments are all unpaid! Oh cursed, horrid miser! bring me a knife—a knife!"

"A fig for a knife!" exclaimed the fiddler; "there the bridegroom has just come and has brought with him a whole wallet full of gold—and the bride loves him with all her heart—and the guests are still together, and my fiddle is in glorious tune."

With these words Almerich crippled forward to the half-bewildered and yet joyful Berthold and drew him into the circle; he wiped his face with the skirt of his coat, and showed to the delighted bride and the astonished guests their well-known neighbour, who was dear and welcome to all. The wallet was hastily dragged forward, and Almerich having quickly opened the lock, behold pure red gold in coins and chains tumbled out from it, dazzling the eyes of all with their splendour! Old Bernhard and Gertrude embraced by turns the lovely Siegelind and the ugly dwarf. Almerich took his fiddle and struck up a tune which bewitched them all, and they danced till midnight in joy and glory. The musician then escaped and left a whole house full of merry-makers around the two happy lovers, who, till their last day, a thousand times blessed the bitter wedding in which they had been so wonderfully united by the benevolent lame dwarf.

LOVE AND DUTY.

[**Westland Marston, LL.D.**, born at Boston, Lincolnshire, 30th January, 1820. Although he has successfully employed his pen as a novelist (*A Lady in Her own Right*, &c.), it is as a dramatic poet that Dr. Marston has won the distinguished place he holds in contemporary literature. With the exception of Lord Lytton he is almost the only living representative of the legitimate drama. *The Patrician's Daughter*, a tragedy, produced in 1842 at Drury Lane, with Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, and Miss Helen Faucit as the impersonators of the principal characters, at once established his reputation. It has been followed by a long series of poetic plays, of which it will suffice to mention: *Philip of France; Anne Blake; The Heart and the World; A Life's Ransom; Strathmore;* and, recently, *Life for Life*. Of *Strathmore*, from which the following scene is taken, a critic in the *Athenæum* remarked: "This play is undoubtedly the author's best. It is full of delicacy and true humour." The action of the play takes place at the time of the struggle for supremacy in Scotland between Episcopacy and the Covenanters. Strathmore, who was betrothed to the daughter of Sir Rupert Lorn, a staunch royalist, has, in spite of his love and friendship, espoused the cause of the Covenanters. The fierce contest between his love for Katharine Lorn and his sense of justice forms the groundwork of the play, and finds its climax in the last scene when Sir Rupert has been rescued by his son, Henry Lorn, from the hands of the Covenanters, and Strathmore is made prisoner. He died in 1890.]

SCENE.—*A Chamber in Lorn Castle. Enter* HENRY LORN, ISABEL (*his wife*), SIR RUPERT, *and* KATHARINE, *leaning on her father.*

Sir R. (*to Isabel.*) So, lass! my brave boy's succour has postponed
Your heritage awhile. But, for that aid,
Another sun had seen *him* Lord of Lorn!
How went it with the knaves?
Henry. Some few were slain,
Some taken; but their leaders, by the steeps
Where horsemen might not follow, have escaped—
Save one I shrink to name.
Isabel. Strathmore!
Henry. Yes, wounded.
Our force had beat him down: he must have perished
But for my rescue.
Sir R. Though he merits death,
Yet am I glad he fell not by our sword.
Henry. Alas! his doom is but delayed. Fierce Dalzell—
Who, under Monmouth, through a bloody field
Has chased the rebels—hither hastes his march.
He will demand the prisoners at our hands.
Kath. My father!
Henry. Dalzell bears a heart of flint
That ne'er knew pity; I have heard him name
Strathmore with those whose doom, when seized, is death—
Without reprieve or trial.
Kath. Do you hear?
Sir R. My child! I would not cloud this day with grief,
Nor can thy father stoop to base revenge.
Yet, mark! I will not shield persisting treason.
If Halbert Strathmore formally subscribe
Such recantation of his guilt as I
Will forthwith frame, and, to atone it, pledge
A loyal future—by our tried allegiance
I will beseech his life. I think even Dalzell
Will grant that boon to service proved like ours.
But, heed me, Katharine, if Strathmore spurn
These terms of mercy, though he were my son.
I would not waste a breath!
Henry. His party crushed,
Persistence now were madness.

Kath. One more boon—
That your conditions *I* may bear to Strathmore.
Sir R. Be it so, girl! He may prove obdurate.
Remember, though, this meeting is your last.
You parley with the rebel—not the friend!
Come! I'll prepare the bond.
Kath. I'll follow you.

Exeunt SIR RUPERT, HENRY, *and* ISABEL.

Rebel! What means that word. Fear for my father
Has blinded me to truth: now I see all!
Right trampled on—pure conscience counted crime—
And hatred banqueting on good men's groans!
My brother owned it! And the man who beards
This wrong's a rebel! Sure, the courts of heaven
Are peopled with the outcasts of this world!
My Halbert! Oh, he will reject these terms.
I dare not think on that. One last farewell,
One prayer to save him end my dream of life. [*Exit.*

Enter STRATHMORE, *wounded, supported by* ROLAND.

Roland. Lean on me, sir! lean on me! You are faint,
I saw you struck. Your wound needs rest and quiet.
Strath. (*sitting*) Good friend, I feel it not!
Roland. So sharp a hurt
Asks better surgery than you afford.
Strath. Dalzell, you say, comes hither?
Roland. Ay, sir!
Strath. Then
Each captive's fate is sealed. Beseech Sir Rupert
To give me audience. (*aside*) My offence being chief,
My death should free the rest.
Roland. I'll do your bidding. [*Exit.*
Strath. Could I save the rest,
I'd know no other care! My soul breathes freely—
Leaving all with God. As through half-open gates
Of Death's grim arch, I catch the fields of day.
Yet, Katharine! There earth's fond last weakness clings.
To her my name must be a thought to shrink from.
I shall not have a tomb in that fair realm
Where I had once a home.

Enter KATHARINE, *with a paper.*

(*rising*) Has my heart's cry
To look on thee been heard?
Kath. We meet once more—
To part for ever!
Strath. With a faltering voice
You say it—not in hatred!
Kath. Hatred! (*looking mournfully in his face*) Oh, how fierce
Has been thy struggle!
Strath. Can you feel
That I *have* struggled?
Kath. Nobly! Yes, I know it.
Strath. You know it, and absolve me! You will bear
To think upon my memory!
Kath. Thy memory!
While I can bear to think.

Strath. I did not hope
For this. I shall die, smiling!
Kath. Die! thou shalt not!
My father, and my brother, who have served
The royal cause so well, will plead with Dalzell.
Sign but this scroll! (*gives it to him*)
Strath. (*feebly, after perusing it*) Ah! know'st thou what conditions
The bond demands?
Kath. I do.
Strath. That I confess
My treason, and abjure it, never more
Further my righteous cause, by tongue or sword,
In act become a traitor—to escape
A traitor's sentence!
Kath. But your cause is crushed!
Strath. Crushed! No, it triumphs still. Though freedom's hosts
Bleach the green earth with death, that cause is safe
That has its Chief above!
Kath. You will not sign!
Strath. And canst thou ask me?
Kath. Ay, while I have breath.
Who gave thee right to quench *my* life in thine?
Though we must part, 'tis comfort still to think
One world contains us. I should curse the sun
If it could light a world that held not thee!
Strath. My Katharine!
Kath. 'Twas you upheld my steps
When we were children. On the hill-side flowers
The golden gorse, from which you plucked the thorn
That else had harmed me. In the brook still float
Lilies like those we wove. Another spring
Will find *them* there—but *thou!* (*falling on his neck*)
Strath. My truth! my truth!
Kath. I will not let thee go. Ere see thee perish,
I'll burst all ties of duty, dare all shame,
Renounce all kindred! They are gone! Be thou
Friend, father, brother, home, and universe!
Strath. Forbear, forbear! (*sinks into chair*)
Kath. Whate'er I know or feel
Of good, you taught me. You relent; you'll sign?
Strath (*feebly, but with increasing energy as he proceeds*)
You shall decide (*she kneels by his side*)
Two paths before me lie,
The one through death to honour———
Kath. Halbert!
Strath. Nay.
There are *but* two! First, say we choose the nobler—
Then wilt thou think of Strathmore as of one
Who, by his last act, fitly sealed a life
He would bequeath thee spotless.
Kath. Ah, *bequeath!*
And I shall never see thee more!
Strath. (*pointing upwards*) Yes, Katharine!
Kath. The other path?
Strath. It leads to life through shame.
Would'st have me take it—live to own no bond
But with dishonour; when I catch the tale

Of heroes, vainly groan—*such once I was!*
And, when the coward's shudder—*such I am!*
Kath. This gloom will melt in a bright future.
Strath. No:
He has no future who betrays his past.
Kath. Still live!
Strath. To give the lie
To my true youth; find every stream of joy,
When I would drink, reflect my branded brow,
And so recoil; shrink, when thy straining breast
Throbs to a traitor's; read in those dear eyes
The Temptress, not the wife!
Kath. Cease, Halbert! cease!
Strath. (*rising*) Speak, shall I sign?
Kath. (*starting to her feet*) NO—DIE!
Strath. (*embracing her*) My wife! my Katharine! We are one for ever.
Kath. Teach Fate that truth, that we may die together.
Strath. Fount of my peace! My own!
Kath. I am at rest.
How is it with thee?
Strath. Sweet, sharp care has mined
The bulwarks of my life, and thy great sea
Of love doth overflow it!

Enter HENRY LORN, SIR RUPERT, *and* ISABEL.

Henry. Where's the confession? Dalzell comes; your judge!
Kath. Help, Henry!
Henry. Strathmore! (*supporting him as he sinks*)
Kath. You are come too late!
Strath. No, love is ne'er too late. Harry! old playmate!
Is that Sir Rupert?
Henry. Speak to him!
Sir R. A night
Deepens upon his face. Halbert, this hour
Blots all our rancours, and I but behold
Thy Father in thee!
Strath. We're at peace—all, all!
I pray you to deal gently with my brethren.
Isabel. Lean on my bosom, sister!
Kath. No; 'tis well!
Strath. Where art thou, Katharine? (*she kneels and places her hand in his*) So—I turn my life
To the bright East, where all its beauty rose,
And sleep beneath its beam—we do not part!
(*dies*—ISABEL *and* SIR RUPERT *advance as if to remove* KATHARINE, *who motions them away*)
Kath. I am his now—I am his own in death!
(*she falls prostrate on the body*)

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds,
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he then, that should stray,
And hath it in his powers to make his way!

This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it,
For good men but *see* death, the wicked *taste* it.

BEN JONSON.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

[Thomas Gillespie, D.D., born in Closeburn, Dumfriesshire; died at Dunino, Fifeshire, 11th September, 1844. Educated at the Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University, he succeeded the father of David Wilkie, the painter, in the ministry of Cults, Cupar-Fife. He was subsequently appointed professor of humanity in the St. Andrew's University. His principal publication was a volume of sermons on the *Seasons;* but he contributed prose and verse to the periodicals of his day. His contributions to the once famous *Tales of the Borders* display great powers of description and pathos.]

Packman *loquitur.*—For several days the wind had been easterly, with an intense frost. At last, however, the weather subsided into a calm and dense fog, under which, at mid-day, it was difficult to find one's way amidst those mountain tracks along which, in general, my route lay. The grass and heath were absolutely loaded with hoar-frost. My cheeks became encompassed by a powdered covering; my breath was intensely visible, and floated and lingered about my face with an oppressive and almost suffocating density. No sun, moon, or star had appeared for upwards of forty-eight hours; when, according to my preconcerted plan, I reached the farm-town of Burnfoot. I was now in the centre of Queensberry Hills, the most notable sheep pasturage in the south of Scotland. It was about three o'clock of the fifteenth day of January, when, under a cheerful welcome from the guidwife, I rested my pack (for, be it known, I belong to this class of peripatetic merchants) upon the meal ark, disengaged my arms from the leather straps by which the pack was suspended from my shoulders, and proceeded to light my pipe at the blazing peat-fire. Refreshments, such as are best suited to the *packman's drouth*, were soon and amply supplied, and I had the happiness of seeing my old acquaintances (for I visited Burnfoot twice a year, on my going and coming from Glasgow to Manchester) drop *in* from their several avocations, one after another, and all truly rejoiced to behold my face, and still more delighted to inspect the treasure and the wonders of "the pack." At last the guidman himself suspended his plaid from the mid-door head, put off his shoes and leggings, assumed his slippers, along with his prescriptive seat at the head or upper end of the lang-settle. The guidwife, returning *butt* from bedding the youngest of some half-score of children, welcomed her husband with a look of the most genuine affection. She put a little creepie stool under his feet, felt that his clothes were not wet, scolded the dogs to a respectful distance, and inspired the peats into a double blaze. The oldest daughter, now "woman grown," sat combing the hoar-frost from her raven locks, and looking out from beneath beautifully arched and bushy eyebrows upon the interesting addition which had been made to the meal-ark. Some half-a-score of healthy lads and lasses occupied the bench ayont the fire, o'er-canopied by sheep-skins, aprons, stockings, and footless hose. The dogs, after various and somewhat noisy differences had been adjusted, fell into order and position around the hearth, enjoying the warmth, and licking, peacefully and carefully, the wet from their sides. The cat, by this time, had made a returning motion from the cupboard head, from which she had been watching the arrangements and movements beneath. As this appeared to "Help" to be an infringement of the terms of armistice and of the frontier laws, he sprang with eagerness over the hearth. Pussy, finding it dangerous, under this sudden and somewhat unexpected movement, "*dare terga,*" instantly drew up her whole body into an attitude not only of defence but defiance; curving herself into a bristling crescent, with the head of a dragon attached to it, and, with one horrid hiss and sputter, compelled Help first to hesitate and then to retreat.

"Three paces back the youth retired,
And saved himself from harm."

The guidwife, however,—who seemed not unaccustomed to such demonstrations, and who manifestly acted on the humane principle of assisting the weaker by assailing the stronger combatant—gave Help such demonstrations of her intentions, as at once reduced matters to the *status quo ante bellum.* (I have as good a right to scholarship as my brother packman, Plato, who carried oil to Egypt.) Thus peace and good order being restored, the treasures of my burden became an immediate and a universal subject of inquiry. I was compelled, nothing loath, to unstrap my various packages, and disclose to view all the varied treasures of the spindle and loom. Shawls were spread out into enormous display, with central, and corner, and border ornaments, the most amazing and the most fashionable; waistcoat pieces of every stripe and figure, from the straight line to the circle, of every hue and colouring which the rainbow exhibits, were unfolded in the presence and under the scrutinizing thumb of many purchasers. The guidwife herself half coaxed and half scolded a fine remnant of Flanders lace, of most tempting aspect, out of

the guidman's reluctant pocket. The very dogs seemed anxious to be accommodated, and applied their noses to some unopened bales, with a knowing look of inquiry. Things were proceeding in this manner when the door opened, and there entered a young man of the most prepossessing appearance; in fact, what Burns terms a "strapping youth." I could observe that, at his entrance, the daughter's eye (of whom I have formerly made mention) immediately kindled into an expression of the most universal kindness and benevolence. Hitherto she had taken but a limited interest in what was going on; but now she became the most prominent figure in the group—whilst the mother dusted a chair for the welcome stranger with her apron, and the guidman welcomed him with a—

"Come awa, Willie Wilson, an' tak a seat. The nicht's gay dark an' dreary. I wonder how ye cleared the Whitstane Cleugh and the Side Scaur, man, on sic an eerie nicht."

"Indeed," responded the stranger, casting a look, in the meantime, towards the guidman's buxom, and, indeed, lovely daughter—"indeed it's an unco fearfu' nicht—sic a mist and sic a cauld I hae seldom if ever encountered; but I dinna ken hoo it was—I couldna rest at hame till I had tellt ye a' the news o' the last Langhom market."

"Ay, ay," interrupted the guidwife, "the last Langhom market, man, is an auld tale noo, I trow. Na, na, yer mither's son camna here on sic a night, and at sic an hour, on sic an unmeaning errand"—finishing her sentence, however, by a whisper into Willie's ear, which brought a deeper red into his cheek, and seemed to operate in a similar manner on the apparently deeply engaged daughter.

"But, Watty," continued my fair purchaser, you *must* give me this Bible a little cheaper—it's ower dear, man—heard ever onybody o' five white shillings gien for a Bible, and it only a New Testament, after a'?—it's baith a sin an' a shame, Watty."

After some suitable reluctance, I was on the point of reducing the price by a single sixpence, when Willie Wilson advanced towards the pack, and at once taking up the book and the conversation—

"Ower dear, Jessie, my dear!—it's the word o' God, ye ken—His ain precious word; and I'll e'en mak ye a present o' the book at Watty's ain price. Ye ken he maun live, as we a' do, by his trade."

The money was instantly paid down from a purse pretty well filled; for William Wilson was the son of a wealthy and much-respected sheep-farmer in the neighbourhood, and had had his name *once* called in the kirk, along with that of "Janet Harkness of Burnfoot, both in this parish."

"Hoot noo, bairns," rejoined the mother; "ye're baith wrang—that Bible winna do ava. Ye maun hae a big ha' Bible to tak the buik wi', and worship the God o' yer fathers nicht and morning, as they hae dune afore ye; and Watty will bring ye ane frae Glasgow the next time he comes roun'; and it will, maybe, be usefu', ye ken, in *anither way*."

"Tout, mither, wi' yer nonsense," interrupted the conscious bride; "I never liked to see my name and age marked and pointed out to onybody on oor muckle Bible; sae just haud yer tongue, mither, and tak a present frae William and *me*," added she, blushing deeply, " 'that big-printed Testament. The minister, ye ken, seldom meddles wi' the auld Bible, unless it be a bit o' the Psalms; and yer een noo are no sae gleg as they were whan ye were married to my father there."

The father, overcome by this well-timed and well-directed evidence of goodness, piety, and filial affection, rose from his seat on the lang-settle, and, with tears in his eyes, pronounced a most fervent benediction over the shoulders of his child.

"O God in heaven, bless and preserve my dear Jessie!" said he—his child's tears now falling fast and faster. "Oh, may the God of thy fathers make thee happy—thee and thine—him there and his!—and when thy mother's gray hairs and mine are laid and hid in the dust, mayest thou have children, such as thy fond and dutiful self, to bless and comfort, to rejoice and support thy heart!"

There was not, by this time, a dry eye in the family; and, as a painful silence was on the point of succeeding to this outbreaking of nature, the venerable parent slowly and deliberately took down the big ha' Bible from its bole in the wall, and, placing it on the lang-settle table, he proceeded to family worship with the usual solemn prefatory annunciation—"Let us worship God."

Love, filial affection, and piety—what a noble, what a beautiful triumvirate! By means of these Scotland has rendered herself comparatively great, independent, and happy. These are the graces which, in beautiful union, have protected her liberties, sweetened her enjoyments, and exalted her head amongst the nations, and which, over all, have cast an expression and a feature irresistibly winning and nationally characteristic. It is over such scenes as the kitchen fireside of Burnfoot now

presented, that the soul hovers with ever-awakening and ever-intenser delight; that even amidst the coldness, and unconcern, and irreligion of an iron age, the mind, at least at intervals, is redeemed into ecstasy, and feels, in spite of habit, and example, and deadened apprehensions, that there is a beauty in pure and virgin love, a depth in genuine and spontaneous filial regard, and an impulse in communion with Him that is most high, which, even when taken separately, are hallowing, sacred, and elevating; but which, when blended and softened down into one great and leading feature, prove incontestably that man is, in his origin and unalloyed nature, but a little lower than the angels.

Such was the aspect of matters in this sequestered and sanctified dwelling, when the house seemed, all at once, to be smitten, like Job's, at the four corners. The soot fell in showers into the grate; the rafters creaked; the dust descended; every door in the house rattled on its sneck and hinges; and the very dogs sprung at once from their slumbers and barked. There was something so awful in the suddenness and violence of the commotion, that the prayer was abruptly and suddenly brought to a conclusion.

"Ay, fearfu', sirs!" were John Harkness' first words when springing to his feet; "but there's an awfu' nicht. Open the outer door, Jamie, and let us see what it is like." The outer door was opened; but the drift burst in with such a suffocating swirl, that a strong lad who encountered it reeled and gasped for breath.

"The hogs!" exclaimed the guidman, "and the gimmers!—where did ye leave them, Jamie?"

"In Capleslacks," was the answer, "by east the Dod. The wind has set in frae the nor'-east, and fifty score o' sheep, if this continue, will never see the mornin'."

But what was to be done?

"The wind blew as 'twould blawn its last,"

and the whole atmosphere was one almost solid wreath of penetrating snow; when you thrust forth your hand into the open air, it was as if you had perforated an iceberg. Burnfoot stands at the convergence of two mountain glens, adown one of which the tempest came as from a funnel—collected, compressed, irresistible. There was a momentary look of suspense—every one eyeing the rest with an expression of indecision and utter helplessness. The young couple, by some law of affinity, stood together in a corner. The shepherd lads, with Jamie Hogg at their head, were employed in adjusting plaids to their persons. The guidman had already resumed his leggings, and the dogs were all exceedingly excited—amazed at this unexpected movement, but perfectly resolved to do their duty.

"Jamie," said the guidman, "you and I will try to mak oor way by the Head Scaur to Capleyetts, where the main hirsel was left; and Will, Tam, and Geordie will see after the hogs and gimmers ayont the Dod."

"I, too," exclaimed a voice from the corner, over which, however, a fair hand was pressed, and which was therefore but indistinctly heard —"I will—(canna ye let me speak, Jessie!)—I will not—I shall not be left behind—I will accompany the guidman, and do what I can to seek and to save."

"Indeed and indeed, my dear William, ye can do nae guid—ye dinna ken the grun' like my faither; and there's mony a kittle step forbye the Head Scaur; and, the Lord be wi' us! on sic a nicht too." So saying, she clasped her betrothed firmly around the neck, and absolutely compelled him to relinquish his purpose. Having gained this one object, the fair and affectionate bride rushed across the room to her father, and falling down on her knees, grasped him by the legs, and exclaimed—

"O mither, mither! come and help me—come and help me! faither, my dear faither, let Jamie Hogg gang, and the rest; they are young, ye ken, and as weel acquant as yersel' wi' the ly o' the glens! but this is no a nicht for the faither o' a family to risk his life to save his substance. O faither, faither! I am soon, ye ken, to leave you and bonny Burnfoot—grant me, oh, grant me this one, this last request!"

The mother sat all this while wringing her hands and exclaiming—

"Ay, ay, Jenny, get him to stay, get him to stay!"

The father answered not a word, but, making a sign to Hogg, and whistling on Help, and at the same time kissing his *now* all but fainting child, he rushed out of the door (as Mrs. Harkness said) "like a fey man," and he and his companion, with a suitable accompaniment of dogs, were almost instantly invisible. The three other lads, suitably armed and accompanied, followed the example set to them; and the guidwife, the two lovers, five or six younger branches, and the female servants of the family, with myself, remained at home in a state of anxiety and suspense which can be better conceived than expressed.

"The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,"

with a force and a stroke loud and painful in the extreme, struck first ten, then eleven, then twelve; but there was no return. Again and again were voices heard commingling with the tempest's rush; again and again did the outer door seem to move backwards on its hinges; but nothing entered save the shrill pipe of the blast, accompanied by the comminuted drift, which penetrated through every seam and cranny. This state of uncertainty was awful; even the ascertained reality of death, partial or universal, had perhaps less of soul-benumbing cold in it than this inconceivable suspense. It required Willie Wilson's utmost efforts and mine to keep the frantic woman from madly rushing into the drift; and the voice of lamentation was sad and loud amongst the children and the servant lasses—each of the latter class lamented, indeed, the fate of all, but there was always an under prayer offered up for the safety of Geordie, or Will, or Jamie, in particular. At last the three lads who had encompassed the Dod arrived—alive, indeed, but almost breathless and frozen to death. They had, however, surmounted incredible difficulties, and had succeeded in placing their hirsel in a position of comparative security; but where were Jamie Hogg and the guidman? The violence of the storm had nothing abated, the snow was every moment accumulating, and the danger and difficulty increasing tenfold. Spirits, heat, and friction gradually restored the three lads to their senses, and to the kind attentions of their several favourites of the female order; but *there* sat the mother and the daughter, whilst the father was either, in all probability, dead or dying. The very thought was distracting; and, accordingly, the young bride, now turning to her lover with a look of inexpressible anguish, exclaimed—

"O Willie! my ain dear Willie, ye maun gang, after a', ye maun gang this instant" (Willie was on his feet and plaided whilst yet the sentence was unfinished), "and try to rescue my dear, dear faither from this awfu' and untimely end; but tak care, oh tak care o' the big Scaur, and keep far west by Caplecleuch, and maybe ye'll meet them coming back that way." These last words were lost in the drift, whilst Willie Wilson, with his faithful follower, Rover, were penetrating, and flouncing, and floundering their way towards the place pointed out.

In about half an hour after this, the howl and scratch of a dog were heard at the door-back and Help immediately rushed in, the welcome forerunner of his master and Hogg. They had, indeed, had a fearful struggle and fearful wanderings; but, in endeavouring to avoid the dangerous, because precipitous, Head Scaur, they had wandered from their track and from the object of their travel; and, after having been inclined once or twice to lie down and take a rest (the deceitful messenger of death), they had at last got upon the track of Caple Water; and, by keeping to its windings—which they had often traced at the risk of being drowned—they had at last weathered the old cham'er, the byre, and peat-stack, and were now, thank God! within "bigget wa's."

But where, alas! was Willie Wilson? Him, in consequence of their deviations, they had missed; and over him, thus exposed, the tempest was still renewing at intervals its hurricane gusts. There was one scream heard, such as would have penetrated the heart of a tiger, and all was still. There she lay, the beauteous, but now marble bride; her head reposing on her mother's lap, her lips pale as the snowdrop, her eyes fixed and soulless, her cheek without a tint, and her mouth half open and breathless. Long, long was the withdrawment—again and again was the dram-glass applied to the mouth, to catch the first expiration of returning breath—ere the frame began to quiver, the hands to move, the lips and cheeks to colour, and the eyes to indicate the approaching return to reason and perception.

"I have killed him! I have killed him!" were the first frantic accents. "I have murdered, murdered my dear Willie! It was me that sent him—forced him—compelled him out—out into the drift—the cold, cold drift. Away!" added the maniac—"away! I'll go after him—I'll perish with him—where he lies, there will I lie, and there will I be buried. What! is there none of ye that will make an effort to save a perishing—a choking—oh, my God! a suffocating man?"

Hereupon she again sank backwards, and was prevented from falling by the arms of a father.

"O my child!" said parental love and affection—"O my dear wean!—oh, be patient—God is guid—He has preserved *us* all—He will not desert *him* in the hour of his need—He neither slumbers nor sleeps—His hand is not shortened that He cannot save—and what He can, He will—He never deserted any that trusted in Him. O my child! my bairn!—my first-born!—be patient—be patient. There—there—there is a scratch at the door-back—it is Rover."

And to be sure Rover it was—but Rover in despair. His faithful companion and friend

only entered the house to solicit immediate aid—he ran round and round, looking up into the face of every one with an expression of the most imploring anxiety. The poor frantic girl sprung from her father's embrace, and clung to the neck of the well-known cur—she absolutely kissed him—(oh, to what will not love, omnipotent, virtuous love, descend!)—then rising, in renewed recollection, she sat herself down on the long-settle beside her father, and burst into loud and passionate grief.

It was now manifest to all that something must be attempted, else the young farmer must perish. Hogg, though awfully exhausted, was the first to volunteer a new excursion. The whole band were at once on their feet; but Jessie now clung to her father, as she had formerly done to her lover, and would not let him go—indeed, the guidman was in no danger of putting his purpose into effect, for he could scarcely stand on his feet. He sat, or rather fell down, consequently, beside his daughter, and continued in constant prayer and supplication at the throne of grace. The daughter listened, and said she was comforted—the voyagers were again on their way—the tempest had somewhat abated—the moon had once or twice shone out—and there was now a greater chance of success in their undertaking.

How we all contrived to exist during an interval of two hours, I cannot say; but this I know, that the endurance of this second trial was worse than the first, to all but the sweet bride herself. Her mind had now taken a more calm and religious view of the case. She repeated, at intervals and pauses in her father's ejaculatory prayer—

"Yes—oh, yes—*His* will—His holy will be done! The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord for ever! We shall meet again—oh, yes—where the weary are at rest.

> "'A few short years of evil past,
> We reach the happy shore
> Where death-divided friends at last
> Shall meet to part no more.'

O father, is not that a gracious saying, and worthy of all acceptation!"

At length the door opened, and in walked William Wilson.

The reader need scarcely to be told that the sagacious dog had left his master floundered and unable to extricate himself in a snow wreath: that the same faithful guide had taken the searchers to the spot, where they found Wilson just in the act of falling into a sleep—from which, indeed, but for the providential sagacity of his dog, he had never wakened; and that, by means of some spirits which they had taken in a bottle, they completely restored and conducted him home.

> "Lives there one with soul so dead"

as not now to image the happy meeting betwixt bride and bridegroom, and, above all, the influence which this trial had upon the happiness and religious character of their future married and prosperous lot?

It is, indeed, long since I have laid aside the pack—to which, after a good education, I had taken, from a wandering propensity—and taken up my residence in the flourishing village of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire; living, at first, on the profits of my shop, and now retired on my little, but, to me, ample competency; but I still have great pleasure in paying a yearly visit to my friends of Mitchelslacks, and in recalling with them, over a comfortable meal, the interesting incidents of the snow-storm 1794.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school.
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze,
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;

For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why! Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold.
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame.—
Ten thousand, thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"O God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice the awful voice
Of the Blood-Avenging Sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the drear body up,
And cast it in a stream.—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!—

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school!

"Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit, I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the bleak accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce Avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"—
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.[1]

DORIS.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;
I sat and woo'd her, through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses
Wild summer-roses of faint perfume,
The while I sued her kept hush'd and hearken'd,
Till shades had darken'd from gloss to gloom.

She touch'd my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said, "We linger, we must not stay:
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

ARTHUR MUNBY.[2]

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[1] Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder* in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in the poem.

[2] *Verses New and Old.* London: Bell & Daldy.

A LEGEND OF LAMPIDOSA.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers; but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host.

The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian: and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it.

"We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm; "we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."

"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak.

"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us: I see its white foam in the depth."

Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leaped to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet.

"Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves."

"Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named; "my life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"

"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer, but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Maelstrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen, trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize.

Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed Heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old.

"He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet, half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers.

"Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice."

But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspicious simplicity increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence,

preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour—features formed to express an ardent character—and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and looking on the sleeping boy, whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause.

"We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him; but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and *if* in one year——"

"In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him," said the stranger, solemnly: "show me this woman."

Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman, himself fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets: but his companion did not wait for his introduction.

"Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it."

He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice.

"Keep the dollars, pastor!" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell; "I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman; keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederic-stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he

could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat, brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger.

"It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him.

"One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burden for your sake."

"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans.

"Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!" The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it."

Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately if a guide could be procured.

"My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield."

Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder as a token of his readiness.

"Not to-night," said Claribell; "a snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker-bridge has failed."

Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.

"He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence.

All were sleeping in Hofland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.

"So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well."

"He is safe," returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance.

"Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "will you be my wife to-morrow?"

"I am the Lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell; "and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"

"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry."

Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of roubles, and on her lover's face. "Brande, you have murdered him!"

With these half-articulate words she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet.

"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent!"

"Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.

"Sir," said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own."

Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with

only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the reindeer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage-contract. "Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveller returns to sanction it." Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eyelashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter.

"Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a desperate gesture. "Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?"

"They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him, "and I will not forsake them in life or death. Hast thou deserved trust better?"

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Coningsburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden upon her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone.

"Norwegians! I have no home; I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."

"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause, "darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."

The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming,

"*I accuse him!*"

At this awful cry from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale gray eyes, her spectre-like face, shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed. "There was but one witness, and I go to him!" With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet, and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide.

"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendent of the miners; "and that white-haired man was his kinsman and supposed accomplice."

"The woman is his widow, then?" said the viceroy, shuddering.

"No, my lord; her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours: that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us." While the humane intendant spoke

the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.

"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.

"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.

"Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge to bury this accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself: you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by a union with your virtues."—*European Magazine.*

INSCRIPTION ON A SUN-DIAL.

Save when the Sun's resplendent ray
May gild the passing hour,
To mark the minutes on their way
I lose the ready power.

So only can that time be blest,
And called by man his own,
In which the sunbeam of the breast,
The Conscience, may have shone!

EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.[1]

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!
And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.
He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-fac'd enterprize.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.
He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man.
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.
Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes:
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.
Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.
And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;

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[1] Hazlitt stated that this was one of Wordsworth's favourite poems.

And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

SAMUEL DANIEL (born 1562; died 1619).

THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

ÆTATIS 30. Looked back, through a vista of ten years. Remembered that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again; and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the *Morning Chronicle* that a watchmaker in Paris, aged thirty-one, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne, "The expression *fall* in love, evidently shows love to be *beneath* a man." Went to Drury lane: saw Miss Crotch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum: none but matrimonians need apply. Was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up such a little parcel), when Kitty Crotch eloped with Lord Buskin. Pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said I was evidently in *rude* health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three nights per week. Sympathized with the public in vexation, occasioned by non-attendance the other three: can't please everybody. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricosian fluid. Mem. "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I *wore* well: wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket-club, on account of the bad air about Paddington: could not run in it without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry: means expensive, end dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the Opera. So much the better; the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old greatcoat, and found it an old little one; cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face in putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one: then young and foolish. Brother Charles' wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served him right for marrying at twenty-one; age of discretion too! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in glover's windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three gray hairs in left eye-brow.

36. Several gray hairs in whiskers: all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skated on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise, only fit for boys. Gave skates to Charles' eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then? Women require protectors; day settled; devilishly frightened; too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond Street. Some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up country-dancing. Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Quadrilles stealing hither over the Channel. Thought of adding to number of *grave* gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the *over*-growns. Very impertinent, and utterly untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties

increasing. Found myself gradually *Tontineing* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ultima Thule* of hostess's elbow. Good places for cutting turkeys; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why I was always desired to walk up. Met two school-fellows at Pimlico; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age; what lies boys tell!

40. Look back ten years. Remember, at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried *Logier*. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass: one chin too much. Looked in other new glass; chin still double. Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What were legs made for?

42. Gout again: that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love-sonnets. Imitated Horace's ode "Ne sit ancilla." Did not mean anything serious, though Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men now-a-days much too small in the waist. Read in *Morning Post* an advertisement "Pills to prevent Corpulency:" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows, at Bullock's Museum. Twenty five-years ago wanted to marry her. What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles' eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold. Began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Garrick, saw nothing in Kean. Talked of Lord North. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes, in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome, and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men: all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at inns "My dear." Listened to a howl from Capt. Querulous about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in "single blessedness."

47. Top of head quite bald. Pleaded Lord Grey in justification. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farren

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farren. Told Laura Willis that Palmer, who died when I was nineteen, certainly did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for any thing but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook.

JAMES SMITH.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.[1]

[Thomas Davis, born in Ireland, 1814; died 1854. He attached himself to the "Young Ireland" party, and in 1844 contributed much fierce political prose and verse to the *Nation* newspaper. He, however, also wrote a number of pleasing love-songs, and the following ballad will preserve his memory amongst the lovers of Irish poetry, long after his political indiscretions have been forgotten.]

The summer sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:

[1] Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime.

The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—it's daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air,
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gor'd,
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child:
But see yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!

Mid-summer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the spring!
Mid-summer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dash'd to sea, and passed Cape Cleir, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—
She's safe—she's dead—she stabb'd him in the midst of his Serai;
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought the Norman o'er—
Some curs'd him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

A PARABLE.

A certain hermit, not well satisfied with the administration of this world and its affairs, and the divers occurrences of Divine Providence in relation to it, resolved to quit his cell and travel abroad to view the course of things, and make what observations he could, whereby to form a judgment of what disturbed him. He had not gone above half a day's journey before he was overtaken by a young stranger, who came up to him, and joined company with him, who soon insinuated himself into the hermit's affections, that he thought himself happy in having so soon met with so agreeable a companion. As their journey lay the same way, they agreed to eat and lodge always at one house, wheresoever they came: they travelled some few days before the hermit took notice of anything that occurred worthy his observation: but at length he could not but be concerned to see, that at a house where they were very kindly and generously entertained, his fellow-traveller, with whom in this time he had contracted an endearing friendship, at his departure stole a gold cup, and took it away with him. The hermit was astonished that his friend, whom he thought a devout Christian, should be guilty of theft and ingratitude, where he had received such particular obligations: he was, however, resolved to see what his behaviour would be at other places before he inquired into it. At night they came to a house of as ill accommodation as the other was good, and where the owner was a man of so morose and inhospitable a temper, that they were a long time denied admittance, and, when received, were treated with the utmost surliness and brutality. Yet such was the different carriage of the young traveller to the morose host, that in the morning he rewarded his inhumanity with his gold cup, which he left behind him in one of the windows. The hermit was not less surprised at this sight than the former, and could not fathom the mystery of so unequal a procedure: yet he still took no notice either of one action or the other.

The next night they by agreement returned to the house from whence the cup was taken. They were treated as courteously as before, but the return for it was more shocking and astonishing; for, at their leaving the place, the hermit saw his companion privately strangle a little child as it lay in the cradle, the only child of the family, and in whom all the temporal happiness of both father and mother were centred. Notwithstanding this last action, he prevailed with himself to contain himself another day; and at night they came to a house of the best entertainment they had met with yet, the master of it doing everything, not only to accommodate them, but to divert them, and make their stay pleasant. In the morning, as the way they were to go was intricate, he sent a faithful servant, for whom he had the greatest esteem for his fidelity, to conduct them. Thus they travelled for a while, till, coming to a bridge which crossed a deep and rapid stream, the young traveller, on a sudden, laid violent hands on the servant, and threw him over into the water and drowned him. Upon this the hermit could contain no longer, but charged his companion with ingratitude, theft, and murder: he enlarged on the heinousness of his crimes in the barbarous requitals he had made his benefactors, and concluded he was resolved to leave so vile and wicked a companion, return to his cell, and confine himself there for ever, rather than converse with mankind who committed such crimes without remorse of conscience.

But now behold as strange a sight of another kind! the young man, smiling at the honest zeal of the hermit, putting off his mortal disguise, appeared to him in the form and lustre of an angel of God, telling him he was sent to ease his mind of the perplexity and doubts he had so long laboured under, as to the Divine Providence.—What you have seen, said he, seems astonishing and unaccountable; but, in reality, nothing could be more just and equitable; which, for want of your right understanding, has been so great an offence to you. To prove this, know, that the first man from whom the cup was taken had the best compensation made for his kindnesses, the cup having occasioned great mischiefs while he had it: he is, indeed, courteous and hospitable; but has one great failing, which tarnishes those good deeds, that is, an inclination to drink more than becomes him; and especially when this cup was brought out: therefore, the best office I could do was to remove this temptation, that he might be brought to a better government of himself. When I had taken away this snare, I left it with the morose inhospitable man, as a means of his destruction, that by it he might fall into intemperance, diseases, and even death itself; for there is an enchantment in this cup, that whosoever possesses it will be in danger of being bewitched by it. But perhaps you think nothing can be said for my strangling the little innocent babe in the cradle, and in a place where I had been so civilly entertained. Know then, that this was done in great mercy

to the parents, and no real hurt to the child, who is now in happiness in heaven. This gentleman and his wife had hitherto lived in great reputation for their piety, justice, sobriety, and other Christian virtues: but, above all, their charity was eminent; divers of their sick and indigent neighbours owing their subsistence, next under God, to their munificence; but since the birth of this child, their minds have degenerated into a love of this world; they were no longer charitable, but their whole thoughts have been employed how to enrich themselves and leave a great fortune to this infant and its posterity. Hence I took this momentary life from the body of the child, that the souls of the parents might live for ever: and I appeal to you if this was not the greatest act of kindness and friendship to them. —There remains one action more to defend, my destroying the servant of a gentleman, who had used me so extraordinary civil, and who professed a great esteem for his fidelity: but this was the most faithful instance of gratitude I could show to one who used me so kindly; for this servant was in fact a rogue, and had entered into a conspiracy to rob and kill his master.—Now know, that Divine Providence is just, and the ways of God are not as your ways, nor his thoughts as your thoughts; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than your ways, and his thoughts than your thoughts.

At these words he vanished, leaving the good man to meditate on what had passed, and the reasons given for it; who hereupon, transported with joy and amazement, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had delivered him from his anxiety about the ways of Divine Providence: satisfied as to the wisdom of God's dealings, and those unseen reasons for them which surpass all human conception, he returned with cheerfulness to his cell, and spent the residue of his life in piety and peace.

DR. H. MORE.[1]

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."—*Manfred.*

I go! I go!—And must mine image fade
From the green spots whereon my childhood play'd,
By my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me, where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,
With me be fraught!

And Memory answer'd me—"Wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core:
The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more!"

Hast *thou* such power, O Love?—And Love replied,
"It is not mine!—Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'Tis but to write with the heart's fiery rain
Wild words on dust!"

Song! is the gift with *thee?* I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;
Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
When it would rest!

And Song made answer: "It is not in me,
Though call'd immortal—though my power may be
All but divine:
A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
A changeless one, when thou with Love wouldst live
This is not mine!"

Death, Death, wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil?
—And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still
Each vain regret—
What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one, was given:
"Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer! with a tone,
To give thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in heaven!"

MRS. HEMANS.

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[1] "Divine Dialogues, containing sundry Disquisitions and Instructions concerning the Attributes and Providence of God: by Henry More, D.D. London, 1668." 8vo.

ON THE WANT OF MONEY.

It is hard to be without money. To get on without it is like travelling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money I here allude to is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessaries of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labour, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to spend remains after the means are exhausted, the want of money joined with the hope and the possibility of getting it, the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or shilling and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring, however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, meannesses, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. I may attempt (this essay is not a fanciful speculation) to enlarge upon a few of them.

It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst: but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of care, with golden dreams (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams), and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend. He may beg at the corner of a street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self. It is, indeed, as old Fuller, or some worthy of that age, expresses it, "the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man," to learn, the first thing after he rises in the morning, or even to be dunned with it in bed, that there is no loaf, tea, or butter in the house, and that the baker, the grocer, and butterman have refused to give any farther credit. This is taking one sadly at a disadvantage. It is striking at one's spirit and resolution in their very source—the stomach—it is attacking one on the side of hunger and mortification at once; it is casting one into the very mire of humility and Slough of Despond. The worst is, to know what face to put upon the matter, what excuse to make to the servants, what answer to send to the tradespeople; whether to laugh it off, or be grave, or angry, or indifferent; in short, to know how to parry off an evil which you cannot help. What a luxury, what a God-send in such a dilemma, to find a half-crown which had slipped through a hole in the lining of your waistcoat, a crumpled bank-note in your breeches pocket, or a guinea clinking in the bottom of your trunk, which had been thoughtlessly left there out of a former heap! Vain hope! Unfounded illusion! The experienced in such matters know better, and laugh in their sleeves at so improbable a suggestion. Not a corner, not a cranny, not a pocket, not a drawer has been left unrummaged, or has not been subjected over and over again to more than the strictness of a custom-house scrutiny. Not the slighest rustle of a piece of bank-paper, not the gentlest pressure of a piece of hard metal, but would have given notice of its hiding-place with electrical rapidity, long before, in such circumstances. All the variety of pecuniary resources, which form a legal tender on the current coin of the realm, are assuredly drained, exhausted to the last farthing, before this time.

But is there nothing in the house that one can turn to account? Is there not an old family watch, or piece of plate, or a ring, or some worthless trinket, that one could part with? nothing belonging to one's self or a friend, that one could raise the wind upon, till something better turns up? At this moment an old-clothes man passes, and his deep, harsh tones sound like an intended insult on one's distress, and banish the thought of applying for his assistance, as one's eye glanced furtively at an old hat or a great-coat, hung up behind a closet-door. Humiliating contemplations! Miserable uncertainty! One hesitates, and the opportunity is gone by; for without one's breakfast one has not the resolution to do anything! The late Mr. Sheridan was often reduced to this unpleasant predicament. Possibly he had little appetite for breakfast himself; but the servants complained bitterly on this head, and said that Mrs. Sheridan was sometimes kept waiting for

a couple of hours, while they had to hunt through the neighbourhood and beat up for coffee, eggs, and French rolls. The same perplexity in this instance appears to have extended to the providing for the dinner; for so sharp-set were they, that to cut short a debate with a butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot: the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it out again, and marched off with it in his tray in triumph. It required a man to be the author of "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," to run the gauntlet of such disagreeable occurrences every hour of the day. There was one comfort, however, that poor Sheridan had: he did not foresee that Mr. Moore would write his life![1]

The going without a dinner is another of the miseries of wanting money, though one can bear up against this calamity better than the former, which really "blights the tender blossom and promise of the day." With one good meal one may hold a parley with hunger and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn one's self and look about one—to "screw one's courage to the sticking-place," to graduate the scale of disappointment, and stave off appetite till supper-time. You gain time, and time in this weathercock world is everything. You may dine at two, or at six, or seven—as most convenient. You may in the meanwhile receive an invitation to dinner, or some one (not knowing how you are circumstanced) may send you a present of a haunch

[1] Taylor, of the Opera-house, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country they always went in two post-chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan: who sent out a Mr. Grimm (one of his jackals) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for farther instructions: who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message, she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon *parchment!*" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's Street, rode it to Tattersall's and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old city friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again; but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been in the meantime, and had carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane to broil a beefsteak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burned down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the state?" When he got to Covent Garden, he went into the Piazza coffee-house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Piazza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said,

of vension or a brace of pheasants from the country, or a distant relation may die and leave you a legacy, or a patron may call and overwhelm you with his smiles and bounty,

"As kind as kings upon their coronation-day,"

or there is no saying what may happen. One may wait for dinner—breakfast admits of no delay, of no interval interposed between that and our first waking thoughts.[1] Besides, there are shifts and devices, shabby and mortifying enough, but still available in case of need. How many expedients are there in this great city (London), time out of mind and times without number, resorted to by the dilapidated and thrifty speculator, to get through this grand difficulty without utter failure! One may dive into a cellar, and dine on boiled beef and carrots for tenpence, with the knives and forks chained to the table, and jostled by greasy elbows that seem to make such a precaution not unnecessary (hunger is proof against indignity!)—or one may contrive to part with a superfluous article of wearing apparel, and carry home a mutton-chop and cook it in a garret; or one may drop in at a friend's at the dinner-hour, and be asked to stay or not; or one may walk out and take a turn in the Park, about the time, and return home to tea, so as at least to avoid the sting of the evil—the appearance of not having dined. You then have the laugh on your side, having deceived the gossips, and can submit to the want of a sumptuous repast without murmuring, having saved your pride, and made a virtue of necessity. I say all this may be done by a man without a family (for what business has a man without money with one?—*See English Malthus and Scottish Macculloch*)—and it is only my intention here to bring forward such instances of the want of money as are tolerable both in theory and practice. I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who had died worth a plumb. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, "of formal cut," to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of *Gil Blas*, containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile. Neither Monsieur de Very, nor Louis XVIII., over an oyster-pate, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury* better than I did at that moment! If the want of money has its drawbacks and disadvantages, it is not without its contrasts and counterbalancing effects, for which I fear nothing else can make us amends. Amelia's *hashed mutton* is immortal; and there is something amusing, though carried to excess and caricature (which is very unusual with the author), in the contrivances of old Caleb, in *The Bride of Lammermuir*, for raising the wind at breakfast, dinner, and supper time.

I recollect a ludicrous instance of a disappointment in a dinner which happened to a person of my acquaintance some years ago. He was not only poor, but a very poor creature, as will be imagined. His wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. On this occasion a witty friend quoted the lines from Milton:

"And ever against *eating* cares,
Wrap me in soft Lydian airs!"

Defoe, in his *Life of Colonel Jack*, gives a striking picture of his young beggarly hero sitting with his companion for the first time in his life at a threepenny ordinary, and the delight with which he relished the hot smoking soup, and the airs with which he called about him—"and every time," he says, "we called

"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient Stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without flinching: this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that" (laying his hand upon his heart), "but that, thank God, I have never felt!" I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the *mens conscia recti* very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Matthews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admired deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only were acquainted. Sheridan's reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr. Wilberforce!"—is well known, and shows that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

[1] In Scotland, it seems, the draught of ale or whisky with which you commence the day is emphatically called "taking your *morning*."

for bread, or beer, or whatever it might be, the waiter answered, 'Coming, gentlemen, coming;' and this delighted me more than all the rest!" It was about this time, as the same pithy author expresses it, "the colonel took upon him to wear a shirt!" Nothing can be finer than the whole of the feeling conveyed in the commencement of this novel, about wealth and finery from the immediate contrast of privation and poverty. One would think it a labour, like the tower of Babel, to build up a beau and a fine gentleman about town. The little vagabond's admiration of the old man at the banking-house, who sits surrounded by heaps of gold as if it were a dream of poetic vision, and his own eager, anxious visits, day by day, to the hoard he had deposited in the hollow tree, are in the very foremost style of truth and nature. See the same intense feeling expressed in Luke's address to his riches in the *City Madam*, and in the extraordinary raptures of the "Spanish Rogue" in contemplating and hugging his ingots of pure gold and Spanish pieces of eight: to which Mr. Lamb has referred in excuse for the rhapsodies of some of our elder poets on this subject, which to our present more refined and tamer apprehensions sound like blasphemy.[1] In earlier times, before the diffusion of luxury, of knowledge, and other sources of enjoyment had become common, and acted as a diversion to the cravings of avarice, the passionate admiration, the idolatry, the hunger and thirst of wealth and all its precious symbols, was a kind of madness or hallucination, and Mammon was truly worshipped as a god!

It is among the miseries of the want of money, not to be able to pay your reckoning at an inn—or, if you have just enough to do that, to have nothing left for the waiter;—to be stopped at a turnpike gate, and forced to turn back;—not to venture to call a hackney-coach in a shower of rain—(when you have only one shilling left yourself, it is a *bore* to have it taken out of your pocket by a friend, who comes into your house eating peaches on a hot summer's-day, and desiring you to pay for the coach in which he visits you);—not to be able to purchase a lottery-ticket by which you might make your fortune, and get out of all your difficulties;—or to find a letter lying for you at a country post-office, and not to have money in your pocket to free it, and be obliged to return for it the next day. The letter so unseasonably withheld may be supposed to contain money, and in this case there is a foretaste, a sort of actual possession taken through the thin folds of the paper and the wax, which in some measure indemnifies us for the delay: the bank-note, the post-bill seems to smile upon us, and shake hands through its prison bars;—or it may be a love-letter, and then the tantalization is at its height; to be deprived in this manner of the only consolation that can make us amends for the want of money, by this very want—to fancy you can see the name—to try to get a peep at the hand-writing—to touch the seal, and yet not dare to break it open—is provoking indeed—the climax of amorous and gentlemanly distress.

Players are sometimes reduced to great extremity, by the seizure of their scenes and dresses, or (what is called) *the property of the theatre*, which hinders them from acting; as authors are prevented from finishing a work for want of money to buy the books necessary to be consulted on some material point or circumstance, in the progress of it. There is a set of poor devils, who live upon a printed *prospectus* of a work that never will be written, for which they solicit your name and half-a-crown. Decayed actresses take an annual benefit at one of the theatres; there are patriots who live upon periodical subscriptions, and critics who go about the country lecturing on poetry. I confess I envy none of these; but there are persons who, provided they can live, care not how they live—who are fond of display, even when it implies exposure; who court notoriety under every shape, and embrace the public with demonstrations of wantonness. There are genteel beggars, who send up a well-penned epistle requesting the loan of a shilling. Your snug bachelors and retired old-maids pretend they can distinguish the knock of one of these at their door. I scarce know which I dislike the most—the patronage that affects to bring premature genius into notice, or that extends its piecemeal formal charity towards it in its decline. I hate your Literary Funds, and Funds for Decayed Artists—they are corporations for the encouragement of meanness, pretence, and insolence. Of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but players appear to me the best able to do without money. They are a privileged class. If not exempt from the common calls of necessity and business, they are enabled "by their so potent art" to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, real ones become imaginary, sit light upon them, and are thrown off with comparatively little trouble. Their life is theat-

[1] Shylock's lamentation over the loss of "his daughter and his ducats," is another case in point.

rical—its various accidents are the shifting scenes of a play—rags and finery, tears and laughter, a mock-dinner or a real one, a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. I am sorry I cannot carry on this reasoning to actors who are past their prime. The gilding of their profession is then worn off, and shows the false metal beneath; vanity and hope (the props of their existence) have had their day; their former gaiety and carelessness serve as a foil to their present discouragements; and want and infirmities press upon them at once. "We know what we are," as Ophelia says, "but we know not what we shall be."

A workhouse seems the last resort of poverty and distress—a *parish-pauper* is another name for all that is mean and to be deprecated in human existence. But that name is but an abstraction, an average term—"within that lowest deep, a lower deep may open to receive us." I heard not long ago of a poor man, who had been for many years a respectable tradesman in London, and who was compelled to take shelter in one of those receptacles of age and wretchedness, and who said he could be contented with it—he had his regular meals, a nook in the chimney, and a coat to his back—but he was forced to lie three in a bed, and one of the three was out of his mind and crazy, and his great delight was, when the others fell asleep, to tweak their noses, and flourish his night-cap over their heads, so that they were obliged to lie awake, and hold him down between them. One should be quite mad to bear this. To what a point of insignificance may not human life dwindle! To what fine, agonizing threads will it not cling! Yet this man had been a lover in his youth, in a humble way, and still begins his letters to an old-maid (his former flame), who sometimes comforts him by listening to his complaints, and treating him to a dish of weak tea, "My dear Miss Nancy!"

Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money is the tap of a dun at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter; the disposition to bully; the fear of irritating; the real and the sham excuses; the submission to impertinence; the assurances of a speedy supply; the disingenuousness you practise on him and on yourself; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool; and to have no way left to escape contempt but by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting a creditor on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, discomposes the features and shatters the nerves for some time. It is also a serious annoyance to be unable to repay a loan to a friend, who is in want of it—nor is it very pleasant to be so hard-run, as to be induced to request the repayment. It is difficult to decide the preference between debts of honour and legal demands; both are bad enough, and almost a fair excuse for driving any one into the hands of money-lenders—to whom an application, if successful, is accompanied with a sense of being in the vulture's grip—a reflection akin to that of those who formerly sold themselves to the devil—or, if unsuccessful, is rendered doubly galling by the smooth, civil leer of cool contempt with which you are dismissed, as if they had escaped from your clutches—not you from theirs. If anything can be added to the mortification and distress arising from straitened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to barb the dart of poverty—when you have a picture on which you had calculated, rejected from an exhibition, or a manuscript returned on your hands, or a tragedy damned, at the very instant when your cash and credit are at the lowest ebb. This forlorn and helpless feeling has reached its *acme* in the prison scene in Hogarth's Rake's Progress, where his unfortunate hero has just dropped the manager's letter from his hands, with the laconic answer written in it:—"Your play has been read, and won't do."[1]

To feel poverty is bad; but to feel it with the additional sense of our incapacity to shake it off, and that we have not merit enough to retrieve our circumstances—and, instead of being held up to admiration, are exposed to persecution and insult—is the last stage of human infirmity. My friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt (no one is better qualified than he to judge) thinks that the most pathetic story in the world is that of Smollett's fine gentleman and lady in jail, who have been roughly handled by the mob for some paltry attempt at raising the wind, and she exclaims in ex-

[1] It is provoking enough, and makes one look like a fool, to receive a printed notice of a blank in the last lottery, with a postscript hoping for your future favours.

tenuation of the pitiful figure he cuts, "Ah! he was a fine fellow once!"

It is justly remarked by the poet, that poverty has no greater inconvenience attached to it than that of making men ridiculous. It not only has this disadvantage with respect to ourselves, but it often shows us others in a very contemptible point of view. People are not soured by misfortune, but by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us, as if it were advice. If we do, they shun us instantly. They anticipate the increased demand on their sympathy or bounty, and escape from it as from a falling house. It is a mistake, however, that we court the society of the rich and prosperous merely with a view to what we can get from them. We do so, because there is something in external rank and splendour that gratifies and imposes on the imagination; just as we prefer the company of those who are in good health and spirits to that of the sickly and hypochondriacal, or as we would rather converse with a beautiful woman than with an ugly one. I never knew but one man who would lend his money freely and fearlessly in spite of circumstances (if you were likely to pay him, he grew peevish, and would pick a quarrel with you). I can only account for this from a certain sanguine buoyancy and magnificence of spirit, not deterred by distant consequences, or damped by untoward appearances. I have been told by those who shared of the same bounty, that it was not owing to generosity, but ostentation—if so, he kept his ostentation a secret from me, for I never received a hint or a look from which I could infer that I was not the lender, and he the person obliged. Neither was I expected to keep in the back-ground or play an under-part. On the contrary, I was encouraged to do my best; my dormant faculties roused, the ease of my circumstances was on condition of the freedom and independence of my mind, my lucky hits were applauded, and I was paid to shine. I am not ashamed of such patronage as this, nor do I regret any circumstance relating to it but its termination. People endure existence even in Paris: the rows of chairs on the Boulevards are gay with smiles and dress: the saloons, they say, are brilliant; at the theatre there is Mademoiselle Mars—what is all this to me? After a certain period, we live only in the past. Give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before Bonaparte was yet beaten, "with wine of attic taste," when wit, beauty, friendship presided at the board! Oh no! Neither the time nor friends that are fled can be recalled!—Poverty is the test of sincerity, the touchstone of civility. Even abroad, they treat you scurvily if your remittances do not arrive regularly, and though you have hitherto lived like a *Milord Anglais*. The want of money loses us friends not worth the keeping, mistresses who are naturally jilts or coquettes; it cuts us out of society, to which dress and equipage are the only introduction; and deprives us of a number of luxuries and advantages of which the only good is, that they can only belong to the possessors of a large fortune. Many people are wretched because they have not money to buy a fine horse, or to hire a fine house, or to keep a carriage, or to purchase a diamond necklace, or to go to a race-ball, or to give their servants new liveries. I cannot myself enter into all this. If I can *live to think, and think to live*, I am satisfied. Some want to possess pictures, others to collect libraries. All I wish is, sometimes to see the one and read the other. Gray was mortified because he had not a hundred pounds to bid for a curious library; and the Duchess of —— has immortalized herself by her liberality on that occasion, and by the handsome compliment she addressed to the poet, that "if it afforded him any satisfaction, she had been more than paid, by her pleasure in reading the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*."

Literally and truly, one cannot get on well in the world without money. To be in want of money is to pass through life with little credit or pleasure; it is to live out of the world, or to be despised if you come into it; it is not to be sent for to court, or asked out to dinner, or noticed in the street; it is not to have your opinion consulted or else rejected with contempt, to have your acquirements carped at and doubted, your good things disparaged, and at last to lose the wit and the spirit to say them; it is to be scrutinized by strangers, and neglected by friends; it is to be a thrall to circumstances, an exile in a foreign land; to forego leisure, freedom, ease of body and mind, to be dependent on the good-will and caprice of others, or earn a precarious and irksome livelihood by some laborious employment: it is to be compelled to stand behind a counter, or to sit at a desk in some public office, or to marry your landlady, or not the person you would wish; or to go out to the East or West Indies, or to get a situation as judge abroad, and to return home with a liver complaint; or to be a law-stationer, or a scrivener or scavenger, or newspaper reporter; or to read law and sit in court without a brief, or be deprived of the

use of your fingers by transcribing Greek manuscripts, or to be a seal engraver and pore yourself blind; or to go upon the stage, or try some of the fine arts; with all your pains, anxiety, and hopes, most probably to fail; or, if you succeed, after the exertions of years, and undergoing constant distress of mind and fortune, to be assailed on every side with envy, back-biting, and falsehood, or to be a favourite with the public for a while, and then thrown into the back-ground—or a jail, by the fickleness of taste and some new favourite; to be full of enthusiasm and extravagance in youth, of chagrin and disappointment in after-life; to be jostled by the rabble because you do not ride in your coach, or avoided by those who know your worth and shrink from it as a claim on their respect or their purse; to be a burden to your relations, or unable to do anything for them; to be ashamed to venture into crowds; to have cold comfort at home; to lose by degrees your confidence and any talent you might possess; to grow crabbed, morose, and querulous, dissatisfied with every one, but most so with yourself; and plagued out of your life, to look about for a place to die in, and quit the world without any one's asking after your will. The *wiseacres* will possibly, however, crowd round your coffin, and raise a monument at a considerable expense, and after a lapse of time, to commemorate your genius and your misfortunes!

The only reason why I am disposed to envy the professions of the church or army is, that men can afford to be poor in them without being subjected to insult. A girl with a handsome fortune in a country town may marry a poor lieutenant without degrading herself. An officer is always a gentleman; a clergyman is something more. Echard's book *On the Contempt of the Clergy* is unfounded. It is surely sufficient for any set of individuals raised above actual want, that their characters are not merely respectable, but sacred. Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroical aspect. What are the begging friars? Have they not put their base feet upon the necks of princes? Money as a luxury is valuable only as a passport to respect. It is one instrument of power. Where there are other admitted and ostensible claims to this, it becomes superfluous, and the neglect of it is even admired and looked up to as a mark of superiority over it. Even a strolling beggar is a popular character, who makes an open profession of his craft and calling, and who is neither worth a doit nor in want of one. The Scots are proverbially poor and proud: we know they can remedy their poverty when they set about it. No one is sorry for them. The French emigrants were formerly peculiarly situated in England. The priests were obnoxious to the common people on account of their religion; both they and the nobles, for their politics. Their poverty and dirt subjected them to many rebuffs; but their privations being voluntarily incurred, and also borne with the characteristic patience and good-humour of the nation, screened them from contempt. I little thought, when I used to meet them walking out in the summer evenings at Somers' Town, in their long great-coats, their beards covered with snuff, and their eyes gleaming with mingled hope and regret in the rays of the setting sun, and regarded them with pity bordering on respect, as the last filmy vestige of the ancient regime, as shadows of loyalty and superstition still flitting about the earth and shortly to disappear from it for ever, that they would one day return over the bleeding corpse of their country, and sit like harpies, a polluted triumph, over the tomb of human liberty! To be a lord, a papist, and poor, is perhaps to some temperaments a consummation devoutly to be wished. There is all the subdued splendour of external rank, the pride of self-opinion, irritated and goaded on by petty privations and vulgar obloquy to a degree of morbid acuteness. Private and public annoyances must perpetually remind him of what he is, of what his ancestors were (a circumstance which might otherwise be forgotten); must narrow the circle of conscious dignity more and more, and the sense of personal worth and pretention must be exalted by habit and contrast into a refined abstraction —"pure in the last recesses of the mind"— unmixed with, or unalloyed by "baser matter!" —It was an hypothesis of the late Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, that there is a principle of compensation in the human mind which equalizes all situations, and by which the absence of anything only gives us a more intense and intimate perception of the reality; that insult adds to pride, that pain looks forward to ease with delight, that hunger already enjoys the unsavoury morsel that is to save it from perishing, that want is surrounded with imaginary riches, like the poor poet in Hogarth, who has a map of the mines of Peru hanging on his garret walls; in short, that "we can hold a fire in our hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus"—but this hypothesis, though ingenious and to a certain point true, is to be admittted only in a limited and qualified sense.

There are two classes of people that I have observed who are not so distinct as might be imagined—those who cannot keep their own money in their hands, and those who cannot keep their hands from other people's. The first are always in want of money, though they do not know what they do with it. They *muddle* it away, without method or object, and without having anything to show for it. They have not, for instance, a fine house, but they hire two houses at a time; they have not a hot-house in their garden, but a shrubbery within doors; they do not gamble, but they purchase a library, and dispose of it when they move house. A princely benefactor provides them with lodgings, where, for a time, you are sure to find them at home: and they furnish them in a handsome style for those who are to come after them. With all this sieve-like economy they can only afford a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, and are glad to get a lift in a common stage; whereas with a little management and the same disbursements, they might entertain a round of company and drive a smart tilbury. But they set no value upon money, and throw it away on any object or in any manner that first presents itself, merely to have it off their hands, so that you wonder what has become of it. The second class above spoken of not only make away with what belongs to themselves, but you cannot keep anything you have from their rapacious grasp. If you refuse to lend them what you want, they insist that you *must;* if you let them have anything to take charge of for a time (a print or a bust) they swear that you have given it them, and that they have too great a regard for the donor ever to part with it. You express surprise at their having run so largely in debt; but where is the singularity while others continue to lend? And how is this to be helped, when the manner of these sturdy beggars amounts to dragooning you out of your money, and they will not go away without your purse, any more than if they came with a pistol in their hand. If a person has no delicacy, he has you in his power, for you necessarily feel some towards him; and since he will take no denial, you must comply with his peremptory demands, or send for a constable, which out of respect for his character you will not do. These persons are also poor—*light come, light go*—and the bubble bursts at last. Yet if they had employed the same time and pains in any laudable art or study that they have in raising a surreptitious livelihood, they would have been respectable, if not rich. It is their facility in borrowing money that has ruined them. No one will set heartily to work who has the face to enter a strange house, ask the master of it for a considerable loan, on some plausible and pompous pretext, and walk off with it in his pocket. You might as well suspect a highwayman of addicting himself to hard study in the intervals of his profession.

There is only one other class of persons I can think of in connection with the subject of this essay—those who are always in want of money from the want of spirit to make use of it. Such persons are perhaps more to be pitied than all the rest. They live in want, in the midst of plenty, dare not touch what belongs to them, are afraid to say that their soul is their own, have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars, scarcely allow themselves a coat to their backs or a morsel to eat, are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives, and are not sorry, when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram:

"Here lies Father Clarges,
Who died to save charges!"

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

PET'S PUNISHMENTS.

O if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather.

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses!

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about
And punish her with kisses!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

THE POET'S COURTSHIP.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd, with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace:
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight who wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and, ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight;
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night.

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land.

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When, on the yellow forest leaves,
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight;
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The beatings of her heart.

COLERIDGE.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER OF NISMES.

An angel with a radiant face
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "Come, O come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock,
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with a bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah no! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,
In sombre vestments draped and veiled;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light!—
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GASCON STORIES.

I.

BERNADOTTE; OR, WHITE HANDS.

A man and his wife had an only daughter, and they were so proud of her that she had scarcely come into the world when they began to think about her marriage. The man, labouring with the greatest perseverance, sought to accumulate for her one of those attractive dowries which fascinate rich young bachelors; the wife seconded his efforts so courageously, grubbing in the ground all day, and stitching all night, constantly preparing the bride's outfit, that she fell sick and died, not being willing to call in the doctor, that she might save the cost of the remedies.

Father Hugh, left alone with his daughter, was only the more anxious to have a son-in-law, some sturdy labourer possessing a competence, one who would insure both the prosperity of his house and the happiness of his beloved Bernadotte.

When she got to be eighteen years of age there was no lack of suitors. Father Hugh owed to his avarice the reputation of a man in easy circumstances, one who had cleverly turned his pennies to account by making short loans at a rate of interest not sanctioned by the Code; but all young men wishing to marry took very good care not to reproach him with an infraction of the statute; the sin would remain with the father-in law and the profits with the grandchildren, so they rubbed their hands and repeated the proverb: "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good!"

Bernadotte, worthy of her sire in economy and in activity, trudged to town every forenoon to sell her chickens, eggs, and fruit. She frequently encountered young Micoutet, the ploughman, who would drive up his oxen to the end of the furrow by the roadside and keep them standing a long time to bid the young girl good-morning, and chat with her about the rain, and the fine weather, and the chickens, and the cows, and the growing corn, and the beans that were about drying. Bernadotte, no matter what might be her haste to get to market, always had a few moments to spare for her talkative friend, and even after leaving him to go back repeatedly to answer, as far as he could make her hear them, the last kind words which he sent after her over the hedge.

Arrived at the market-place, the first customer whom Bernadotte usually found there was the young baker, Casterez, who, under the pretext of examining her eggs and fruit, prolonged the conversation a full hour, praising the bright feathers of the chickens, their remarkable plumpness, and bestowing a thousand compliments upon the clever housekeeper who knew how to get them into such nice condition. Passing from words to acts, he would bargain for the entire lot, appear perfectly satisfied with the price, and carry the basket off to his shop, where the fair merchant always found some refreshment and a couple of nice tarts garnished with sweetmeats.

Bernadotte, on returning home from market lightened of her load, passed before the shop of the hairdresser Firmin, a young dandy as frizzled and smoothly shaved as the little Saint John in the procession of the Fête Dieu. Monsieur Firmin had just completed his tour through France, as stated on a handsome sign in big letters adorned with a pair of scissors and a razor, after the fashion of a heraldic shield stamped with a double device. "Heigh! Bernadotte," exclaimed the artistic barber, "have you any eggs to sell me to-day?" Bernadotte nodded affirmatively. She had been careful to conceal a dozen from the wholesale buyer Casterez, purposely to have some left for Monsieur Firmin. Prudence is the mother of certainty. Micoutet was undoubtedly very attentive, Casterez very devoted, but Monsieur Firmin was no less agreeable, and nobody knew what might happen.

The eggs were accordingly handed to Monsieur Firmin, who found their freshness quite worthy of her who brought them. Far from attempting to abate the price, he added to the money he gave her a small flask of lavender water or a cake of scented soap. He wanted to know how Father Hugh was, and all about Braquette, the cow whose excellent milk maintained the rosy hue of the milker's cheeks, and about the sheep providing the wool with which to knit those pretty stockings so snugly fitting those little feet. Monsieur Firman, in his tour through France, had become very impertinent; his presumption might have offended the young rustic had not her interests obliged her to dissimulate and to be somewhat tolerant. He asked her to bring him eggs the next day, butter every time she emptied her churn; and notwithstanding his impertinence, a fault in young men which young girls often complain of to satisfy their consciences, Bernadotte found the hairdresser quite as agreeable as he was attentive.

Micoutet, the ploughman, daily in the field, no matter what might be the state of the weather, and at the earliest hour, because he could not sleep in his anxiety to see daylight and Bernadotte, became so worn out by this way of living that he resolved to get back both his sleep and his usual tranquillity. He betook himself to the house of the father of her who had robbed him of his repose, and, cap in hand, with downcast eyes and a stammering voice, spoke to him a long time about Bernadotte, praising her vigorous arms, made for work, and the good health apparent in every form and feature, and finally demanded her hand.

Father Hugh did not say *yes*, and still less *no*. He knew the full value of those little words of few letters; like his coins, he would not let them go without certain guarantees of their being properly placed. He put off the young man to the following Sunday, and meanwhile communicated the proposal to his daughter.

"Micoutet is a very nice young man," said Bernadotte. "I stop and talk with him every morning on passing his farm. He has fine oxen, good fields, and an excellent vineyard. Casterez, the baker, however, appears also to good advantage; would it not be well"——

"Casterez the baker!" replied Father Hugh, in a reflective mood. "By our Lady, there is always bread on a baker's counter!"

"And tarts on the dinner-table!" added Bernadotte.

"I will find out, my child, what the baker means before deciding."

"His meaning, father, is plain enough. He buys every morning all that I take to town, and without higgling about the price, please you. If I were to ask him double, he would not make the slightest objection."

"Without higgling about the price!" repeated Father Hugh, who did not do business in that fashion. "That young fellow is very much smitten. We will look into the matter, Bernadotte; and if his granary and his purse are as well stocked with flour and cash as his heart seems to be with love, we will try to make some arrangement."

Father Hugh strode off to town to see the baker, who, delighted with this proceeding, showed himself deeply enamoured.

"Which of the two?" exclaimed Father Hugh to himself. "The thing works well. We will set them to competing; goods in demand increase in value."

He returned home, and, communicating the baker's sentiments to his daughter, promised her to decide quickly which of the two it would be best for her to marry.

"The baker is a very nice young man," added Bernadotte, the same as she had said of the ploughman Micoutet, "but there is another, the hairdresser Firmin. He buys something of me every day, and keeps me an hour talking about his tour through France, the yarn my stockings are made of, and my good milch-cow. He assures me that he has never seen any one more engaging than she whom he has the pleasure of looking at when he looks at me."

"The compliments of a barber!" interposed Father Hugh. "Everybody knows what they are worth. No matter, the affair progresses; competition among three makes the profit all the greater. We will see the hairdresser, my dear, and find out what to expect from his admiration."

Hugh again returned to town, where he had an interview with Monsieur Firmin; and as he knew that the larger the company of buyers the more active the bidding, he invited each of the competitors to come to his house the following Sunday after mass.

"Humph!" he muttered to himself, as he canvassed the situation, "the ploughman courts my daughter, but without neglecting his work or spending a farthing; the baker is doing the same thing, loitering about the market-place, and spending his money to win the saleswoman; the barber overwhelms Bernadotte with fulsome compliments and trifling presents. There is no hurry. Things can be cleared up, and the characters of these gallants tested, to make them solve one of my riddles."

When Sunday came, Bernadotte made herself look as beautiful as the virgin queen of a May-day festival; she put on her best starched muslin cap, calico petticoat, red cotton handkerchief, and morocco shoes, and awaited the appearance of her three suitors, whom, on presenting themselves, the father welcomed in these terms:—

"You three wish to provide a husband for my daughter, and you all cherish the same object. As custom obliges her to reject two in the selection of one, she must proceed cautiously in this ever-uncertain lottery. Every scholar who goes to college passes five or six years in ascertaining whether he will wear the uniform of a soldier, the robe of a lawyer, or that of a doctor. A young girl may be excused if she asks eight days to decide what kind of a noose she will put round her neck. Come back here next Sunday, my friends, in your

best attire; I am a little particular, in the interest of my dear Bernadotte, and I have always felt somewhat superstitious in the matter of tidiness. You must not be surprised if you see me give my daughter to the *one who shall show me the whitest hands.*"

Micoutet was almost ready to die with grief; working in the fields had made his skin drier than so much pumice-stone. The baker and the barber, on the contrary, always working in butter or soap, had hands as soft as the satin folds of a duchess's gown.

The poor rustic felt that he was set aside, regarding the forthcoming struggle as calculated for only city gallants. The latter, animated by equally well-founded hopes, spent the week in getting their hands in proper condition, using unguents of the most mollifying character, and they became as fragrant and as white as possible, which stimulated their pride to the highest degree.

Micoutet had not even the courage to wash his hands in the brook, so inferior did he regard himself to these town gentry. His grandfather Simon, who was covertly regarding him through his white eyelashes, comprehended his embarrassment and came to his assistance.

"Micoutet, my boy," said he, handing him a little gray bag covered with dust, "put that in your pocket and keep your appointment at Father Hugh's. When the time comes to show your hands, plunge them into this bag and fill them with the unguent it contains."

"But my skin is as dark and coarse as the bark of an old oak-tree. How can you"——

"Follow my advice, my boy. The wash-ball I give you is so efficacious, the most obdurate spots will not resist its action. Its use is of very ancient date, and time has not diminished its virtue."

Micoutet took the soap-bag and resorted to Bernadotte's house. The baker and the barber were not far behind him.

Casterez first showed his fingers; they were whiter than the blossom of the dog-rose. The hairdresser then displayed his, and they looked as fresh as a lily but just in bloom. It now came Micoutet's turn. Firmin and Casterez began to laugh as he drew his huge hands from his pocket and held them forth, when Father Hugh uttered a cry of admiration, for they were filled with bright and beautiful gold crowns.

"Aha! my boy, that is the real durable whiteness which I love. Bernadotte is yours, for you have courted her without quitting your field, and you know the whiteness the most appreciable in the hands of a son-in-law."

The two abashed and mute town candidates returned to their shops with their ears hanging lower than those of a hound after losing a hare. Bernadotte and Micoutet good-naturedly invited them to their wedding, and they had wit enough to go, as townsmen scarcely ever neglect to enjoy what is good in the dwelling of a disdained peasant. The happy couple, happy as everybody is with as much money as good temper, labqured throughout their lives to swell the contents of the soap-bag, the gift of their venerable grandfather.

II.

CLAIRETTE; OR, THE HUSBAND-HUNTER.

Clairette lost her father and her mother when she was but thirteen years of age. She was a good-natured girl, but had rather a flighty head, and always looked at things upon the surface, and took very little pains to get at the sense which lay hidden beneath them. She accordingly allowed her uncle and guardian to neglect her property, paying no attention to it, and liked better to frequent fairs, markets, the festivals of patron saints, and to enjoy Sunday amusements, rather than to hoe in her fields, spade up her garden, and lead her sheep to the pasturage.

Clairette was by no means indolent or inactive; she would pass an hour every morning dressing herself, and two more during the day smoothing her ribbons, doing up her scarfs, and putting away her skirts. After this came a walk here and a promenade there, so that the poor child had not a moment to spare. To make amends she had several nice companions —how many one has at her age! The child seems to make stores of friends, and all the more because at every step it takes in the world it is sure to lose one. A dozen young girls had attended school and made their first communion with Clairette. After this important act, which brings us out of our infancy and which assigns to us our place in the great workshop here below, each was allotted her task in the family. Marghelide did sewing during the day and spun in the evening; Biebe looked after the house, and carried out meals to the field hands; Lixandrine took the sheep and the cows to pasture.

Clairette alone, as idle as a little savage—she called this liberty—was proud of her independence, and pitied her poor companions who gave themselves so much trouble in the world. "Of what use is it? Is Biebe's Sunday dress any the better for plodding along muddy paths

strewn with briers? Has Lixandrine a finer complexion for getting tanned in a scorching summer sun tending her cows?"

The time came, however, when in spite of her pride in her half-vagabond life, Clairette was less ambitious of independence, and felt disposed to come under the dominion of a husband. This very natural desire, but still a vague one at eighteen, besides being subject to circumstances, became imperious, like the satisfaction of a point of honour, when Clairette returned from the wedding of Marghelide with the tailor Latané.

Marghelide was the younger. By what inexplicable grace of St. Joseph, the patron of spouses, should she take the lead of her associates? She was assuredly less pretty than Clairette, and likewise less amiable—who would dispute that? What charm had given her the preference in the eyes of the brisk young Latané?

Ah! here it is. Marghelide wore a splendid red petticoat as brilliant as a poppy, and which scared away the cattle, but which produced a quite contrary effect on all the young men; the colour of this lucky petticoat relieved so sharply on the green of the meadows and the gray of the brambles as to be very easily seen half a league off. Latané, completely bewildered, must have run for the petticoat the same as a lot of frogs after the baited hook on the end of a fish-line.

Woman is naturally disposed to regard her toilet as a sort of talisman, and not alone the city dame, but the simplest young girl of the fields. It suffices to wear a petticoat to possess an instinct for colours and calicoes. Clairette had it in the highest degree; she was sure that she had discovered Marghelide's secret; she ran off to sell six of her sheep, and bought the deepest scarlet petticoat she could find in the market.

From that day forth Clairette never went to the spring, to church, to a ball, or to a fair without wearing the attractive garment in which the lucky Marghelide had captured the tailor Latané.

In vain, however, did she glide through the crowd and thus display herself. The women found her tawdry, the young girls looked envious, while the young men politely invited her to dance; but no mother ever dreamed of selecting her as a wife for her son, and no son ever uttered a word about taking her for a housekeeper.

A year of fruitless efforts had passed, and not a whisper of a proposal of marriage. What bad luck! Soon her friend Biebe followed the same delightful road as Marghelide, and espoused the farmer Menichot.

Clairette became despondent. She had lost fifteen months in displaying her red petticoat, and she could not imagine the cause of her failure. Was Biebe, then, the more charming? Nobody would dare maintain that falsehood. It was sufficient to see them alongside of each other at a dance. Clairette always had thirty partners more than her rival. Was she more entertaining? Biebe could not put together two consecutive ideas, and when her beaux spoke to her, she answered only with downcast eyes.

"I have it," said Clairette, meditating, and eager to know the cause of her disgrace. "Biebe wears a distaff at her side constantly, even with the water-jar on her head, and when carrying the basket with the workmen's meal."

The distaff, it must be admitted, had about it a certain matrimonial virtue which enticed young men anxious to marry, the same as a mirror attracts looks. Clairette was determined to have one of these magical utensils. If a plain willow distaff proved so highly advantageous to the housekeeper Biebe, what would not be the effect of a handsome distaff of hazel, exquisitely carved by the best workman of the village, decked with the finest white wool instead of coarse flax, and entwined with red ribbons instead of pack-thread?

The young girl fits herself out; she buys the choicest spinning apparatus in the country, covers it with wool as white as snow, adorns it with ribbons artistically arranged in bows, and never shows herself outside her door, in the street, or in the village, without this elegant implement of all good and industrious maidens.

One point only had been forgotten, and that was to twirl the spindle. The motionless distaff at her belt always displayed the same flock of wool.

Now what happened? Clairette's elegant instrument proved to be less efficacious than the rude willow stick of the industrious Biebe. The year passed away. Clairette, at every festivity found dancers eager enough to clasp her waist and to press her hand, but never a beau disposed to talk of marriage. She was now twenty, and she saw her cousin Françoise, her friend Lixandrine——

"Lixandrine, the most ungainly creature in the whole village, a girl that limps," reported those clairvoyant people who are called backbiters. "Yes, indeed, Lixandrine, that red-headed black face with wry hips! What witch did she go to to get a charm for that

miserable Jean Pierron? What secret did she turn up in her grandmother's work-bag?" Clairette patiently sought a solution of these difficulties. She thought, finally, that she had found one in the presence of a little white lambkin which constantly followed the shepherdess's footsteps.

After making this important discovery it may be imagined whether Clairette was prompt in procuring a lamb as closely resembling as possible that of the dark-complexioned Lixandrine! From that day forth she was never seen without this pretty little creature bleating and skipping around her, and always coming to her to eat bread out of her hand.

Did a suitor follow in the footsteps of the lamb? No more than he came at the signal of the red petticoat, or at that of the cross-ribboned distaff. Day followed day, month followed month—poor Clairette looked in vain.

To regrets and mortification succeeded despair. Old Aunt Migueline, wise in the ways of the world, overheard her moans and administered consolation. Where is the young girl who has not some good old fairy near at hand to give her counsel, if she will only take pains enough to listen to it?

"You are weeping, Clairette," said Aunt Migueline, addressing her.

"I am crying over my twenty-one years gone without, without—stopping," she responded.

"Without fetching you a husband, you mean to say."

"One need not be a witch to guess that, Migueline."

"Your red petticoat and gay distaff are worn out in a useless service; your lambkin bleating and frisking around you has proved equally useless."

"Why do you throw those things up to me, Migueline?"

"I say what I think, Clairette. Do you suppose that my eyes, half-closed by age, do not see clearly into the toils and snares set by you and those like you on the path to matrimony! Every young girl is an imitating bird, of the parrot or magpie order, who, since the world began, is ever exclaiming, Husband! husband! and it is not necessary to teach her anything in this direction, my dear niece Clairette."

"'Tis true, Migueline. But I thought I might be as fortunate as my friends, and in imitating their mode of display, make"——

"And you are obliged to confess that you have had all your trouble for nothing. Poor children, always relying upon colour instead of form, and never finding out the true state of things! Yes, the habit of your companions of appearing in public associated with certain suitable and useful objects, has contributed not a little towards getting them husbands. But do you know the reason? It is because the red petticoat was woven and made up by the persevering young girl who wore it; such an example of her skill and activity in using her needle furnishing admirable proof of her knowing what to do in the situation in which she is placed. The distaff likewise proved as profitable to Biebe, because she was a fearless spinner, and did not rest satisfied, as you did, with carrying the implement around with her motionless at her belt; she kept the spindle below it and her fingers always busy, so that the flock of wool or flax had to be renewed ten times a day. If the lamb did not prove unserviceable to Lixandrine, it was because it was the leader of a fine drove of fifty which that careful little shepherdess led out daily to pasture, early in the morning in summer, and during the afternoon in winter, avoiding wet grass and fields, always getting back before it rained, and ever keeping clear of changes in the weather, of so much harm to those delicate little creatures. Your three companions worked so faithfully in their respective callings that they are known far and wide for their intelligence and activity—the best possible dowry a young girl can have, and the most reliable charm for a husband. Put aside the red petticoat which you bought and did not spin, the distaff of no avail to you, and the equally useless lamb. You have fields and meadows that are lying fallow; resume your rake and hoe, stir up the ground, and pull up the weeds; be as industrious as your companions, and you will not have to wait long for a husband."

Clairette listened to Aunt Migueline's discourse with all the attention which advice deserves when one is disposed to follow it because it seems good. No longer quitting her little plot of ground, she dug, hoed, and made hay so successfully that, at the end of the year, the son of rich old Thomas came and put to her the following question:

"Clairette, will you be my wife?"

"Why should I refuse, Monsieur Thomas, if such is your wish?" responded Clairette, with downcast eyes, and a modest feint which the least bashful of country girls can so well assume.

"You are agreed, Clairette?"

"I am;" and they joined hands.

JOHN DURAND.

THE VAGABONDS.

A WAYSIDE STORY.

[John Townsend Trowbridge, born in Ogden, Monroe, New York, 1827. He is the author of numerous tales and sketches, the best known of which are—*Cudjo's Cave; The Old Battleground; The Three Scouts; Burr Cliff; Hearts and Faces;* and *Lucy Arlyn.* Many of his works were first published under the signature of Paul Creyton. His poems have had a much wider popularity than his prose works; and *The Vagabonds,* by its dramatic force and pathos, at once commanded the sympathy of all readers of English. An American critic says of his poetical genius: "He has a genuine love of nature, and a knowledge of its forms exceeding that of many greater poets."]

We are two travellers—Roger and I:
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!
Over the table, look out for the lamp—
The rogue is growing a little old:
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you—
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle—
This out-door business is bad for strings—
And a few nice buck-wheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink,
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!
Well, something hot, then, we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too, see him nod his head!
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I have been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove through every disaster
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master.

No, sir—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George, it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow—but no matter.

We'll have some music—if you're willing;
And Roger—h'm, what a plague a cough is, sir—
Shall march a little. Start, you villain:
Stand straight, 'bout face, salute your officer.
Put up that paw—dress—take your rifle
(Some dogs have arms, you see), now, hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriotic soldier!

March, halt—now, show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence:
Now tell how many drams it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps!—that's five, he's mighty knowing.
The night's before us—fill the glasses;
Quick, sir; I'm ill, my brain is going—
Some brandy?—thank you—there, it passes!

Why not reform?—that's easily said:
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends—
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story: you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir, they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures—
I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast;
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,
Better the soberest prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
Have I seen her?—once: I was weak and spent;
On the dusty road a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry:
  It makes me wild to think of the change—
What d'ye care for a beggar's story:
  Is it amusing?—you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me;
  'Twas well she died before. Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
  The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong!—to deaden
  This pain; then Roger and I will start
I wonder has he such a lumpish leaden
  Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
  No doubt remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,
  And himself a sober respectable cur.

I'm better now—that glass was warming:
  You rascal, limber your lazy feet;
We must be fiddling and performing
  For supper and bed—or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
  But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—
  The sooner the better for Roger and me.

THE LETTER H.

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

CATHERINE FANSHAWE.[1]

[1] The authorship of this enigma was for a long time attributed to Byron.

A TALE FOR TWILIGHT.

As far as I am myself concerned with the following facts, I am fully prepared to vouch for their authenticity; but the reliance to be placed on the other parts of the recital must be at the option of the reader, or his conviction of their apparent truth. I am neither over-credulous nor sceptic in matters of a superhuman nature; I would neither implicitly confide in unsupported assertions, nor dissent from well-attested truths; but at the same time I must confess, that, although rather inclined to be a non-believer, I have sometimes listened to details of supernatural occurrences so borne out by concurring testimony as almost to fix my wavering faith. It is now nearly thirty years since I was a partial witness to the following circumstance at my father's house in Edinburgh; and though, during that period, time and foreign climates may have thinned my locks and furrowed my brow a little, they have neither effaced one item of its details from my memory, nor warped the vivid impression which it left upon my recollection.

It was in the winter of 1798 the occurrence took place: I remember the time distinctly, by the circumstance of my father's being absent with his regiment, which had been ordered to Ireland to reinforce the troops then engaged in quelling the insurgents, who had risen in rebellion in the summer of that year. There was an old retainer of our house who used at that time to be very frequently about us; she had nursed my younger brother and myself, and the family felt for her all the attachment due to an old and faithful inmate. Her husband had been a sergeant in the army of General Burgoyne, and was killed at the attack on Valencia de Alcantara, in the early part of his late majesty's reign, when the British crossed the Portuguese frontier in order to check the advance of the Spaniards upon Alentejo; and perhaps this circumstance created an additional sympathy towards her in my mother's breast. I remember her appearance distinctly; her neatly plaited cap and scarlet riband, her white fringed apron and purple quilted petticoat, are all as fresh in my memory as yesterday, and though nearly sixty at the period I speak of, she retained all the activity and good-humour of sixteen. Her strength was but little impaired; and as she was but slightly affected by fatigue or watching, she was in the habit of engaging herself as a nurse-tender in numerous respectable families, who were equally prepossessed in her favour.

The winter was drawing near a close, and we were beginning to be anxious for the return of my father, who was expected home about this time, when old Nurse, as we always called her, came to tell us of an engagement she had got to attend a young gentleman who was lying dangerously ill in one of the streets of the Old Town; for at that time few of the fine palaces of the New Town had been even thought of, and many a splendid street now covers what was then green fields and waving meadows. She mentioned that a physician, who had been always very kind to her, had recommended her to this duty; but as the patient was in a most critical state, the manner of her attendance was to be very particular. She was to go every evening at eight o'clock to relieve another who remained during the day; and to be extremely cautious not to speak to the young man unless it was urgently necessary, nor make any motion which might in the slightest degree disturb the few intervals of rest which he was enabled to enjoy; but she knew neither the name nor residence of the person she was to wait on. There was something unusual in all this, and I remember perfectly well my mother desiring her to call soon and let her know how she fared. But nearly six weeks had elapsed, and we had never once seen or heard of her, when my mother at last resolved on sending to learn whether she was sick, and to say she was longing to see her again. The servant, on his return, informed us that poor Nurse had been dangerously ill, and confined to her bed almost ever since she had been with us; but she was now a little better, and had purposed coming to see us the following day.

She came accordingly; but oh, so altered in so short a time no one would have believed it! She was almost double, and could not walk without support; her flesh and cheeks were all shrunk away, and her dim lustreless eyes almost lost in their sockets. We were all startled at seeing her: it seemed that those six weeks had produced greater changes in her than years of disease in others; but our surprise at the effect was nothing, when compared to that which her recital of the cause excited when she informed us of it; and as we had never known her to tell a falsehood, we could not avoid placing implicit confidence in her words.

She told us that in the evening, according to appointment, the physician had conducted her to the residence of her charge, in one of the narrow streets near the abbey. It was one of those extensive old houses which seem built for eternity rather than time, and in the constructing of which the founder had consulted convenience and comfort more than show or situation. A flight of high stone steps brought them to the door; and a dark staircase of immense width, fenced with balustres a foot broad, and supported by railing of massy dimensions, led to the chamber of the patient. This was a lofty wainscotted room, with a window sunk a yard deep in the wall, and looking out upon what was once a garden at the rear, but now grown so wild that the weeds and rank grass almost reached the level of the wall which inclosed it. At one end stood an old-fashioned square bed, where the young gentleman lay. It was hung with faded Venetian tapestry, and seemed itself as large as a moderate-sized room. At the other end, and opposite to the foot of the bed, was a fire-place, supported by ponderous stone buttresses, but with no grate, and a few smouldering turf were merely piled on the spacious hearth. There was no door except that by which she had entered, and no other furniture than a few low chairs, and a table covered with medicines and draughts beside the window. The oak which covered the walls and formed the panels of the ceiling was as black as time could make it, and the whole apartment, which was kept dark at the suggestion of the physician, was so gloomy that the glimmering of the single candle in the shade of the fireplace could not penetrate it, and cast a faint gleam around, not sad, but absolutely sickening.

Whilst the doctor was speaking in a low tone to the invalid, Nurse tried to find out some farther particulars from the other attendant, who was tying on her bonnet, and preparing to muffle herself in her plaid before going away; for, as I said before, it was winter and bitterly cold. She could gain no information from her, however, although she had been in the situation for a considerable time. She could not tell the name of the gentleman; she only knew that he was an Oxford student; but no one, save herself and the doctor, had ever crossed the threshold to inquire after him, nor had she ever seen any one in the rest of the house, which she believed to be uninhabited.

The doctor and she soon went away, after leaving a few unimportant directions; Nurse closed the door behind them, and shivering with the cold frosty gust of air from the spacious lobby, hastened to her duty, wrapped her cloak about her, drew her seat close to the hearth, replenished the fire, and commenced reading a volume of Mr. Alexander Peden's

Prophecies, which she had brought in her pocket.

There was no sound to disturb her, except now and then a blast of wind which shook the withering trees in the garden below, or the "death-watch," which ticked incessantly in the wainscot of the room. In this manner an hour or two elapsed, when concluding, from the motionless posture of the patient, that he must be asleep, she rose, and taking the light in her hand, moved on tiptoe across the polished oaken floor, to take a survey of his features and appearance. She gently opened the curtains, and, bringing the light to bear upon him, started to find that he was still awake; she attempted to apologize for her curiosity by an awkward tender of her services, but apology and offer were equally useless; he moved neither limb nor muscle; he made not the faintest reply; he lay motionless on his back, his bright blue eyes glaring fixedly upon her, his under-lip fallen, and his mouth apart, his cheek a perfect hollow, and his long white teeth projecting fearfully from his shrunken lips, whilst his bony hand, covered with wiry sinews, was stretched upon the bed-clothes, and looked more like the claw of a bird than the fingers of a human being.

She felt rather uneasy whilst looking at him; but when a slight motion of the eyelids, which the light was too strong for, assured her he was still living, which she was half-inclined to doubt, she returned to her seat and her book by the fire. As she was directed not to disturb him, and as his medicine was only to be administered in the morning, she had but little to do, and the succeeding two hours passed heavily away; she continued, however, to lighten them by the assistance of Mr. Peden, and by now and then crooning and gazing over the silent flickering progress of her turf fire, till, about midnight, as near as she could guess, the gentleman began to breathe heavily and appeared very uneasy; as, however, he spoke nothing, she thought he was perhaps asleep, and was rising to go towards him, when she was surprised to see a lady seated on a chair near the head of the bed beside him.

Though somewhat startled at this, she was by no means alarmed, and, making a curtsey, was moving on as she had intended, when the lady raised her arm, and turning the palm of her hand, which was covered with a white glove, towards her, motioned her silently to keep her seat. She accordingly sat down as before, but she now began to wonder within herself how and when this lady came in: it was true she had not been looking towards the door, and it might have been opened without her perceiving it; but then it was so cold a night and so late an hour, it was this which made it so remarkable.

She turned quietly round and took a second view of her visitor. She wore a black veil over her bonnet, and as her face was turned towards the bed of the invalid, she could not in that gloomy chamber perceive her features, but she saw that the shape and turn of her head and neck were graceful and elegant in the extreme; the rest of her person she could not so well discern, as it was enveloped in a green silk gown, and the fashion at that period was not so favourable to a display of figure as now. It occurred to her that it must be some intimate female friend who had called in; but then the woman had told her that no visitors had ever come before: altogether, she could not well understand the matter, but she thought she would observe whether she went off as gently as she had entered; and for that purpose she altered the position of her chair so as to command a view of the door, and fixed herself with her book on her knees, but her eye intently set upon the lady in the green gown.

In this position she remained for a considerable time, but no alteration took place in the room; the stranger sat evidently gazing on the face of the sick gentleman, whilst he heaved and sighed and breathed in agony as if a nightmare were on him. Nurse a second time moved towards him in order to hold him up in the bed, or give him some temporary relief; and a second time the mysterious visitant motioned her to remain quiet; and unwillingly, but by a kind of fascination, she complied, and again commenced her watch. But her position was a painful one, and she sat so long and so quietly that at last her eyes closed for a moment, and when she opened them the lady was gone, the young man was once more composed, and, after taking something to relieve his breathing, he fell into a gentle sleep, from which he had not awakened when her colleague arrived in the morning to take her place, and Nurse returned to her own house about daybreak.

The following night she was again at her duty; she came rather late, and found her companion already muffled and waiting impatiently to set out. She lighted her to the stairs, and heard her close the hall-door behind her; when, on returning to the room, the wind, as she shut the door, blew out her candle. She relighted it, however, from the dying embers, roused up the fire, and resumed, as before, her seat and her volume of prophecies.

The night was stormy, the dry crisp sleet hissed on the window, and the wind sighed in heavy gusts down the spacious chimney; whilst the rattling of the shutters, and the occasional clash of a door in some distant part of the house, came with a dim and hollow echo along the dreary silent passages. She did not feel so comfortable as the night before; the whistling of the wind through the trees made her flesh creep involuntarily; and sometimes the thundering clap of a distant door made her start and drop her book, with a sudden prayer for the protection of Heaven.

She was thinking within herself of giving up the engagement, and was half resolved to do so on the morrow, when all at once her ear was struck with the heavy throes and agonized breathing of her charge, and, on raising her head, she saw the same lady in the green gown seated in the same position as the night before. Well, thought she, this is unusually strange; but it immediately struck her that it *must* be some inmate of the house, for what human being could venture out in such a dreary night, and at such an hour?—but then her dress: it was neither such as one could wear in the streets on a wintry night, nor yet such as they would be likely to have on *in the house* at that hour; it was, in fact, the fashionable summer costume of the time.

She rose and made her a curtsey, and spoke to her politely, but got no reply save the waving of her hand, by which she had been silenced before. At length the agitation of the invalid was so increased that she could not reconcile it to her duty to sit still whilst a stranger was attending him. She accordingly drew nearer to the bed in spite of the repeated beckonings of the lady, who, as she advanced, drew her veil closer across her face, and retired to the table at the window. Nurse approached the bed, but was terrified on beholding the countenance of the patient: the big drops of cold sweat were rolling down his pale brow; his livid lips were quivering with agony; and, as he motioned her aside, his glaring eyes followed the retreating figure in the green gown. She soon saw that it was in vain to attempt assisting him; he impatiently repulsed every proffer of attention, and she again resumed her seat, whilst the silent visitor returned to her place by his bedside.

Rather piqued at being thus baffled in her intentions of kindness, but still putting from her the idea of a supernatural being, the old woman again determined to watch with attention the retreat of the lady, and observe whether she resided in the house or took her departure by the main door. She almost refrained from winking in order to *secure* a scrutiny of her motions; but it was all in vain; she could not remember to have taken off her glance for a moment, but still the visitant was gone. It seemed as if she had only changed her thoughts for an instant and not her eyes, but that change was enough; when she again reverted to the object of her anxiety, the mysterious lady had departed.

As on the foregoing night, her patient now became composed, and enjoyed an uninterrupted slumber till the light of morning, now reflected from heaps of dazzling snow, brought with it the female who was to relieve guard at the bed of misery.

The following morning Nurse went to the house of the physician who had engaged her, with the determination of giving up the task in which she was employed. She felt uneasy at the thoughts of retaining it, as she had never been similarly situated before; she always had some companion to speak to, or was at least employed in an inhabited house; but besides she was not by any means comfortable in the visits of the nightly stranger. She was disappointed, however, by not finding him at home, and was directed to return at a certain hour; but as she lay down to rest in the meantime, she did not awake till that hour was long past. Nothing then remained but to return for another night, and give warning of her intention on the morrow; and with a heavy discontented heart she repaired to the gloomy apartment.

The physician was already there when she arrived, and received her notice with regret; but was rather surprised when she informed him of the attentions of the strange lady, and the manner in which she had been prevented from performing her duty: he, however, treated it as a common-place occurrence, and suggested that it was some affectionate relative or friend of the patient, of whose connections he knew nothing. At last he took his leave, and Nurse arranged her chair and seated herself to watch, not merely the departure but the arrival of her fair friend. As she had not, however, appeared on the former occasions till the night was far advanced, she did not expect her sooner, and endeavoured to occupy her attention till that time by some other means.

But it was all in vain, she could only think of the one mysterious circumstance, fix her dim gaze on the blackened trellis-work of the ceiling, and start at every trifling sound, which was now doubly audible, as all without was hushed by the noiseless snow in which the

streets were imbedded. Again, however, her vigilance was eluded, and as, wearied with thought, she raised her head with a long-drawn sigh and a yawn of fatigue, she encountered the green garments of her unsolicited companion. Angry with herself, and at the same time unwilling to accuse herself of remissness, she determined once again that she should not escape unnoticed. There hung a feeling of awe around her whenever she approached this singular being, and when, as before, the lady retired to another quarter of the room as she approached the bed, she had not courage to follow her. Again the same distressing scene of suffering in her unfortunate charge ensued; he gasped and heaved till the noise of his agony made her heart sicken within her; when she drew near his bed his corpse-like features were convulsed with a feeling which seemed to twist their relaxed nerves into the most fearful expression, while his ghastly eyes were straining from their sunken sockets. She spoke, but he answered not; she touched him, but he was cold with terror, and unconscious of any object save the one mysterious being whom his glance followed with awful intensity. I have often heard my mother say that Nurse was naturally a woman of very strong feelings, but here she was totally beside herself with anxiety. She thought that the young gentleman was just expiring, and was preparing to leave the room in search of farther assistance when she saw the lady again move towards the bed of the dying man; she bent above him for a moment, whilst his writhings were indescribable; she then moved towards the door. Now was the moment!

Nurse advanced at the same time, laid her one hand on the latch, whilst with the other she attempted to raise the veil of the stranger, and in the next instant fell lifeless on the floor. As she glanced on the face of the lady, she saw that a lifeless head filled the bonnet; its vacant sockets and ghastly teeth were all that could be seen beneath the folds of the veil.

Daylight was breaking the following morning when the other attendant arrived, and found the poor old woman cold and benumbed stretched upon the floor beside the passage; and when she looked upon the bed of the invalid he lay stiffened and lifeless, as if many hours had elapsed since his spirit had shaken off its mortal coil. One hand was thrown across his eyes, as if to shade them from some object on which he feared to look; and the other grasped the coverlet with convulsive firmness.

The remains of the mysterious student were interred in the old Calton burying-ground, and I remember, before the new road was made through it, to have often seen his grave; but I never could learn his name, what connection the spirit had with his story, or how he came to be in that melancholy deserted situation in Edinburgh. I have mentioned at the commencement of this narration that I will vouch for its truth as far as regards myself, and that is, merely, that I heard the poor old woman herself tell all the extraordinary circumstances as I have recited them, a very few weeks before her death, with a fearful accuracy. Be it as it may, they cost her her life, as she never recovered from the effects of the terror, and pined and wasted away to the hour of her death, which followed in about two months after the fearful occurrence. For my part I firmly believe all she told us; and though my father, who came home the spring following, used to say it was all a dream or the effects of imagination, I always saw too many concurrent circumstances attending it to permit me to think so.

New Monthly Magazine.

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.[1]

While you are laughing, or talking wildly to yourself in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who, you are sure, must have heard it all, then, in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to *sing*, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been *only* singing all the while.

Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a repetition which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did.

Entering into the figure of a country-dance with so much spirit as to force your leg and foot through the muslin drapery of your fair partner.

After walking in a great hurry to a place, on very urgent business, by what you think a shorter cut, and supposing that you are just arriving at the door you want—"NO THOROUGHFARE!"

Stopping in the street to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him, *he* feeling himself in the same dilemma; so that,

[1] From "*The Miseries of Human Life:* or the Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive, as Overheard by the Rev. James Beresford, M.A. In two vols."

after each has asked and answered the question, "How do you do, sir?" you stand silently face to face, apropos to nothing, during a minute, and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

As you are hastening down the Strand on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an arch-way, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you *know*, must successively strain up with an over-loaded coal-wagon before you can hope to stir an inch, unless you prefer bedevilling your white stockings and clean shoes by scampering and crawling, among and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c., in the middle of the street.

Walking half over London, side by side with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have further to say upon the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

Walking briskly forwards, while you are looking backwards, and so advancing towards another passenger (a scavenger) who is doing the same; then meeting with the shock of two battering-rams, which drives your whole stock of breath out of your body, with the groan of a pavior:—

——— ———"ruinam
Dant sonitu ingentem, perfractaque———
Pectora pectoribus rumpunt."[1]

At length, during a mutual burst of execrations, you each move for several minutes from side to side, with the *same motion*, in vainly endeavouring to pass on.

On your entrance at a formal dinner-party, in reaching up your hat to a high peg in the hall, bursting your coat from the arm-hole to the pocket.

At night, after having long lain awake, nervous, restless, and unwell, with an ardent desire to know the hour and the state of the weather, being at last delighted by hearing the watchman begin his cry, from which, however, he allows you to extract no more information than "past . . . clock . . . morning!" then, after impatiently lingering through another hour for the sound of your own clock (which had before been roared down by the watchman), being roused to listen by its preparatory click and purr, followed by one stroke—which you are to make the most of—the rest being cut short by a violent fit of coughing with which you are seized at the instant.

[1] "Breast against breast with ruinous assault
And deaf'ning shock, they come."

Being accelerated in your walk by the lively application of a chairman's pole *a posteriori*, his "by your leave" not coming till after he has *taken* it.

During the endless time that you are kept waiting at a door in a carriage while the ladies are shopping, having your impatience soothed by the setting of a saw close at your ear.

Sitting on the last row, and close to the partition of an upper box, at a pantomime, and hearing all the house laughing around you, while you strain your wrists, neck, and back with stretching forward—in vain.

At the play, the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them in such after-pieces as are called "England's Glory," "The British Tars," &c., with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded.

On packing up your own clothes for a journey, because your servant is a fool—the burning fever into which you are thrown, when, after all your standing, stamping, lying, kneeling, tugging, and kicking at the lid of your trunk, it still peremptorily refuses to approach nearer than half a yard to the lock.

A chaise window-glass, that will not be put down when it is up, nor up when it is down.

Tearing your throat to rags in abortive efforts to call back a person who has just left you, and with whom you have forgotten to touch on one of the most important subjects which you met to discuss.

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

After relating, at much length, a scarce and curious anecdote, with considerable marks of self-complacency at having it to tell, being quietly reminded by the person you have been so kindly instructing that you had it—*from himself!*

In conversation inadvertently touching the string which you know will call forth the longest story of the flattest proser that ever droned.

Being compelled by a deaf person, in a large and silent company, to repeat some very washy remark three or four times over, at the highest pitch of your voice.

In reading a new and interesting book being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

On arriving at that part of the last volume of an enchanting novel in which the interest is wrought up to the highest pitch, suddenly finding the remaining leaves, catastrophe and all, torn out.

Writing on the creases of paper that has been sharply doubled.

The moment in which you discover that you have taken in a mouthful of fat by mistake for turnip.

At a formal dinner, the awful resting-time which occasionally intervenes between the courses.

In the depth of winter trying in vain to effect a union between unsoftened butter and the crumb of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Cracking a hard nut with your teeth, and filling the gap left by the grinder you have knocked out with black, bitter dust.

At the instant of drawing the cork, starting back from the eagerly expected burst of froth, but without the least occasion either for your hopes or fears, the liquor all remaining in the bottle as quiet as a lamb.

Dropping something, when you are either too lame or too lazy to get up for it; and almost breaking your ribs, and quite throwing yourself down, by stretching down to it over the arm of your chair, without reaching it at last.

Suddenly recollecting, as you lie at a very late hour of a *Lapland* night, that you have neglected to see, as usual, that the fires are all safe below; then, after an agonizing interval of hesitation, crawling out, like a culprit, and quivering down-stairs.

At a long table, after dinner, the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation that you are strikingly like Mrs. or Miss ———, particularly when you smile.

The mental famine created among poor students by the modern luxury of the press—hot-pressed paper—Bulmer's types—vignettes in every page, &c., obliging every reader with less than £5000 per annum to seek for all his knowledge of new books by hearsay; or through the glimmering medium of those wills-o-the-wisp, the reviewers; or out of the circulating library, where nothing circulates—but the catalogue!

Catching a glimpse, at a corner of a street, of your oldest and dearest friends, Punch and his party, all in full squeak and scuffle; from whom, however, the cruel decorums of age and character oblige you, after "snatching a fearful joy," to tear yourself away.

Wandering from one shop to another in search of a book, and finding twenty copies of it, of a date immediately before and after that of the only edition which will be of any use to you, and which you, *consequently*, never find.

The state of writhing torture into which you are occasionally thrown by the sudden and unexpected questions or remarks of a child before a large company; a little wretch of your own, for instance, that will run up to an unmarried lady (one who would rather be thought a youthful sinner than an elderly saint), and then harrow you by crying out, before you have time to gag it, "Now, do, miss—let me count the *creases* in your face—there's one, there's two, there's three," &c.; or, accosting another lady in the same explicit strain, electrifies you by breaking out with, "Why do you come here so often? for, do you know, my aunt always says she can't abide you—don't you, aunt?" &c. &c.

Taking a step more or a step less than you want in going up or down stairs.

The task of inventing a new dinner every morning devolving on *you* in the long absence of your wife.

On shaking off a long reverie, the sudden consciousness that, during the whole of your absent fit, your eyes have been intently fixed on a letter which a stranger is writing or reading close at your elbow.

James Beresford.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.